SLIDERS - Complete Series Bible (13-Hour Limited Event) + Movie

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Based on the TV series Sliders

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LOGLINE

When a mysterious quantum extraction rips the original Quinn Mallory from his settled life and reunites him with a long-lost Professor Arturo, the Sliders must navigate dangerous parallel worlds, face old enemies, and confront their deepest personal demons to rebuild their fractured team and protect the human multiverse from an escalating Kromagg threat.

SERIES OVERVIEW

Sliders returns as a 13-episode limited event series that honors the spirit of the original while delivering fresh stakes, deeper character drama, and ambitious multiversal storytelling.

Years after the original team was scattered, a desperate signal pulls the battle-worn Quinn Mallory back into the vortex -- only to be reunited with the one man he thought he'd lost forever: Professor Maximilian Arturo.

Together with a broken but resilient Rembrandt "Cryin' Man" Brown, the reunited Sliders resume their journey across infinite Earths, each more strange and perilous than the last.

As they search for their missing teammate Wade Welles and grapple with the personal toll of endless sliding, the team encounters a growing Kromagg presence that threatens not just their lives, but the very fabric of the human multiverse.

Along the way, they encounter twisted versions of their past, moral dilemmas that test their bonds, and worlds that force them to confront who they've become after years apart.

Blending high-concept science fiction, heartfelt character moments, humor, action, and timely social commentary, Sliders explores themes of found family, redemption, sacrifice, and the choices that define us -- no matter which Earth we call home.

This limited series builds to a two-hour cinematic wrap-up finale that delivers powerful emotional payoff and serves as a fitting testament to the enduring legacy of Sliders.

EPISODE GUIDE

Each episode is written as a 15-25 page scriptment designed for easy expansion into full teleplays. The series concludes with a two-hour cinematic finale.

Episode 1: Reunion

Quinn Mallory, Professor Arturo, and Rembrandt Brown are unexpectedly reunited after years apart.

Episode 2: Royal America

The Sliders are accused of witchcraft in a monarchical United States and must survive trial by combat.

Episode 3: UnRequiem

The team searches for their missing teammate, Wade Welles.

Episode 4: The Partition

The Sliders begin devising a daring plan to permanently end the Kromagg threat.

Episode 5: Apocalypse Quinn

Quinn's dangerous, unhinged double returns with chaotic intentions.

Episode 6: Convenience or Curse

The Sliders must broker peace on a divided world where one of them is mistaken for a divine figure.

Episode 7: Artificial Insanity

An artificial intelligence corrupted by Apocalypse Quinn threatens an entire world.

Episode 8: Grand Tartaria

The Sliders race to save a lost advanced civilization from destruction by Apocalypse Quinn.

Episode 9: Star Whackers

In a Hollywood where Quinn is the biggest movie star, the team uncovers a dark conspiracy.

Episode 10: One Day At A Time

The Sliders arrive on an Earth devastated by nuclear war in 1983.

Episode 11: Interludes

The Sliders protect a celebrity while confronting the schemes of their doubles.

Episode 12: Inner Demons

One Slider faces personal demons on a fascist world ruled by a dark mirror of himself.

Episode 13: There's An Old Sheriff In Town

A long-forgotten adversary returns to upend the Sliders' lives.

Finale Movie: Together Forever

A two-hour cinematic conclusion that delivers emotional payoff and cements the enduring legacy of the Sliders.

EPISODE 1
"Reunion"

FADE IN:

EXT. MALLORY BACKYARD - DAY

A sunny suburban afternoon. QUINN MALLORY (mid-40s, rugged, Season 5 version) rakes leaves in a modest backyard.

MAGGIE BECKETT-MALLORY (mid-40s, strong, now his wife) lounges on a patio chair, sipping iced tea, watching him with a fond smile.

MAGGIE
(teasing)
You missed a spot, Mr. Multiverse.

MALLORY
(grinning, wiping sweat)
This is the only universe I'm cleaning up today.

Maggie watches him for a beat, her smile softening into concern.

MAGGIE
You've been quiet lately. The nightmares again?

MALLORY
(soft)
Just old ghosts. Sliding does that to you.

MAGGIE
(standing, touching his arm)
You're home now. That's what matters.

He forces a smile and kisses her forehead.

Suddenly, a CRACKLE of ELECTRICITY sparks in the air. Mallory freezes, eyes wide, as a swirling VORTEX of blue and white energy materializes behind him. A HUM builds, intense and otherworldly.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(alarmed, standing)
Quinn?!

A shimmering, HUMAN-SHAPED ENERGY FORM is violently PULLED from Mallory's body, like a ghostly double. It SCREAMS--a distorted, echoing cry--and is SUCKED into the vortex.

Mallory collapses to his knees, clutching his chest. The vortex SNAPS shut, vanishing.

Maggie rushes to him, dropping to her side.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Quinn! What happened? Are you okay?

MALLORY
(gasping, disoriented)
It... it felt like something was ripped out of me.

Maggie steadies him, her face etched with worry.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
(weak, confused)
What the hell was that?

CUT TO:

INT. VORTEX - POV SHOT

We're INSIDE the vortex, hurtling through a kaleidoscope of swirling colors and lights. Energy CRACKLES around us, disorienting, chaotic. A distant ROAR grows louder.

Suddenly, a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT--

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A cluttered, high-tech lab filled with humming equipment and blinking monitors.

A clothed HUMAN FORM tumbles out of a vortex onto the cold floor, groaning. It's ORIGINAL QUINN MALLORY (mid-50s, older than his Season 4 self, battle-worn but sharp-eyed).

He struggles to sit up, disoriented, clothes slightly tattered from the journey.

A shadow falls over him. Quinn looks up, squinting. Standing above him is an OLDER SCIENTIST (70s, distinguished, in a lab coat), his face familiar yet aged, with a commanding presence.

Quinn's eyes widen, recognition dawning.

QUINN
(stunned, hoarse)
You're... you're...

The scientist kneels, gripping Quinn's shoulders firmly, a knowing glint in his eyes.

SCIENTIST
(calm, resolute)
The correct Arturo.

Quinn stares, speechless, as Arturo's face--older, wiser, unmistakably the PROFESSOR MAXIMILIAN ARTURO--holds his gaze.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

The lab buzzes with energy, monitors flickering with data. Quinn sits on a metal stool, gripping the edge for stability.

Arturo adjusts a sleek, alien-looking DEVICE on a nearby table, its lights pulsing faintly.

QUINN
(trying to process)
You're alive. How--how is this possible? I saw you... we lost you.

ARTURO
(focused, tinkering with the device)
That Arturo wasn't me. You were sliding with my double.

QUINN
All this time I thought he was you.

ARTURO
Let's just say the multiverse has a knack for surprises. Right now, we have more pressing matters.

Quinn rubs his temples, still shaken from the vortex.

QUINN
That... thing that pulled me here. What was it?

Arturo turns, holding up the device -- a compact, metallic gadget with intricate Kromagg markings.

ARTURO
Kromagg tracking technology.Salvaged from a rather unpleasant encounter on a parallel Earth.
(MORE)

ARTURO (CONT'D)
It's designed to detect their bio-implants -- nasty little things they embed in their prisoners.

Quinn's eyes narrow, a flicker of memory.

QUINN
The Kromaggs. We ran into them a few times. Too many.

ARTURO
(nods grimly)
Precisely. Their implants leave a unique quantum signature, traceable across dimensions. I modified this device to lock onto those signatures. It's how I found you.

Quinn stands, pacing, piecing it together.

QUINN
So you used their tech to pull me through a vortex? Why me? And why did it feel like my soul was being torn out?

ARTURO
(hesitant, choosing words)
The process... it's not perfect. I wasn't certain it would work. The Kromaggs' implants are rare, and I had no guarantee you or the others had ever been tagged.

Quinn freezes, staring at Arturo.

QUINN
The others? Rembrandt? Wade?

ARTURO
(softens, a hint of hope)
Possibly. If they've encountered the Kromaggs, this device could find them. But you were my first test -- a proof of concept, if you will.

Quinn runs a hand through his hair, overwhelmed.

QUINN
So I'm here because of some Kromagg tracker in my body? And you just... yanked me across dimensions?

ARTURO
(defensive, but proud)
Not just any yank, Mr. Mallory. A precise quantum extraction. You're standing here, aren't you?

Quinn shakes his head, a mix of awe and frustration.

QUINN
Yeah, but I left Maggie behind. My wife. She's probably freaking out right now.

Arturo's expression shifts, a flicker of guilt.

ARTURO
(quietly)
I'm sorry, Quinn. The technology is... unrefined. But if we're to find the others, to undo what's been done, we need you.

Quinn meets Arturo's gaze, determination hardening.

QUINN
Then let's make it quick. I'm not losing anyone else.

Arturo nods, turning back to the device, its lights now glowing brighter.

He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a sleek, newly constructed TIMER -- compact, with familiar but upgraded markings.

ARTURO
(hands timer to Quinn)
I built this new timer while waiting for the tracking signal to stabilize. It's not as refined as I'd like, but it should hold for now.

Quinn looks it over carefully, turning it in his hands, then sets it back on the table.

QUINN
It'll do. Let's get to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY OVER THE CITY - DAY

A swirling VORTEX tears open in the sky above the city.

A menacing KROMAGG SHIP emerges -- angular, dark, and heavily armored.

INT. KROMAGG SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Inside the dimly lit cockpit, two SEASON 2-STYLE KROMAGGS snarl and grunt. Their faces are brutish, primate-like with sharp teeth and glowing eyes. They wear black shirts resembling tight sweaters, black pants, and heavy black boots. Their mostly bald, pointed heads have coarse hair sprouting from the peak like a crude ponytail.

One Kromagg works the controls. A triangular crystal monitor embedded in the angled console flickers to life, displaying a scan of the city below.

The image zooms in on Arturo's hidden laboratory, a red targeting reticle locking onto the building.

The lead Kromagg snarls in satisfaction and slams a control. The ship banks aggressively toward the target.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LABORATORY - LATER

The Kromagg tracking device on the table suddenly BEEPS urgently.

ARTURO
(alarmed)
The Kromaggs. They've locked onto our signal.

A distant EXPLOSION rocks the lab. Sparks fly.

The main sliding timer on the workbench is hit by debris.

Quinn grabs it, checking the damage.

QUINN
The timer's damaged! The coordinate lock is fried.

ARTURO
(grabbing tools, glances at timer)
The randomizer circuit is intact, but the precision controls are gone. We'll be sliding blindly again… but the quantum signature tracker I built should still work. We can follow the Kromagg implant traces to find the others.

Another explosion. The lab shakes.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
No time to repair it properly. We slide now or we're caught!

Arturo activates the damaged timer. A VORTEX CRACKLES open -- wilder and less stable than before.

QUINN
Then let's go find our family.

They leap through as Kromaggs burst in.

CUT TO:

INT. VORTEX - POV SHOT

We're hurled through the vortex, colors and lights streaking past in a dizzying blur. A ROAR engulfs us, then--

EXT. ALTERNATE EARTH - CITY STREET - DAY

Quinn and Arturo tumble out of the vortex onto a bustling urban sidewalk.

The vortex SNAPS shut behind them.

They scramble to their feet, brushing off dust, as pedestrians glance curiously.

The cityscape resembles San Francisco but with subtle differences--flags with 53 stars flutter on poles.

QUINN
(looking around)
Okay, where are we?

ARTURO
(checking the timer)
A parallel Earth, obviously. The device tracked Mr. Brown's signature here. But we must be cautious--the Kromaggs could follow.

A nearby street vendor's TV blares, catching their attention.

The screen shows the opening of a TV show, "CUBA 51. The sequence mirrors Hawaii Five-O--dramatic zooms on palm-lined streets, vibrant ocean waves, and a sleek police headquarters in Havana.

Gloria Estefan's "TURN THE BEAT AROUND" blasts as the theme, with bold title cards flashing: CUBA 51.

QUINN
(grinning despite himself)
Cuba 51? They've got more than 50 states here.

ARTURO
(dryly)
Evidently, the United States expanded its ambitions in this world. Fascinating, but irrelevant. We need to find Mr. Brown.

Arturo pulls out the Kromagg tracking device, its screen glowing faintly. A blinking dot pulses on the display.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
(pointing down the street)
This way. The signal's weak, but it's close.

Quinn nods, but his eyes linger on the TV, where a charismatic DETECTIVE barks orders in a sunlit precinct.

QUINN
Hope Rembrandt's not in as much trouble as that guy looks.

ARTURO
(urgent)
If the Kromaggs are tracking us, he may be in worse. Move, Mr. Mallory!

They hurry down the street, blending into the crowd, as the Cuba 51 theme fades into the city's hum.

EXT. ALTERNATE EARTH - CITY STREET - DAY

The vibrant streets of this alternate Earth bustle with a mix of modern cars and retro aesthetics, 53-star American flags prominent.

Quinn and Arturo weave through the crowd, following the faint signal on the Kromagg tracking device.

The device beeps steadily, guiding them toward a neon-lit CLUB ahead, its sign reading "RHYTHM HAVANA."

QUINN
(pointing)
Signal's stronger. He's in there?

ARTURO
(nods, tense)
Let's hope so. Stay sharp--the Kromaggs could be close.

They push through the club's doors.

INT. RHYTHM HAVANA CLUB - BACK ALLEY - DAY

The neon sign buzzes.

The back door FLIES open.

Two burly bouncers roughly toss REMBRANDT BROWN (mid-60s, disheveled, clothes rumpled, eyes bloodshot) into the alley.

He hits the ground hard, a half-empty bottle of cheap rum clattering beside him.

BOUNCER
(angry)
Stay out, old man! Stealin' from the bar again -- you're banned!

Rembrandt groans, reaching for the bottle. The bouncers SLAM the door.

REMBRANDT
(muttering, slurred)
Just one more... for the road...

From the alley, Quinn and Arturo approach, stunned.

QUINN
(soft, horrified)
Remmy...

They rush over. Arturo helps him sit up while Quinn checks for injuries.

ARTURO
Mr. Brown? Good Lord...

REMBRANDT
(looking up, bleary)
Q-Ball...? Professor...? Nah... can't be. Y'all dead... or I'm dead...

He laughs bitterly, then coughs.

In the distance, two gruff, shady-looking LOAN SHARKS sit in a parked car, watching.

LOAN SHARK #1
There he is.

LOAN SHARK #2
(racking a pistol slide)
No one runs out on us and doesn't pay.

CUT TO:

INT. NEARBY HOTEL ROOM - LATER

A modest but clean room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quinn holds onto a very unsteady Rembrandt, now stripped down to his boxers. He kicks Rembrandt's smelly clothes off to the side.

He steadies Rembrandt into the shower and reaches for the cold water handle first.

QUINN
Sorry, Remmy. This is going to hurt me as much as it does you.

Quinn turns on the cold water. Rembrandt ROARS with pain, wide-eyed, shaking as the cold water hits him.

Rembrandt awakens enough to stand on his own.

Arturo leans in the bathroom doorway.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory.

Quinn makes sure Rembrandt can stand.

QUINN
You got it, Rembrandt?

Rembrandt nods weakly. Quinn exits.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arturo takes clothes out of a bag -- shirts, pants, underwear, belt, shoes -- and lays them out on the bed. He sets a can of shaving cream and razors next to them.

ARTURO
The money from my own world was close enough to buy this. Hope these clothes are Mr. Brown's size.

QUINN
We're lucky we found Rembrandt when we did. He looked like he was about to give up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Rembrandt sits on the bed, freshly cleaned up, nursing strong black coffee. He looks more lucid but still haunted.

Quinn and Arturo sit across from him.

REMBRANDT
(voice rough)
...lost count of the slides after you two vanished. Kromaggs everywhere. Lost people I cared about. Started drinkin' to quiet the noise. Ended up here -- singin' for tips, stealin' drinks when the tips dried up. This world's… different.

He gestures at the TV playing in the background -- a promo for "Cuba 51" with Gloria Estefan's "TURN THE BEAT AROUND" blasting. Quick cuts of the show and attention grabbing graphics.

TV ANNOUNCER
(filtered, on TV)
Cuba 51 continues. Excitement. Action. Adventure. With a Latin beat! It's bold. On Ion.

REMBRANDT
(grinning weakly)
Their version of Hawaii Five-O. Cuba's state number 51. The Western hemisphere's one big America with extra islands. Crazy how it happened.

ARTURO
Enlighten us, Mr. Brown.

Quinn finds a phone book in a nightstand, flips through it.

REMBRANDT
In the '40s, the Nazis crushed the Soviets at Stalingrad.
(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Total collapse -- Russia was done.The U.S. still hit Japan with the A-bombs.But Germany?They built their own nukes.

QUINN
(raising an eyebrow)
A Nazi Cold War?

REMBRANDT
Yup. Thirty years on the brink. The U.S. absorbed Latin and South America to keep the Nazis out.

Quinn flips to the Area Code section of the book. It shows all 53 States and the rest of the Americas as U.S. territories.

QUINN
(shows Arturo the book)
Look at this Professor.

ARTURO
Looks like America's "Manifest Destiny"
(to Rembrandt)
So what happened after that Mr. Brown?

REMBRANDT
Proof of the Holocaust leaked in the '70s -- pictures, documents, testimonies. Germans lost it. Went crazy.

ARTURO
(fascinated)
A populist uprising?

REMBRANDT
Exactly. Picture this: a German leader, their version of Boris Yeltsin, stands on a tank and rallies the crowd. The Nazis imploded. Germany's a democracy now, but the scars are deep.

Quinn absorbs this, glances at the TV. A Latin music group performs while Cuba 51 detectives investigate a nightclub.

ARTURO
Fascinating divergence.

REMBRANDT
Yeah but it's not home. Something screwed up when I jumped in that Kromagg vortex years ago. Left Maggie, Diana, and the other Quinn behind. Been stuck here ever since.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The two Loan Sharks walk up to the front desk of the hotel.

A DESK CLERK types on a computer, half watching Cuba 51 on TV.

LOAN SHARK #1
(flashes phony police badge)
Lt. Collins, San Francisco PD.

He pulls a picture of Rembrandt from his jacket.

LOAN SHARK #1 (CONT'D)
Have you seen this man?

DESK CLERK
Yes, he came in with a couple of other gentlemen, one elderly and the other about your age, both white. What's he done?

LOAN SHARK #1
Robbery, theft...the usual. What room is he in?

DESK CLERK
Room 601.

LOAN SHARK #1
Thanks for your help.

The Loan Sharks walk away, one muttering under his breath.

LOAN SHARK #1 (CONT'D)
(low, to himself)
Time for Brown to pay the piper.

The Desk Clerk glances at the Cuba 51 re-run on the TV screen.

DESK CLERK
(smiling)
Solving crimes like on TV.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Rembrandt palms his eyes, rubbing, groaning.

REMBRANDT
I want this nightmare to end.

Quinn clasps Rembrandt's shoulder.

QUINN
(concerned)
Remmy… you don't have to do this alone anymore. We're getting the team back together.

REMBRANDT
Really?

ARTURO
Yes, Mr. Brown. A fresh start.

QUINN
You don't have to live in the bottom of a bottle anymore. We're here.

Rembrandt ponders a new future.

REMBRANDT
You know something, why not? Maybe it's time I sobered up...

Suddenly the door BURSTS open. The two Loan Sharks charge in, guns drawn.

LOAN SHARK #1
There you are, you deadbeat! Where's our money?

ARTURO
What's the meaning of this intrusion?

LOAN SHARK #2
(points gun at Quinn and Arturo)
Shut up!

REMBRANDT
Guys, this is a really bad time--

LOAN SHARK #1
(grabs Rembrandt by the collar)
Pick one -- kneecaps or face.

QUINN
(raising hands)
Whoa, easy!

ARTURO
Gentlemen, I'm sure an arrangement can be made--

The second loan shark notices the Kromagg tracker blinking in Arturo's hand.

LOAN SHARK #2
How about handing over that blinky thing?

REMBRANDT
(to Loan Shark #1)
Look, things have been rough, okay? I just need a little more time. I'll pay you back.

LOAN SHARK #1
Maybe we take it out of your friends.

Loan Shark #2 grabs Arturo, presses the gun to his side.

QUINN
C'mon guys, chill out.

The Kromagg tracker in Arturo's hand suddenly BLINKS brighter and faster. The tracker ALARM goes off.

LOAN SHARK #2
What's that thing doing?

Quinn looks, eyes widening.

QUINN
Trouble.

Suddenly the window SHATTERS. Two Season 2-style KROMAGGS crash through, weapons raised, snarling silently.

Chaos erupts.

LOAN SHARK #1
(wide eyed)
What the hell?

The Loan Sharks panic and OPEN FIRE on the Kromaggs.

Loan Shark #2 is quickly gunned down by a laser blast.

Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt dive for cover.

Rembrandt grabs a lamp and SMASHES it over the remaining loan shark's head.

REMBRANDT
(yelling)
This way!

They sprint for the window as the Kromaggs and recovering loan shark exchange fire.

Arturo activates the timer -- a VORTEX crackles open in the corner.

QUINN
Go!

They leap through as gunfire and Kromagg snarls echo behind them.

The vortex SNAPS shut.

CUT TO:

INT. VORTEX - POV SHOT

We're swept into the swirling tunnel of light, colors streaking past as the trio hurtles toward their next destination.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Quinn, Rembrandt, and Arturo spill out of the vortex into a bustling city park.

People walk around absorbed in smartphones -- some barely aware of their surroundings. A few play games, others watch videos or scroll endlessly.

A car horn HONKS. A pedestrian glued to his phone narrowly dodges being hit at an intersection.

ARTURO
(shaking his head, disapproving)
Smartphones. Worst invention ever.

QUINN
(slight confusion)
I've been out of circulation for a while. What's a smartphone?

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(clapping Quinn on the back, warm)
You've got a lot of catching up to do, Q-Ball. Let us fill you in.

The three continue down the sidewalk together, side by side, as the camera slowly pulls back.

FADE OUT.

EPISODE 2
"Royal America"

FADE IN

INT. VORTEX - POV SHOT

We rocket through the swirling vortex, lights and colors blurring past in a chaotic rush. The ROAR crescendos, then--

EXT. ALTERNATE EARTH - ROYAL CITY PLAZA - DAY

QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR MAXIMILIAN ARTURO, and REMBRANDT BROWN tumble out of the vortex onto a cobblestone plaza. The vortex SNAPS shut behind them.

A woman, CASSANDRA (red hair, mid-30s, dark dress), watches from the shadows, almost as if she expected them.

The plaza is grand, adorned with statues of crowned figures and banners bearing a regal seal -- a star-spangled crown.

A massive portrait of George Washington in royal robes towers over the square. The architecture blends colonial American with monarchical opulence.

REMBRANDT
(incredulous)
What in the world...? Is that George Washington with a crown?

ARTURO
(nods, scanning)
Indeed, Mr. Brown. It appears this United States is a kingdom. Washington must have been crowned its first monarch.

Horse and wagons as well as primitive steam driven carts, the equivalent of steam buggies from the 1800s, travel the streets.

REMBRANDT
No cars. No technology.

ARTURO
Yes, it appears the industrial revolution took a slower turn on this world. Fascinating.

QUINN
(grim)
Fascinating or not, we're still on the run. How long do we have?

ARTURO
(glances at timer)
56 hours.

Two ROYAL GUARDS spot Cassandra. One, ROYAL GUARD REGINALD, points.

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
There's the witch! Get her!

Cassandra bolts past the Sliders.

CASSANDRA
Help me!

Quinn immediately gives chase.

Rembrandt and Arturo follow.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory!

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The guards corner Cassandra. Reginald grabs her.

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
Defile our Majesty with false prophecies? It's our royal duty to defile you.

CASSANDRA
No!

Reginald tries to rip her dress. Quinn tackles him.

QUINN
Get off her!

Rembrandt punches the second guard, knocking him out. Reginald draws his sword.

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
Now you're going to die!

Quinn dodges swings, drops low, and kicks Reginald's legs out from under him.

Reginald crashes head-first into the wall and collapses.

CASSANDRA
(breathless, eyes shining with gratitude)
The threads of fate wove you here at the exact moment I needed you. I am in your debt.

QUINN
No time. Let's go.

Quinn takes her hand and leads her away. Arturo and Rembrandt follow.

ARTURO
A damsel in distress. A common denominator in our misadventures.

REMBRANDT
Keeps things interesting.

BEGIN CREDITS

EXT. SHOPPING BAZAAR - DAY

The group, now wearing hooded cloaks and time period appropriate clothing, moves through the crowded bazaar.

QUINN
(to Cassandra)
Thanks for finding us these clothes. We'll be harder to spot here.

ARTURO
I see no obvious surveillance.

CASSANDRA
(glancing at them)
You've come a long way… looking for a friend.

QUINN
In a manner of speaking.

CASSANDRA
I know a place we can hide.

INT. BROTHEL - DAY

They slip in through the back entrance.

Men are led to rooms by ladies of the establishment.

EDEN, 50s, provocatively dressed, still striking, greets Cassandra with a hug.

EDEN
I thought they got you.

CASSANDRA
The King's guards can't catch me. They're only men.

They share a laugh.

Eden eyes Quinn, Rembrandt and Arturo with interest.

EDEN
Speaking of men… planning a busy night?

CASSANDRA
It's not that. We need the safe room.

EDEN
For you, dear? Always.

INT. BROTHEL LOFT - DAY

The room is filled with mystical artifacts: crystal ball, tarot cards, candles, astrological charts.

CASSANDRA
This is where many of us with the gift hide when we're persecuted.

QUINN
Why were they after you?

CASSANDRA
I told the King his child would be stillborn. When it happened, I was accused of cursing the royal family. Punishable by death.

QUINN
That's ridiculous. Predicting the future isn't a crime.

REMBRANDT
Yeah. People should be free to do what they want as long as they don't hurt anyone.

Arturo examines the artifacts, openly skeptical.

CASSANDRA
(glancing at Arturo)
Not everyone accepts us. Some cling to preconceived notions.

ARTURO
Ma'am, I am a man of science. Mysticism cannot be proven with experiments or equations.

CASSANDRA
(slight, knowing smile)
Science measures the visible world, Professor. But some truths whisper only in the spaces between stars.

QUINN
What have you seen?

CASSANDRA
(eyes half-closed, distant)
Multiple worlds. Many struggles. Reunions with lost friends.

Rembrandt tenses.

Arturo pulls out the Kromagg tracking device. A faint BLIP pulses.

ARTURO
A signal -- weak, but present. It could be Ms. Welles…

Rembrandt's eyes fill with tears.

QUINN
Rembrandt, what is it?

REMBRANDT
(breaking down)
Guys… I don't know how to tell you this. Couldn't bring myself to do it before.

QUINN
(concerned)
What Rembrandt?

Rembrandt shakes his head, barely able to get words out.

REMBRANDT
Wade's gone. She sacrificed herself to save us -- Maggie, Diana, the other you and myself.

Quinn is at a loss for words. Rembrandt breaks down. Arturo gently puts a hand on his shoulder.

ARTURO
How did it happen, Mr. Brown?

Rembrandt collects himself and explains.

REMBRANDT
The Mags did experiments on her. Connected her brain to a Kromagg ship computer. Somehow she was able to open a rift to another world with her psychic powers. She self-destructed the ship to stop the Mags and got us out before it blew.

Quinn's eyes fill with hope.

QUINN
If there's a signal matching her, maybe she's not dead. If her psychic powers were somehow enhanced, she could be in some sort of limbo waiting for us.

CASSANDRA
(eyes half-closed, voice resonant)
A sister of the spirit calls from the void… caught between worlds, her light flickering but not extinguished.

REMBRANDT
(hopeful)
Wade?

CASSANDRA
(nodding slowly)
Yes. She reaches for you even now. The one who held open the rift… she is the key to the great fracture yet to come.

QUINN
What fracture?

CASSANDRA
(voice taking on an almost chanting quality)
A dividing of realities… shadow from light… Kromagg from human. Two multiverses, forever parted. The choice of three travelers will determine whether the storm consumes all… or brings balance at last.

Arturo crosses his arms, skeptical.

ARTURO
With all due respect, this is conjecture at best.

CASSANDRA
(smiling enigmatically)
Science builds the bridge, Professor. But it is will and faith that allow one to cross it.

She opens her eyes and looks at the group.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Your lost sister lives. Go to Egypt. There you will find the tools to pull her home.

REMBRANDT
(hopeful)
Really?

QUINN
Yeah. Like the time I got stuck in the astral plane. You thought I was gone but you got my messages with Gillian's help. If the Professor can bring me back, anything's possible.

ARTURO
Interesting deduction but we shouldn't get our hopes up.

The Kromagg tracker blinks. Arturo hands the tracker to Quinn.

QUINN
(focused on tracker)
If this is Wade's signal, she's close.

EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY

The device BEEPS again, the blip stronger now.

Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra, all wearing hooded cloaks walk on the sidewalks close to the buildings ducking behind crowds to avoid unwanted attention.

Arturo points toward a bustling market street lined with vendors and royal guards in ceremonial uniforms.

ARTURO
That way. We must move quickly--the Kromaggs won't be far behind.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Royal guards, Kromaggs, and a missing Wade. Just another day sliding, huh?

Quinn claps Rembrandt on the shoulder, a spark of their old camaraderie.

QUINN
Let's go get our girl.

They head toward the market.

EXT. ALTERNATE EARTH - ROYAL MARKET STREET - DAY

The bustling market of the Kingdom of the United States hums with activity. Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra move cautiously, following the faint BLIP of the Kromagg tracking device. They stop.

ARTURO
Strange. The tracker shows her location in this spot.

CASSANDRA
(psychic sensing)
She's here and not here.

REMBRANDT
What's that mean?

QUINN
She's in this location but in hyperspace.

ARTURO
Yes. Her signal is bleeding through the membrane of the multiverse. That's why her signal appears...

Suddenly, a SQUAD OF ROYAL GUARDS in ornate uniforms surrounds them, swords drawn.

They pull back the hoods on the Sliders and Cassandra.

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
That's them. The ones who struck a Royal Guard
(glances at Cassandra)
and helped that witch escape!

Reginald lunges at Cassandra, Quinn steps between them.

GUARD CAPTAIN
Stand down soldier! Or it's fifty lashes.

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
Yes sir.

GUARD CAPTAIN
(stern, pointing at Arturo's device)
You wield forbidden sorcery! Surrender your demonic tools! Colluding with a known witch is punishable by death.

QUINN
(raising hands)
Whoa, easy! It's just a... gadget.

ARTURO
(under his breath)
Charming. A monarchy with a penchant for superstition.

The guards seize the tracking device and the sliding timer, binding the hands of Quinn, Arturo Rembrandt and Cassandra.

Rembrandt glares as the captain inspects the glowing tech.

REMBRANDT
(low, to Quinn)
Q-Ball, they think we're wizards. This ain't good.

Reginald eyeballs Quinn with malice.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL COURTROOM - DAY

A grand, colonial-style courtroom, adorned with royal crests.

The Sliders and Cassandra stand in chains before a stern JUDGE in a powdered wig, flanked by MAESTERS--scholarly figures in robes, studying the confiscated timer and tracking device with wary fascination.

A crowd murmurs in the gallery.

JUDGE
(proclaiming)
Quinn Mallory, Maximillian Arturo, Rembrandt Brown and Cassandra--you stand accused of witchcraft, wielding unholy devices that defy the King's law. How do you plead?

ARTURO
(indignant)
This is preposterous! These are scientific instruments, not sorcery!

The crowd gasps.

The Judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE
Silence! Your devices summon portals--clear evidence of dark arts. In earlier times you would have been drawn, quartered and put on display until only your bones remained.

Rembrandt cringes at the thought.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Here, the Crown is merciful. You may prove your innocence through trial by combat. One of you will joust against the King's champion. Victory grants freedom. Defeat... means death.

QUINN
(whispering to Rembrandt)
Jousting? In America?

CASSANDRA
Yes, it's very popular here. High casualty rate. Lots of blood for the crowd.

REMBRANDT
(grimacing)
Royal America, man. I ain't built for lances.

ARTURO
(quietly, to Quinn)
We must retrieve our equipment before these... maesters destroy it in their ignorance.

The Judge gestures to the maesters, who are prodding the timer with tools, its lights flickering erratically.

JUDGE
Choose your champion by dawn. Fail, and the pyre awaits.

The Sliders and Cassandra are led away as the maesters whisper about "demonic energies."

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL DUNGEON - NIGHT

The foursome sits in the dimly lit cell.

Cassandra meditates.

Quinn paces.

Arturo scribbles equations on the floor.

Rembrandt leans against the wall, staring at nothing.

A royal guard had left a pitcher of wine earlier "for the condemned." It still sits untouched in the corner.

Rembrandt's gaze keeps drifting to it. The weight of the lost years, the Kromaggs, and now this absurd death sentence presses down. His hand twitches.

He reaches for the pitcher, pours some into a cup, and stares at the liquid.

REMBRANDT
(quiet, bitter)
Just enough to make the waiting stop...

Quinn notices and steps closer.

QUINN
(soft but firm)
Remmy...

Rembrandt freezes. After a long beat, he pours the wine onto the stone floor instead. It splashes darkly.

REMBRANDT
(voice rough)
Not tonight. We've got a joust to win.

Quinn gives him a small, proud nod.

CASSANDRA
(to Rembrandt)
Spirits in excess are not good for the soul. Yours will be tested.

REMBRANDT
Thanks for the heads up.

Quinn rubs his brow.

QUINN
(urgent)
We need that timer back before their maesters break it. Or, we're stuck here forever.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL MAESTERS CHAMBERS - NIGHT

The faint BLIP of the tracking device grows slightly stronger, a beacon of hope--or danger.

INT. ROYAL GUARD COMMAND POST - NIGHT

The Guard Captain sits at an antiquated Medieval type table/desk using a quill pen on scrolls.

Royal Guard Reginald walks in, stands at attention.

GUARD CAPTAIN
The King's Champion needs to be chosen for tomorrow's joust.

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
There's no need sir. I volunteer.

GUARD CAPTAIN
I presume Quinn Mallory is the reason?

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
Yes sir. With the King's permission, I'll put Mallory's head on a pike.

The Guard Captain gets up, studies him.

GUARD CAPTAIN
Revenge has been the undoing of great warriors throughout history. Joust with honor and keep your head; mentally and...physically.

Reginald tenses.

GUARD CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Dismissed.

Reginald leaves, the Guard Captain wearily eyeing him.

INT. ROYAL DUNGEON - NIGHT

Quinn looks at Arturo's equations.

QUINN
(to Arturo)
Making progress?

ARTURO
(musing, eyes alight)
The separation process I used to split you from your counterpart was more than I realized. It wasn't just physical, it manipulated quantum signatures. If we could amplify that process, we could partition entire universes--create a Kromagg multiverse and a human multiverse, isolating their kind forever.

REMBRANDT
(glancing at Cassandra)
That's what she said back at the safe room.

ARTURO
Coincidence Mr. Brown.

CASSANDRA
(whispers to Rembrandt)
He could be so much more if he opened his mind.

Rembrandt nods in agreement.

QUINN
(excited)
Could it work? End the Kromagg threat for good?

ARTURO
(nods)
Theoretically, yes. But we need a second timer to stabilize the quantum field. Our current one lacks the capacity for such a large-scale partition.

REMBRANDT
(suddenly)
Wait. The Egyptian timer. It's on Seer World. It was busted, missed its slide window, but it's got the juice you're talkin' about. If we can get back there, maybe we can fix it.

CASSANDRA
I see a storm with your friend in the middle. It's up to the three of you how it manifests.

Quinn, Rembrandt and Arturo exchange glances.

QUINN
(nods, determined)
Then that's the plan. Win the joust, steal the tech, find Seer World, get the Egyptian timer, partition the multiverse and find Wade.

ARTURO
(dryly)
A simple itinerary, Mr. Mallory.

A GUARD approaches, banging on the bars.

GUARD
Choose your champion. The joust is at dawn.

Quinn looks at Rembrandt, who shakes his head vehemently.

REMBRANDT
Nuh-uh, Q-Ball. I sing, I don't swing lances.

Glances to Cassandra.

CASSANDRA
Doesn't take a psychic to know it's not me.

Finally the Professor.

ARTURO
In my youth, perhaps.

QUINN
(smirking)
Guess it's me, then.

ARTURO
(serious)
While you joust, Mr. Brown and I will devise a way to retrieve our equipment but we need a distraction.

CASSANDRA
My friends from the brothel can take care of the guards.

ARTURO
(to Quinn)
Be careful, Mr. Mallory. This kingdom plays for keeps.

EXT. ROYAL JOUSTING FIELD - DAWN

A grand arena packed with cheering NOBLES and COMMONERS.

The 53-star royal banner flutters above.

Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra are in an enclosed seating area, surrounded by guards.

Quinn is clad in a full suit of clanking ARMOR, mounts a horse, gripping a lance awkwardly.

Across the field, the KING'S CHAMPION, Reginald, glares through the facial area of the helmet.

He points his lance in Quinn's direction.

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
You're dead.

QUINN
(muttering, adjusting helmet)
This is not how I pictured sliding.

INT. SEATING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A knock at the door. A guard opens it. Two brothel ladies enter and cozy up to the guards.

Eden sneaks in with them.

She frees Cassandra, Arturo and Rembrandt.

She motions to them to follow.

They crawl through a hidden trapdoor into a tunnel.

EXT. ROYAL JOUSTING FIELD - CONTINOUS

The TRUMPETS blare.

The crowd roars.

The Judge, perched in a royal box, raises a hand.

JUDGE
(proclaiming)
Begin the trial by combat! Victory frees the accused. Defeat seals their doom!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cassandra, Arturo and Rembrandt crawl out of the tunnel and climb onto a wagon attached to horses.

CASSANDRA
Your equipment is in the Royal Maesters Chamber just down the street.

REMBRANDT
Better make this quick. Don't know how long Q-Ball can last.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory is very resourceful.

Cassandra snaps the reins.

The wagon takes off.

EXT. ROYAL JOUSTING FIELD - CONTINOUS

JUDGE
Let the games begin!

The CROWD cheers.

Quinn lowers his visor, steadies his lance, and charges.

Reginald drops his visor, thunders toward him, lance aimed.

The crowd holds its breath.

Reginald and Quinn HIT each other with glancing blows.

The CROWD goes crazy.

Quinn wheels his horse around for another pass.

Quinn and Reginald charge again.

Quinn jerks his head to the side, Reginald's lance just missing his face, the wind whipping past Quinn's helmet

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL MAESTER'S CHAMBER - SAME TIME

A dimly lit room filled with scrolls and alchemical tools.

Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra approach two nervous MAESTERS, who clutch the sliding timer and Kromagg tracking device.

The timer's lights flicker erratically.

ARTURO
(grave, theatrical)
Gentlemen, I implore you--cast aside that device! It is cursed, haunted by malevolent spirits from beyond the veil!

MAESTER #1
(skeptical, but uneasy)
Spirits? You expect us to believe such nonsense?

REMBRANDT
(leaning in, intense)
Man, you ever hear a wail like the devil's own cry?That thing screams when you mess with it wrong.
(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
We're just tryin' to save you!

The timer suddenly BEEPS loudly, its lights flashing wildly.

A BURST of energy SINGES the wall, making a brief flame.

The maesters jump back, startled.

MAESTER #2
(pale, clutching a cross)
By the Crown... it is unholy!

ARTURO
(seizing the moment)
Give it to us! We'll banish its evil, spare your souls!

The Maesters pause, unsure what to do.

Cassandra points her hands, claw-like at the Maesters.

CASSANDRA
Hand it over or you're cursed forever.

The maesters, spooked, thrust the timer and tracking device into Arturo's hands.

Rembrandt stifles a grin.

REMBRANDT
(whispering)
Nice one, Cassandra.

A distant ROAR from the jousting field echoes through the chamber.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL JOUSTING FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Quinn's lance CRACKS against the Reginald's shield, splintering it.

Reginald wobbles but stays mounted.

Quinn, sweating under the armor, wheels his horse for another pass.

The crowd erupts.

On the next charge, Quinn aims low, STRIKING Reginald's chestplate.

Reginald TOPPLES from his horse, crashing to the ground.

The crowd gasps, then cheers wildly.

JUDGE
(standing, reluctant)
The accused is victorious! Release them!

Quinn, panting, rips open his helmet visor, scanning for Arturo and Rembrandt.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL MAESTER'S CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra slip out, clutching the reclaimed timer and tracking device.

ALARMS sound as GUARDS burst in, realizing the deception.

GUARD
(shouting)
Thieves! Seize them!

EXT. ROYAL MAESTERS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra run out the back door of the building near the jousting field.

ARTURO
(checking the timer)
Almost time to depart!

They steal a steam buggy used by Royal guards. Smoke rises from it's smokestack exhaust.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Step on it Mr. Brown!

Rembrandt, confused for a second, unlocks the brake, turns on the HISSING steam.

REMBRANDT
Indy 500. Steampunk style.

Rembrandt, Arturo and Cassandra speed away in the steam buggy, it's dual steam driving pistons HISSING and PUMPING away.

EXT. ROYAL JOUSTING FIELD

Quinn sees Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra in the cart racing toward the field, guards hot on their trail.

ARTURO
MR. MALLORY!

Rembrandt shuts off the steam, pulls the brake lever.

Arturo, Rembrandt and Cassandra abandon the steam buggy.

The timer HUMS, and a VORTEX CRACKLES open near the field.

REMBRANDT
Q-BALL! LET'S GO!

Guards lunge, swords drawn. Rembrandt dodges.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(grinning toward jousting stands)
See ya, Your Majesty!

Cassandra, Rembrandt and Arturo dive into the vortex as guards shout in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL JOUSTING FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Reginald SLAMS his helmet on the ground, glares at Quinn

ROYAL GUARD REGINALD
I'LL KILL YOU!

Reginald draws sword, lunges toward Quinn.

Quinn, still in clanking armor, digs his heels into the horse's flanks and snaps the reins.

QUINN
(digging his heels hard)
HIYAAH!

The horse leaps forward at a full gallop, barreling toward the vortex.

Reginald tackles a Royal Guard, knocks him out, steals his bow and arrow. He begins firing a VOLLEY OF ARROWS, one after the other.

The crowd scatters in panic.

Quinn glances back, heels in again.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(yelling)
HIYAAH!

An arrow WHIZZES past, grazing his helmet with a sharp PING! right next to his eye. He flinches.

The Guard Captain motions to the Royal Guards. They tackle Reginald, restraining him.

Armor clanking heavily, Quinn urges the horse straight into the vortex just as it begins to flicker.

The arrows sail harmlessly into the air as the vortex SNAPS shut behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. VORTEX - POV SHOT

We hurtle through the swirling tunnel of light, Quinn's armored form and horse tumbling alongside Cassandra, Arturo and Rembrandt, the timer's glow illuminating their faces.

EXT. UNKNOWN WORLD - DAY

Rembrandt, Arturo, and Cassandra stumble out of the vortex.

ARTURO
(proud)
Still got the hang of it.

REMBRANDT
Watch out!

They duck.

Quinn bursts out on horseback, still in armor. The horse WHINNIES. He reins it to a stop.

QUINN
Whoa!

ARTURO
Where the devil are we?

Cassandra smiles.

CASSANDRA
A much better world.

Rembrandt looks around. People in Medieval attire stroll about, many with smartphones and modern drinks.

A large banner reads:

"25th Annual Renaissance Festival"

QUINN
(grinning)
Not exactly.

Quinn helps Cassandra up behind him on the horse.

CASSANDRA
(turning to them, grateful)
Thank you. They'll never stop hunting me back there. Here… I can start over. A clean slate.

ARTURO
Our pleasure.

REMBRANDT
That's what we're all about; second chances

QUINN
Speaking of that.
(gently patting the horse)
Let's find this horse a good home.

ARTURO
(smiling)
Medieval cuisine will do wonders for my waistline.

REMBRANDT
Mine too.

The four of them head into the lively festival, laughing as they blend into the cheerful crowd.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 3
"UnRequiem"

FADE IN

EXT. EGYPT WORLD - DESERT OUTPOST - DAY

The vortex CRACKLES open and SPITS QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, and REMBRANDT BROWN into the blistering desert sand.

In the distance, a gleaming futuristic Egyptian city rises -- pyramids retrofitted with solar arrays, hovering chariots slicing the sky, holographic glyphs shimmering in the heat.

A massive TEMPLE OF OSIRIS dominates the horizon, its spire pulsing with otherworldly energy.

QUINN
(wiping sweat, scanning warily)
This is the same Egypt World. The one where we stole the timer...

ARTURO
(checking the Kromagg tracker)
And they clearly haven't forgotten.

The tracker suddenly lights up with an intense signal.

QUINN
What's that?

ARTURO
(stunned)
It's that quantum signature again... No -- it's Miss Welles. Trapped in hyperspace. Likely since her sacrifice on the Kromagg ship.

REMBRANDT
(emotional, stepping forward)
Wade? She's alive?

ARTURO
(determined)
As a disembodied consciousness, yes. This world's technology may be our only way to retrieve her.

QUINN
Then we find it. Fast.

REMBRANDT
(squinting toward distant patrols)
Why do I get the feeling we're not welcome here?

Suddenly, holographic WANTED POSTERS materialize in the air -- their faces prominently displayed: "ENEMIES OF THE REALM: Timer Thieves. Responsible for the Pharaoh's Death."

Hover-chariots with scarab drones sweep low over the dunes. The team ducks behind ancient ruins.

QUINN
They still blame us for that giant scarab situation. Messed up their whole pyramid ritual.

ARTURO
Technically accurate. Your actions apparently contributed to the Pharaoh's death.

REMBRANDT
Great. Public enemy number one... again.

ARTURO
We'll need an ally inside. Access to their technology.

QUINN
That doctor who helped us before. Dr. Mubaric.

REMBRANDT
I remember her. Almost got you killed and made us miss the slide.

QUINN
But she also helped us find the new timer and escape. We have to find her.

ARTURO
Assuming she's still alive, Mr. Mallory.

The team scatters as smaller, bio-engineered scarab drones close in.

Rembrandt is quickly overwhelmed and captured by a swarm of flying and crawling drones. He swats at them.

REMBRANDT
(freaking out)
Aw hell no! I hate bugs!

COLONEL KHEPRI (mid-40s, stern, burning with vengeance) steps forward from a hover-chariot.

Rembrandt continues freaking out.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Get off me!

Colonel Khepri pulls out a key fob type of remote control, presses a button.

Microchip LEDS glow on the bugs then dim.

The Scarab drones release and crawl away from Rembrandt as guards surround him.

COLONEL KHEPRI
One of the Sliders... at last.

Rembrandt is dragged away.

Quinn and Arturo watch from a distance.

QUINN
Rembrandt.

Quinn moves to help, Arturo pulls him back.

ARTURO
We'll get him later Mr. Mallory. Finding Ms. Welles is the reason we're here.

Quinn reluctantly agrees

BEGIN CREDITS

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Quinn and Arturo approach the grand steps of the Alexandria Public Library.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Quinn and Arturo enter the modern, sunlit library and approach a friendly LIBRARIAN (woman in her 50s) at the front desk.

ARTURO
Excuse me. Where might we find a card catalogue of your recent periodicals and scientific journals?

LIBRARIAN
(smiling, amused)
Where have you been? In a sarcophagus? Card catalogs went out with the dry Sahara.

She walks out from behind the desk and escorts them to a sleek table where a holographic computer terminal floats above it.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
This Hologlyph Interface will give you everything you need.
(touches the screen)
Simply touch to start.

A holographic touchscreen appears with hieroglyphs and common language options.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)
Language preference?

QUINN
Common.

The Librarian selects it.

LIBRARIAN
Simply ask it questions and the A.I. system will give you the answers.
(smiling)
If you have any further questions, just ask.

The Librarian leaves them to it.

ARTURO
(amazed)
The levels of technology some worlds achieve…

QUINN
Let's find out about Dr. Mubaric.

Quinn touches the screen. The A.I. responds instantly, displaying Dr. Mubaric's profile -- current head of the Quantum Afterlife Research Lab.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Wow.

ARTURO
(to the computer)
Where is this lab located?

The A.I. instantly displays the address and a glowing holographic map.

Quinn and Arturo exchange an impressed glance.

EXT. QUANTUM AFTERLIFE RESEARCH LAB - EVENING

Quinn and Arturo hide in the shadows across the street from the sleek, futuristic lab as Egyptian Security patrols pass by.

A faint psychic whisper echoes -- Wade's presence reaching through the tracker.

WADE (V.O., psychic whisper)
...find her...

QUINN
(quiet, to Arturo)
Did you hear something?

ARTURO
Probably just city noise, Mr. Mallory.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They spot DR. DEERA MUBARIC (mid-50s, sharp-eyed and authoritative, wearing a lab coat over traditional Egyptian robes) as she gets out of her car to enter the lab.

Quinn steps forward cautiously.

QUINN
Dr. Mubaric. Hi. I don't know if you remember us.

She turns, vaguely recognizing him.

DR. MUBARIC
(wary)
Quinn Mallory?
(eyes widening as she sees Arturo)
And… you're the Professor.

ARTURO
A version of him.

DR. MUBARIC
(confused)
What are you doing here? I haven't seen you in over thirty years.

ARTURO
Long story. We require your assistance on a scientific matter.

DR. MUBARIC
(guarded)
You're the Sliders. I helped you once. It cost this world the Pharaoh and years of instability.

ARTURO
What happened to him?

DR. MUBARIC
His son was devoured by the Scarab after you left. He died of a broken heart.

QUINN
We need your help again. We need access to your technology -- maybe a timer.

DR. MUBARIC
Timers are now locked down on military bases, guarded by Scarab sentries. Impossible to reach. Why should I risk execution?

QUINN
One of our own -- Wade -- is trapped in hyperspace. With your technology, the Professor might be able to bring her back.

DR. MUBARIC
Your friend is in the realm of the dead?

QUINN
She's not dead. Just stranded. Our other friend, Rembrandt, was captured by your soldiers.

DR. MUBARIC
Colonel Khepri has him. He's in charge of security.

QUINN
(earnest)
Please. Help us.

Dr. Mubaric studies their desperation for a long beat, then nods reluctantly.

DR. MUBARIC
The military will execute me if we're caught. But if there's a chance to save a life… follow me.

INT. EGYPTIAN INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rembrandt sits in a chair studying his drab surroundings. Hieroglyphs line the upper part of the walls like a ring around the room. Bland looking carvings of Osiris, Isis, Horus and other gods decorate the walls.

He briefly opens his jacket, eyeing a small flask.

He closes his jacket as Colonel Khepri steps in carrying a file folder. Two guards accompany him.

COLONEL KHEPRI
(tense)
So, you and your friends are the ones who fed my brother to the Scarab and killed the Pharaoh from the stress of his son's demise.

REMBRANDT
(shrugs)
It's news to me.

COLONEL KHEPRI
(annoyed)
Ruined the pyramid ceremony that would have brought peace and prosperity. Destabilized our world for decades. Your interference cursed us.

REMBRANDT
That wasn't us. All that happened after we left.

COLONEL KHEPRI
Lies. We know you had help.

He tosses a surveillance photo of Dr. Mubaric in front of Rembrandt. It shows Mubaric with Quinn, Arturo, Wade and Rembrandt in the underground tunnel.

COLONEL KHEPRI (CONT'D)
Although we couldn't prove it, we know she assisted your escape.

REMBRANDT
She had nothing to do with it.

COLONEL KHEPRI
So you admit you knew her?

REMBRANDT
She was a bystander.

COLONEL KHEPRI
Then how did you manage to steal a timer and open a portal to another world?

REMBRANDT
Dumb luck?

Colonel Khepri swipes the file folder off the table, SLAMS his fist, points.

COLONEL KHEPRI
Playing dumb won't get you out of this!

Rembrandt eyes Khepri with disdain.

COLONEL KHEPRI (CONT'D)
We know Mubaric helped you and covered her tracks with her friends in the government. I've been waiting years to nail her ass and feed her to the Scarab. You're going to help me.

REMBRANDT
(defiant)
No. I won't help you frame an innocent person.

COLONEL KHEPRI
Then you and your friends will be fed to the Scarab and I guarantee you will die in horrific agony.
(to guards)
Take him back to his cell.

The guards roughly grab a struggling Rembrandt.

COLONEL KHEPRI (CONT'D)
(smirks)
Tomorrow you'll be a Scarab's breakfast entree.

REMBRANDT
NO!

The guards drag Rembrandt through another door on the opposite side of the room.

COLONEL KHEPRI
(to himself)
Time for Plan B.

Khepri exits.

INT. QUANTUM AFTERLIFE RESEARCH LAB - MICRO-WORMHOLE LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Mubaric sneaks Quinn and Arturo into the restricted chamber. Several scientists work quietly.

One of them -- DR. AMEN (mid-40s, ambitious, nervous) -- glances up from his console, eyes lingering a beat too long on the visitors.

DR. MUBARIC
(to Quinn, Arturo)
This lab opens micro-wormholes into hyperspace.

She points to a holographic display of a vortex.

QUINN
Like our sliding vortex on a smaller scale.

ARTURO
Yes, if we adjust the event horizon frequency the resonance can make it big enough to retrieve Ms. Welles.

DR. AMEN
(approaching, overly helpful)
Dr. Mubaric, shall I prepare the stabilizer?

DR. MUBARIC
(not noticing)
Yes, thank you, Amen.

Dr. Amen nods and moves to a console. As he works, he discreetly activates a hidden transmitter on his wrist.

INT. ROYAL MILITARY COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

Colonel Khepri stands in a dimly lit war room, staring at a holographic map of the city.

His communicator CHIMES. He checks the encrypted message from DR. AMEN:

AMEN (TEXT): Sliders are here. They plan to extract Welles from hyperspace using the micro-wormhole chamber.

Khepri's lips curl into a cold smile. He types quickly:

KHEPRI (TEXT): Let them begin. Sabotage the stabilizer at the critical moment. Make it look like an overload. Report when it's done.

He sends the message, then turns to a waiting aide.

KHEPRI
Soon I'll have so much evidence on Mubaric that even the Pharaoh won't be able to save her.

INT. QUANTUM AFTERLIFE RESEARCH LAB - MICRO-WORMHOLE LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Mubaric continues showing Quinn and Arturo around.

DR. MUBARIC
Our working theory about the micro-wormholes is communication with the dead.

QUINN
So no more draining blood from people?

DR. MUBARIC
I ended that barbaric practice after your friend thought you were dead. His grief convinced me otherwise. New ways of reaching lost loved ones became the future.

ARTURO
Regardless of metaphysics, your technology is our best chance of succeeding.

Quinn looks over the technology.

QUINN
Professor you stay here with Dr. Mubaric and work this out.

ARTURO
Going to free Mr. Brown?

QUINN
Yeah. If we're not back, start without us. Save Wade.

ARTURO
(nods)
It will be done my boy.

DR. MUBARIC
(to Quinn)
Before you go, you'll need this.

Dr. Mubaric grabs a key card, puts it in a terminal, reprograms it with a computer.

DR. MUBARIC (CONT'D)
This will get you access to a guard station. I have a friend there who can help you.

INT. - EGYPTIAN CELL - NIGHT

Rembrandt paces inside of his cell.

He glances through barred windows to a courtyard.

A roofed metal cage, like a rodeo enclosure, surrounds a small area.

A cage attached to it contains a large Scarab.

A guard stands outside the enclosure.

He looks up to see Rembrandt behind the barred window. He makes a slicing motion with his finger across the neck, grinning.

Rembrandt grimaces.

REMBRANDT
Professor, Q-Ball, wherever you're at, hurry.

A quiet voice is heard by Rembrandt.

WADE
(O.S.)
They will Remmy.

REMBRANDT
(looks around)
Wade?

The Scarab outside rattles it's cage.

EXT. GUARD STATION - NIGHT

Quinn sneaks through back alleys to a guard station. He looks around, sees a few guards milling about.

A guard hides in an alley, motioning to Quinn, holding up a uniform.

He looks around and stealthily sprints to the alley.

The guard, ZAZHI greets Quinn.

ZAZHI
Quinn? Dr. Mubaric said you were coming.

QUINN
Where's Rembrandt?

ZAZHI
Colonel Khepri has him. He's going to be fed to a Scarab first thing tomorrow morning.
(hands over uniform)
You'll need a disguise.

QUINN
(puts on uniform)
Thanks.

ZAZHI
Got your key card?

Quinn holds it up smiling.

QUINN
Let's save my friend.

They sneak toward the Egyptian Prison.

INT. MICRO-WORMHOLE LAB - LATER

Arturo, and Dr. Mubaric work feverishly near a glowing console -- ancient crystals pulsing beside particle accelerators and the Sliders' technology.

Arturo takes a break and picks up a computer tablet with Dr. Mubaric's research, reads it.

ARTURO
Doctor, your work here in these documents is brilliant. It can be applied to bridging universes... I've studied the data. Together we can fine-tune it to strengthen the connection to hyperspace.

DR. MUBARIC
Yes, it can help you save your friend and enhance that partition plan you mentioned. Who are these Kromaggs?

ARTURO
A constant thorn in our sides. A multiversal malady your world and soon all of us can do without.

The equipment indicators and screens are full of info about the formation of a micro wormhole. The data becomes more intense.

EXT. EGYPTIAN PRISON - MORNING

Quinn and Zazhi use their key cards to access the prison motorpool.

They find a small Humvee type of vehicle.

Quinn spots a portable, gas powered, electric arc welder.

QUINN
(spotting the welder)
Help me load this. High-amperage arc welder -- perfect for frying anything with an exoskeleton.

ZAZHI
You've fought these things before?

QUINN
Once. Rembrandt used live wires last time. This should be an upgrade.

EXT. EGYPTIAN PRISON COURTYARD - MORNING

Colonel Khepri is wide awake, drinking a morning coffee as the sun rises.

COLONEL KHEPRI
(to guards)
Bring out the prisoner.

The Scarab stirs awake from a night of slumber.

The guards lead Rembrandt to the rodeo cage.

REMBRANDT
So this is how it ends. Rembrandt Motel. I check in but I don't check out.
(looks around)
Where are you Q-Ball?

Rembrandt is shoved inside the enclosed area, the gate locked. He cringes with fear.

COLONEL KHEPRI
Release the Scarab.

The Scarab cage opens, it creeps toward Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
Nice Scarab. That stuff I said about bugs earlier. I take it back. I like bugs.

The scarab reaches for Rembrandt, he runs to the opposite side of the cage.

Colonel Khepri and the guards laugh.

Rembrandt runs to another corner, trips.

The Scarab reaches out with its front leg, picks up Rembrandt, he SCREAMS.

Rembrandt swings as the Scarab is about to bite him with it's mandibles.

At that moment, the Humvee ROARS into the courtyard. It BASHES through the gate of the fenced off area, striking the Scarab and SLAMMING it against the side of the cage.

Rembrandt drops to the ground, looks up.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Q-Ball!

QUINN
Rembrandt! Get in!

Rembrandt scrambles inside the Humvee.

Quinn stomps the gas backing out.

A barrage of MACHINE GUN FIRE rains down around them. Quinn, Zazhi and Rembrandt duck inside the Humvee.

The Scarab angered by the gunfire climbs out of it's cage, begins attacking guards in the compound.

A guard FIRES at the scarab, nearly hits it. Colonel Khepri pulls out his sidearm and kills the guard.

COLONEL KHEPRI
Don't shoot the Scarab!

Colonel Khepri runs for cover behind crates.

Quinn SLAMS the Humvee into reverse to avoid the Scarab. It hits the crates and KNOCKS Colonel Khepri back 20 feet, out cold.

Quinn drives toward the courtyard gate, stops near the cage.

REMBRANDT
Why are you stopping!

QUINN
We can't let it hurt innocent people.

Quinn climbs out, gets in the bed of the Humvee, starts the engine on the welder. Sets the Amperage to 200 Amps

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to Zazhi)
Attach the ground to the cage.

Zazhi attaches the ground cable to the cage.

The Scarab grabs Zazhi. He screams as he's devoured. Quinn and Rembrandt turn away.

Quinn jumps out of the Humvee bed with the arc prod.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to Rembrandt)
Watch the welder.
(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)
When I tell you, hit the switch --
200 amps straight to the mouth!

Quinn walks to an area between the cage door and the cage. He waves the arc prod to get the Scarab's attention.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Hey! Over here!

The Scarab moves quickly toward Quinn. He tosses the arc prod into the Scarab's open mouth as it partially climbs the cage.

QUINN (CONT'D)
NOW REMBRANDT!

Rembrandt flips the "On" switch.

Quinn dives out of the way.

The Scarab is fried by 200 Amps. It smokes, catches fire and falls dead. The breaker on the welder trips .

Quinn, Rembrandt relieved, celebrate.

REMBRANDT
(chuckling)
Giant Bug Zapper.

Quinn and Rembrandt get back in the Humvee.

QUINN
Let's get back to the lab. Hope the Professor finished his work.

REMBRANDT
Wade?

QUINN
Let's hope.

EXT. MICRO-WORMHOLE LAB - LATER

Quinn and Rembrandt arrive at the lab in the Humvee. They rush inside.

INT. MICRO-WORMHOLE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Quinn and Rembrandt enter the lab.

ARTURO
You look no worse for wear Mr. Brown.

REMBRANDT
(smiles)
Tell that to the Scarab.

QUINN
What's your status?

ARTURO
Looks like we're about ready.

EXT. EGYPTIAN PRISON COURTYARD - MORNING

Several guards help Colonel Khepri to his feet. He sees the dead Scarab, seething with anger.

COLONEL KHEPRI
(to guards)
I know where they went. Gather the men.

INT. MICRO-WORMHOLE LAB - LATER

Quinn looks at the controls, Arturo points them out.

DR. MUBARIC
(to Quinn, Arturo)
The wormhole must be tuned to her exact quantum signature. Too wide and you tear reality. Too narrow and she remains lost.

QUINN
(determined)
Not if we can help it. We're getting her back

ARTURO
(adjusting controls)
These crystals act as hyperspace anchors. Modulate here... sync with the tracker...

The equipment CHARGES.

Energy builds.

Dr. Amen is at a side console, subtly sabotaging readings while pretending to help.

DR. AMEN
(forced calm)
The wormhole is destabilizing, Doctor!

DR. MUBARIC
(confused)
That shouldn't be happening…

ARTURO
(sharp, noticing)
These readings are being altered from inside the system.

Arturo glances at Dr. Amen.

Dr. Amen's eyes widen in panic. He tries to slip away.

QUINN
(grabbing him)
Who are you working for?

Security alarms suddenly BLARE -- Khepri's forces closing in faster than expected.

DR. MUBARIC
(shocked, betrayed)
Amen…?

Rembrandt watches, tense.

Dr. Amen breaks from Quinn's grip, runs away.

Alarms begin to blare in the distance -- security closing in.

REMBRANDT
Company!

DR. MUBARIC
(urgent)
Activate it -- now!

Arturo throws the switch. A vertical MICRO-VORTEX crackles open, swirling with ethereal blue-white light.

The Kromagg tracker SCREAMS -- Wade's signal surges wildly.

ARTURO
It's working!

QUINN
Come on, Wade...

The equipment indicators spike, then go erratic.

ALARMS scream.

QUINN (CONT'D)
No, no, no!

Dr. Mubaric, Arturo, and Quinn frantically adjust controls.

DR. MUBARIC
It's collapsing!

QUINN
We're not losing her!

REMBRANDT
(eyes welling, breaking)
I can't go through this again...

In the chaos, Rembrandt's hand trembles as he pulls the small flask from his jacket -- something he's kept hidden since the reunion. He stares at it, the weight of losing Wade again crushing him.

The vortex shrinks. The equipment falls silent.

Dr. Mubaric lowers her head in grief.

Quinn's face crumples.

Rembrandt starts to break down. He unscrews the cap of the flask, brings it halfway to his lips...

Arturo places a steadying hand on Quinn's shoulder.

ARTURO
(soft, heavy)
Mr. Mallory...

A sudden, violent FLASH of energy erupts -- blinding.

A NUDE HUMAN FORM tumbles violently out of the rift, slamming onto the floor and convulsing.

Quinn grabs a lab sheet and covers her as the team rushes forward.

Rembrandt discards the flask, forgotten.

INT. MICRO-WORMHOLE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

WADE WELLES (early-50s, aged to match the timeline) gasps and thrashes, eyes wide with hyperspace trauma. Her body arcs with residual energy.

She clutches her head, overwhelmed.

WADE
(weak, voice cracking, disoriented)
...Quinn? You... all of you... The Kromaggs... the ship... I held it open... I couldn't let them...

She convulses again. Rembrandt drops to his knees, holding her steady.

REMBRANDT
(choked up, tears flowing)
You did it, girl. You saved us all. I told them everything. Welcome back.

QUINN
(smiling through tears, hugging her tightly)
We got you, Wade. You're home. We're never leaving you behind again.

ARTURO
(softly, awed)
A miracle of science... and unbreakable friendship.

Wade's convulsions ease. She looks at them, clarity returning, tears streaming.

Dr. Mubaric watches, deeply moved.

Security alarms BLARE louder. Scarab drones descend outside.

DR. MUBARIC
(to Arturo)
Take these hyperspace components. They'll aid your partition device. Now go -- before more guards arrive.

INT. QUANTUM AFTERLIFE RESEARCH LAB - CHAOS - DAY

The team -- Wade wrapped in the sheet, still weak but supported -- races through corridors.

Rembrandt and Quinn create distractions. Arturo and Mubaric provide cover with improvised sonic pulses from lab tech.

Colonel Khepri arrives with a massive swarm of scarab drones -- some flying, others crawling like metallic spiders or crabs with poison pincers.

COLONEL KHEPRI
(vengeful)
You will not escape justice this time!

The drones attack aggressively. Quinn and Dr. Mubaric work frantically on a portable control pad.

QUINN
Can we turn them?

DR. MUBARIC
If I can access their command frequency...

They reprogram several drones but they refuse to change course.

QUINN
They're not responding.

The drones swarm toward the Sliders.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Wade, look out!

Wade's eyes widen. She sends out a RIPPLING WAVE of psychic energy. The attacking drones freeze mid-air, inches from the team.

REMBRANDT
Woah!

ARTURO
This defies science.

DR. MUBARIC
What in Osiris' name...

With a surge of power, Wade forces the drones to turn. They pivot and attack Khepri's own forces, then swarm the Colonel himself. One clamps onto him with poison pincers.

COLONEL KHEPRI
(screaming in rage and pain)
No! Traitors--!

The team is awed by Wade's new ability.

QUINN
(to team)
Let's go!

EXT. QUANTUM AFTERLIFE RESEARCH LAB - CONTINOUS

The team bursts into the open desert.

Quinn activates the timer.

QUINN
Thank you, Doctor. For everything.

DR. MUBARIC
(nodding from cover, urgent)
May Osiris guide you. Save more worlds than you break.

The VORTEX CRACKLES open.

Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt, and a recovering Wade leap through, clutching the precious Egyptian components.

The vortex SNAPS shut just as the reprogrammed scarab drones swarm Colonel Khepri. He SCREAMS.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 4
"The Partition"

FADE IN:

EXT. SEER WORLD - THRIVING CITY - DAY

The vortex SPITS QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, WADE WELLES and REMBRANDT BROWN into a vibrant, futuristic city -- skyscrapers adorned with holographic art, bustling markets, and citizens living freely.

A massive STATUE of the Seer looms, radiating hope.

REMBRANDT
(awed)
Man, this place is thriving. The Seer really did a number on those Kromaggs.

WADE
(shaky, sensing something)
It feels… safe. But something's off. Like a storm's coming.

ARTURO
(checking tracker)
The Egyptian timer is in a nearby archive. Its quantum core is the final piece for the partition device.

QUINN
Hope there's no unexpected surprises.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - DAY

The team enters the sleek archive. The BROKEN EGYPTIAN TIMER sits in a display case.

As they approach, two figures step from the shadows: MAGGIE BECKETT (older, battle-hardened) and MALLORY (Season 5 Quinn, mid-40s, rugged but warm).

MAGGIE
(stunned, eyes locking on Quinn)
Quinn...?

MALLORY
(grinning, but tense)
Guess sliding's still a family business.

The moment hangs -- heavy with history.

Quinn and Maggie share a charged look.

Wade senses the emotional storm.

Rembrandt and Arturo exchange uneasy glances.

BEGIN CREDITS

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - LAB AREA - DAY

The awkward reunion continues. Maggie's eyes move from Quinn to Rembrandt. Tears well up instantly.

MAGGIE
(tearful, voice breaking)
Remmy...

Rembrandt's eyes fill with tears. He steps forward and pulls Maggie into a tight, emotional hug. They hold each other for a long beat.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I thought we'd never see you again.

REMBRANDT
(voice thick)
I'm here, Maggie. I'm really here.

Wade watches them, her own eyes glistening despite past disagreements with Maggie. She wipes a tear away quickly.

WADE
(soft, emotional)
...We all made it back. Somehow.

Maggie pulls back from Rembrandt, still holding his arms, then glances at Quinn and Mallory. The weight of years apart is palpable.

MAGGIE
(quiet, bittersweet)
My Quinn and I... we've been caretakers of this archive for years. We preserved as much as we could -- artifacts, records, anything from other Earths -- always hoping you'd come back, Rembrandt. As the years went on, we had to accept this world as our home.

MALLORY
(nodding, looking at Quinn)
We built a life here. But part of us never stopped waiting.

The moment hangs heavy.

Quinn looks at Maggie with quiet understanding.

Arturo clears his throat, trying to refocus.

He picks up the broken Egyptian timer out of it's display case.

ARTURO
(looking at the device)
The core appears intact but we'll have to examine this more thoroughly. If we sync it correctly, we can attach it to the partitioning device and separate the Kromagg multiverse permanently.

MALLORY
What partitioning device?

QUINN
The one we're going to build.

MAGGIE
Separate the Kromagg multiverse?

REMBRANDT
So they'll never bother us again.

WADE
We better get started then.

ARTURO
My thoughts exactly Ms. Welles.

The group slowly shifts back to work, but the emotional undercurrents linger as the Partition Device assembly begins.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - WORKSHOP - DAY

Arturo assembles components for the Partition Device.

Maggie hands Wade a shirt to put over her blouse and match the rest of her clothes and shoes.

MAGGIE
Hope this fits. Best we could do on short notice.

WADE
Better than wearing that lab sheet.

MAGGIE
Anything else?

WADE
I'm fine. Thank you.

MAGGIE
(fake smile)
Not a problem.

Wade notices something about Maggie's demeanor as she leaves. She shrugs it off, puts on the shirt then stares at Arturo. He notices.

ARTURO
What is it, Ms. Welles?

WADE
You're here. Alive.

ARTURO
Surprised?

WADE
You died in front of me on Maggie's home world.

ARTURO
If you recall, there were two of us on that world where I was tied up in the basement by my double.

WADE
We thought it was you but Remmy had suspicions.

ARTURO
And Mr. Brown was right.

Wade hugs Arturo tightly.

WADE
I'm just glad you're back.

ARTURO
(kisses her on the cheek)
Me too, Ms. Welles. Me too.

They share a warm, father-daughter moment before returning to work.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - LATER

Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt and Mallory move large artifacts and displays out of the way so they have a place to work

As Wade moves a box, she suddenly STAGGERS, her eyes glowing faintly. She grips her head, a vision flashing.

Quinn catches her before she falls.

QUINN
Wade, what is it?
(to Mallory)
Get some water.

Mallory nods, runs to an employee snack room.

WADE
(gasping)
They're coming… Kromaggs. Hundreds of ships. They know we're here.

REMBRANDT
(alarmed)
Hundreds? How'd they--

ARTURO
(realizing)
The tracker implants. They've been monitoring every slide.

Mallory returns with the water. Wade drinks.

MALLORY
We'll drive them Kromaggs off like the Seer did.

Wade steadies herself, her voice stronger, a psychokinetic pulse rippling the air around her.

WADE
(resolute)
In hyperspace, I… changed. I can sense their minds, their ships. I can push them back.

REMBRANDT
You're full of surprises girl.

QUINN
(awed)
Wade, you're our secret weapon.

ARTURO
(inspired)
Miss Welles' abilities could stabilize the partition process. If we combine her psychokinesis with the Partition Device, we can separate the Kromagg multiverse permanently.

Maggie's mind goes into military mode.

MAGGIE
(determined)
We'll have to fortify this archive before they attack. Set a perimeter.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - WORKSHOP - DAY

Rembrandt and Mallory work side-by-side collecting tools and components for the Partition Device.

The hum of an air conditioner fills the room.

REMBRANDT
(quiet, reflective)
Been a long time since we slid together, man. Back when you had Quinn inside you. I remember how hard that was on you... and on Maggie.

MALLORY
(nods, focused on collecting parts)
Yeah. I had to become him for her. Live his life. Love her the way he would have. For years. And I did. I still do.

He glances down the hall toward Maggie, who is making fortifications.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
(voice lowering)
But now he's here. It's stirred everything up in her again. The old memories, the what-ifs. I can see it in her eyes every time she looks at him.

Rembrandt follows his gaze, understanding.

REMBRANDT
She loves you. That much is clear. You gave her a life when she needed it most.

MALLORY
(quiet, jealous but vulnerable)
I hope so. I just... I hope he's not trying to make a move on my wife. I don't know if I could handle that.

REMBRANDT
(putting down his tools, sincere)
He's not like that. Quinn's a good man. He knows what you two have built. He's not here to take anything from you. He's just trying to figure out where he fits now... same as the rest of us.

Mallory nods slowly, some of the tension easing.

MALLORY
Thanks, Rembrandt. Guess we're all just trying to make sense of this mess.

They return to work collecting tools, the emotional undercurrent still lingering.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - ADJACENT WORKROOM - DAY

Quinn and Arturo work at a cluttered workbench.

The damaged Egyptian timer lies open, its ancient crystals and circuitry exposed. They are carefully installing components brought back from Egypt World.

QUINN
(grimacing as he examines the internals)
When Rembrandt said it was busted, he wasn't kidding.

ARTURO
(working with precise tools)
Indeed. It's worse than I thought. The core sliding matrix is irreparably damaged. This timer will never slide again. However, we can repurpose its hyperspace capacitors as an energy booster for the Partition Device.

QUINN
(nodding, handing him a crystal)
That could give us the extra power we need.
(standing, wiping his hands)
I'm going to check on Maggie's progress setting up defenses.

Arturo nods without looking up, focused on the delicate work.

ARTURO
Be careful, Mr. Mallory. Emotions can be more volatile than any quantum field.

Quinn pauses for a moment, then exits.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - QUIET ALCOVE - DAY

Quinn and Maggie stand alone among ancient relics and glowing holographic displays.

The distant noise of the Partition Device being assembled echoes faintly.

MAGGIE
(voice trembling, eyes searching his)
Every time I look at you... it's like the years never happened. But they did. I built a life with him. I grieved you. I moved on.

QUINN
(soft, pained)
I know. And I'm glad you did. You deserved that life.

Maggie steps closer, her hand reaching for his face. For a moment, old feelings surface. She suddenly leans in to kiss him.

Quinn gently but firmly stops her, holding her shoulders.

QUINN (CONT'D)
No… Maggie, no. We can't.

MAGGIE
(hurt, pulling back)
Why? Because of her? Because of what we used to be?

QUINN
(quiet, struggling)
Because your Quinn's the one who lived those years with you. Not me.

Maggie looks away, tears welling. The emotional wound is still raw.

MAGGIE
But you're my Quinn.

QUINN
I'm not. I'm sorry.

Maggie breaks from his grip, walks away, quietly sobbing, hand covering her mouth.

Quinn sighs.

Maggie brushes past Arturo as he approaches from the hall.

ARTURO
(concerned)
Bad history?

QUINN
I didn't realize how my being here would affect her.

ARTURO
Reminds me of the time when I first met my late wife. I was in the military and she met another man from her youth. He was dashing, handsome and made quite the first impression. He swept her off her feet while I was the more practical one. She had to choose between him and me. It was a messy affair.

QUINN
(distant)
Is there a point to this Professor?

ARTURO
Yes, she chose me just like Ms. Mallory may eventually choose her Quinn.
(hand on Quinn's shoulder)
But be careful Mr. Mallory. The most unpredictable variable in the multiverse is a woman's heart.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - ARTIFACT STORAGE - DAY

Wade and Maggie are alone organizing relics for the Partition Device. The tension between them has been simmering.

WADE
I hear you and Quinn made a life for yourselves here.

MAGGIE
In a manner of speaking. Wasn't easy after Remmy left. Hurt for a long time.

WADE
Sorry.

MAGGIE
For what? You had nothing to be sorry about.

Wade refocuses on collecting items, takes them to a desk.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Must have been quite lonely in hyperspace all of those years.

WADE
It wasn't a picnic. I could see everything happening at once but I couldn't do anything about it.

MAGGIE
Like me and Quinn?

WADE
(quietly, unable to hold back)
You got the life I was supposed to have. The life I gave up everything for.

MAGGIE
(defensive, turning sharply)
You sacrificed yourself. I didn't ask for any of this. I didn't ask to fall in love with someone who wasn't... completely over you.

WADE
(voice rising)
You moved on with Quinn and built a home with him while I was lost in the void.

MAGGIE
(stepping closer, angry)
And you think that makes you the victim? I had to live with the ghost of you every single day. Sometimes in the middle of the night, he'd shout your name during a nightmare.

WADE
Yes, I know.

MAGGIE
Of course you did. You were in his head, manipulating him. Admit it, you want him back.

The argument nearly escalates.

WADE
Maggie, let's focus on our task at hand.

Maggie SLAMS her items back on the shelf.

MAGGIE
You're not stealing from me.

Wade's hands clench, carefully putting things on a table.

Maggie's eyes flash with old resentment.

WADE
Fine. Whatever.

Wade turns and storms off.

Maggie shakes head with disgust.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - WORKSHOP - DAY

Rembrandt and Quinn work on wiring components. The Partition Device hums nearby as Arturo and Mallory continue calibration.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(low, supportive but serious)
Maggie had to grieve you, Q-Ball. She had to accept Mallory as you for decades. Now you show up looking like this… it's tearing her up inside. And Wade's feeling it too. This whole thing is reopening old wounds for everyone.

QUINN
(heavy, staring at the device)
I never wanted this. I just want us all to heal. To move forward.

REMBRANDT
(putting a hand on his shoulder)
Sometimes healing means facing the mess first. You gotta let them feel it.

Quinn nods, conflicted, as they return to work.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - LAB - LATER

The Partition device finally takes shape. The controls resemble an electronic sound board used in a studio.

Three uniquely modified connector cradles, similar to ones on a Trimline model landline phone are embedded near the top edge of the board. The Timer, the Kromagg Tracker and the modified Egyptian Timer are embedded.

The board is connected by cables to a computer station and a Kromagg Sliding rig.

ARTURO
(clasps hands)
That should do it. Some more minor adjustments and it should be finished

Arturo notices a loose cable underneath the board.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Mr. Mallory.

Both Quinn and Mallory turn.

QUINN & MALLORY
Yes.

ARTURO
(mild smirk)
There appears to be a loose cable under there.

MALLORY
I got it.
(to Quinn)
Got to be quite the handyman around the house.

Mallory crawls under the board.

While Arturo adjusts the board and Mallory fixes the cable, Maggie beacons Quinn to a quiet alcove.

Quinn goes there.

QUINN
What is it?

Maggie wraps her arms around him, pulling him toward her.

QUINN (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be doing this.

MAGGIE
Why?

QUINN
(gentle but firm)
Maggie… Mallory is your husband. I have the memories of your lives together, but I wasn't truly there. He was.

MAGGIE
(eyes welling)
It still hurts, Quinn. Seeing you… it feels like I lost you twice.

Maggie suddenly steps forward and kisses Quinn. He gently but firmly forces her back.

QUINN
(soft, pained)
No… Maggie, no.

She kisses him again.

Mallory nonchalantly approaches the alcove.

MALLORY
Quinn, the Professor needs...

Mallory sees them mid-kiss. His jealousy boils over, he storms over to them.

MALLORY (CONT'D)
(angry, shoves Quinn)
Hey! Get away from her! So that's why you're here, stealing my wife?

Rembrandt rushes over. Arturo glances at the commotion. Wade enters the room.

REMBRANDT
Woah, woah guys.

QUINN
It's not like that.

MALLORY
(enraged)
Yeah. How about like this?

He takes a swing. Quinn dodges.

Rembrandt quickly steps between them and takes the hit.

MAGGIE
Remmy!

Rembrandt grabs his jaw.

REMBRANDT
(grimacing)
Hey! Enough!

WADE
(yelling)
Stop it! All of you!

MAGGIE
Stay out of this like you did for the last thirty years.

Wade seethes.

The chaos peaks. Arturo stops working on the device, overwhelmed, BANGS his fist on the table.

ARTURO
CEASE THIS CACAPHONOUS NONSENSE AT ONCE!

The group freezes. Rembrandt holds Quinn and Mallory apart. Both have their fists pulled back. Maggie and Wade exchange glares.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Just look at yourselves! Acting like blistering idiots! When we originally started this journey we were colleagues and friends. Over that time we bonded as a family, became inseperable regardless of what happened. Now you bloody well want to tear it all apart. Is that what you want?

Quinn and Mallory back down. The glare between Wade and Maggie fades.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
(loud, anguished)
Just for the record, I want you all to know that this whole miscalibrated Jerry Springer sideshow is my fault! If I hadn't extracted Mr. Mallory from his counterpart, none of this emotional carnage would be happening. You all want to yell at someone? Yell at me. Blame me. I deserve it.

Silence falls. They all look ashamed. A long pause.

QUINN
(soft but strong)
No, Professor. Because of you… we're all back together. We're partitioning the past so we can have a future.

Rembrandt nods.

Wade places a hand on Arturo's shoulder.

Maggie looks at both Quinns with painful acceptance.

MALLORY
(quiet)
He's right. We're all here now.
(to Rembrandt)
I'm sorry Remmy.

Rembrandt hugs Mallory.

REMBRANDT
It's OK man.

Wade and Maggie exchange apologetic looks.

The group refocuses on the device as alarms begin to blare -- the Kromagg armada is coming.

EXT. SEER WORLD - SKY - NIGHT

The sky DARKENS as a Kromagg armada uncloaks -- hundreds of sleek, menacing ships descending. Alarms BLARE across the city.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - LAB - NIGHT

The team works frantically: Arturo and Quinn power up the PARTITION DEVICE, Mallory and Maggie rig defenses, and Rembrandt keeps watch. Wade meditates, her psychic aura glowing, probing the Kromagg fleet.

WADE
(focused)
They're close. I can slow their ships… but not for long.

A Kromagg BLAST rocks the archive, shaking the walls. Arturo activates the partition device, a proto-vortex HUMMING.

ARTURO
(urgent)
Miss Welles, channel your energy into the device--now!

Wade's eyes BLAZE, psychokinetic waves surging into the machine. The proto-vortex EXPANDS, crackling with quantum energy, as the Kromaggs BREACH the archive's doors.

QUINN
(yelling)
Hold them off! We're almost there!

The team braces for battle, Wade's powers and the partition device their only hope against the Kromagg onslaught.

INT. SEER WORLD ARCHIVE - LAB - NIGHT

The archive shakes as KROMAGG FORCES storm the breached doors, their telepathic snarls echoing.

Quinn and Arturo feverishly calibrate the TIMER, the KROMAGG TRACKER and the EGYPTIAN TIMER.

The Kromagg Sliding rig GLOWS with unstable quantum energy.

Maggie and Mallory FIRE makeshift weapons at the Kromaggs, while Rembrandt barricades a side entrance.

Wade stands at the device, her eyes BLAZING with psychic power, psychokinetic waves rippling around her.

QUINN
(yelling)
Professor, it's now or never!

ARTURO
(frantic, calibrating)
Miss Welles, channel your energy--
stabilize the vortex!

Wade GRITS her teeth, her psychic aura surging into the device. The proto-vortex EXPANDS, crackling with blue-white light, shaking the room.

Outside, the Kromagg armada's ships FALTER, their cloaking flickering as Wade's psychokinesis disrupts their systems.

WADE
(straining)
I can feel them… millions of minds…
I'm pushing them out!

The Kromaggs in the archive SCREAM, clutching their heads, as the partition device HUMS louder. Quinn flips a final switch.

ARTURO
(triumphant)
Partition activating--now!

A BLINDING FLASH erupts from the vortex.

The Kromaggs VANISH mid-attack, their ships disappearing from the sky.

The room falls silent, the device powering down.

The team collapses, exhausted but victorious.

REMBRANDT
(panting, grinning)
Did we just… win?

WADE
(weak, smiling)
They're gone.

ARTURO
To their own multiverse.

QUINN
Forever.

Maggie and Mallory exchange relieved looks, while Quinn pulls Wade into a hug.

Arturo adjusts his glasses, beaming with pride.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to all)
We did it. Together.

EXT. SEER WORLD - CITY SQUARE - DAY

The team emerges outside to a cheering crowd.

REMBRANDT
Must be our fan club.

Rembrandt waves to the crowd.

Quinn looks at the timer.

QUINN
(to Mallory, Maggie)
Gotta go. Tell everyone they're safe from the Kromaggs.

MAGGIE
We will

Quinn opens the VORTEX.

MALLORY
Take care.

Quinn and Mallory clasp hands and shake.

Maggie hugs Quinn, platonically.

MAGGIE
Be careful.

QUINN
I always am.

Quinn jumps in the vortex.

Wade looks Maggie in the eyes.

WADE
No hard feelings.

MAGGIE
Be safe.

Maggie and Wade hug. Wade jumps into the vortex.

Rembrandt hugs both Maggie and Mallory, kisses Maggie on the cheek.

REMBRANDT
See you around.

MAGGIE
(teary)
Remmy.

Mallory shakes hands with Rembrandt before he jumps in the Vortex.

ARTURO
(to Mallory)
It was a pleasure meeting you.
(to Maggie)
And to you Ms. Mallory.

MAGGIE
Go before you miss the slide

Arturo nods respectfully, jumps into the vortex. It snaps shut.

MALLORY
Think we'll see them again?

MAGGIE
Some day.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 5
"Apocalypse Quinn"

FADE IN

EXT. NEW EARTH - CITY STREET - DAY

The vortex SPITS QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR MAXIMILIAN ARTURO, WADE WELLES and REMBRANDT BROWN onto a busy urban street.

Skyscrapers loom, American flags everywhere.

A massive BILLBOARD blares: H.R.M. Donald J. Trump - Making America Great, 2026!"

Old campaign posters for his administration dominate the city.

ARTURO
(blinking)
Trump… President? In 2026?

REMBRANDT
(chuckling nervously)
Man, we can't be home.

QUINN
(wary)
This place feels… off. Like it's our Earth, but skewed.

WADE
(psychic senses tingling)
It's not just the politics. Something's watching us.

The team exchanges uneasy glances, the timer TICKING down to their next slide.

The camera pans up to a HIDDEN CAMERA on a lamppost, its lens zooming in on the Sliders, hinting at a new mystery.

EXT. TRUMP EARTH - CITY STREET - DAY

The Sliders stand amidst a bustling metropolis, the massive "Trump 2026: Keeping America Great!" billboard dominating the skyline.

Golden TRUMP TOWER-like buildings gleam, adorned with gaudy crown logos.

Random people stop before a golden statue of Trump, paying respects, almost as in prayer.

A NEWSSTAND headline screams, "King Trump Signs New Wall Decree,".

A TV in a shop window shows DONALD TRUMP, draped in a red-white-and-blue robe with a crown emblem, waving regally from a White House balcony.

QUINN
(staring, incredulous)
Looks like King Trump. This is definitely not our Earth.

WADE
(frowning, psychic senses tingling)
It's not just the royalty vibe. Something's… controlling this place. Like a pulse I can't quite pin down.

ARTURO
(adjusting glasses, analytical)
Indeed. The presidency has evolved into a monarchy--likely a recent shift, given the date. A fascinating, if alarming, divergence.

REMBRANDT
(groaning, tossing the newspaper)
First King George Washington, now King Don? I'm ready for an Earth with no crowns, period.

Quinn checks the TIMER, its display glowing: 72 hours until the next slide.

QUINN
(smirking)
Three days. Enough time to figure out what's going on--and stay out of trouble.

WADE
(wry)
Trouble? Us? Never.

They start down the street, blending into the crowd.

Street vendors hawk "Trump Royal Burgers" and golden commemorative coins stamped with Trump's face.

A JUMBOTRON plays a campaign ad: "Trump Dynasty: Forever Great!" featuring Trump's family in regal attire.

ARTURO
(musing)
This world's obsession with monarchy suggests a cultural or political upheaval. We should investigate this--discreetly.

REMBRANDT
(pointing to a "Royal Loyalty Oath" poster)
Discreet ain't gonna be easy. Looks like Big Brother's got a crown now.

Unseen, in the distance, LOGAN ST. CLAIRE (mid-40s, sharp, exuding confidence) watches from a rooftop perch, her eyes locked on the Sliders.

She adjusts a futuristic DEVICE on her wrist, its screen tracking their movements. A faint smirk crosses her lips.

LOGAN ST. CLAIRE
(muttering)
Hello, Quinn. Let's see what you're up to this time.

She slips into the crowd, tailing them unnoticed.

EXT. TRUMP EARTH - DOWNTOWN PLAZA - DAY

The Sliders reach a crowded plaza, where a ROYAL RALLY is underway. CITIZENS chant "Long Live the King!" as a holographic TRUMP delivers a speech about "making the multiverse great."

Wade pauses, her psychic senses flaring.

WADE
(whispering)
Quinn, someone's watching us. Not Kromaggs… but familiar.

QUINN
(scanning the crowd)
Familiar how?

A ROYAL GUARD spots them.

GUARD
(booming)
You there! Show your loyalty tattoos!

The team sprints through the plaza, dodging guards.

INT. TRUMP'S ROYAL BURGER - DAY

The Sliders huddle in a booth, scarfing down "Trump Tower Sliders"--overpriced, gold-dusted burgers.

They duck as Trump's guards pass by outdoors.

Wade points to Rembrandt's mustache, peppered with gold dust, giggles.

Rembrandt grabs a napkin, wipes off the dust.

REMBRANDT
(muttering)
Man, this place makes Kromagg chow look gourmet.

A JUKEBOX blares a patriotic remix of "God Bless The USA"

Rembrandt grimaces at a menu touting "King's Freedom Fries." Wade sips a soda.

WADE
(tense, scanning)
Someone's still watching us. Closer now.

ARTURO
(analytical)
This monarchy's surveillance is Orwellian. We need intel on how Trump became king--likely tied to a multiversal anomaly.

Before Quinn can respond, Logan St. Claire slides into their booth, her futuristic wrist DEVICE glinting. Her smile is equal parts charm and menace.

LOGAN
(coolly)
Quinn Mallory. Still sliding into trouble, I see.

QUINN
(stunned)
Logan? You're… here?

REMBRANDT
(wary)
Last time we saw you, you weren't exactly Team Sliders.

LOGAN
(shrugging)
Times change. I don't forgive you for stranding me, Quinn, but I'm not here to settle scores. Not yet.

Wade's eyes narrow, her psychic senses probing Logan's guarded mind.

WADE
(firm)
You're hiding something. Why approach us now?

Logan leans in, lowering her voice as a ROYAL GUARD passes outside.

LOGAN
(serious)
Because he's here. Your double, Quinn. The one with white hair, lightning bolts on his face. Calls himself the "Prophet of Chaos."

She shows them surveillance footage on her portable device -- Apocalypse Quinn meeting with King Trump outside the White House, resembling real-life footage of Trump with Norway's Royal Guards that sparked conspiracy theories.

QUINN
(alarmed)
Apocalypse Quinn? The one who became disillusioned with sliding?

ARTURO
(grim)
Who's Apocalypse Quinn?

REMBRANDT
Q-Ball's double from years ago. We met him a few slides after we lost the other you. Thinks he's Colonel Kurtz from Apocalypse Now.

LOGAN
(nodding)
He's been sliding, building a cult, destabilizing worlds. This Earth's his latest playground. King Trump's just another one of his puppets-- Apocalypse Quinn's pulling strings, and he wants you dead, Quinn.

Rembrandt scoffs, but a TV in the corner flashes a DISTURBING IMAGE: a shadowy FIGURE with white hair and lightning-bolt face paint, preaching to a fanatic crowd in front of a Trump statue, captioned "Mystery Preacher Inspires Royal Revival."

NEWS ANCHOR
(filtered, on TV)
Today in the city's business district, the Prophet known as Quinn, his Majesty's religious advisor, spoke to a gathering of commoners. His speeches have renewed interest for our King after waning public support due to the continuing war in the Persian Empire.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(on TV)
His royal majesty will bring you new worlds of prosperity. His benevolence will reshape our lives for generations to come. Join me in paying respects to our sovereign and the savior of our existence in this realm.

Apocalypse Quinn raises his hands, bows his head before a golden Trump statue.

The crowd in the TV footage begins a droning chant.

CROWD
(on TV)
Trump, Trump, Trump.

REMBRANDT
(shaken)
Okay, that's freaky.

ARTURO
Politics and Religion. Worst combination in history.

Quinn turns back to Logan.

LOGAN
(urgent)
Trump's goons will be hunting you, but Apocalypse Quinn's worse. I've got a safe house--off the grid, away from his radar. Come with me.

WADE
(psychic pulse flaring)
You're not telling us everything, Logan. What's your angle?

LOGAN
(smirking)
Surviving. And maybe settling an old debt. Take the offer or don't--your call.

The guard outside lingers, eyeing the restaurant. Quinn exchanges looks with the team, weighing trust versus survival.

QUINN
(resolute)
We'll go. But we're watching you, Logan.

LOGAN
(grinning)
I wouldn't expect less.

She leads them out a back exit, her device BEEPING as it jams nearby surveillance.

In the shadows, a CULTIST with a lightning-bolt tattoo watches, whispering into a comm: "The Prophet will be pleased."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRIVATE CHAMBERS - DAY

APOCALYPSE QUINN (white hair, lightning-bolt face paint, manic energy) meets with KING TRUMP.

KING TRUMP
Good job today in spreading the gospel of the Kingdom.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Thank you Your Majesty. Have you looked over my proposal?

One of Trump's guards holds open a file folder before him.

KING TRUMP
A very bigly and prosperous deal.
(smiling)
I like making deals.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
What I'm offering you is the power of interdimensional sliding. Travel from world to world.

KING TRUMP
In exchange for what?

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Classified over unity technology -- free energy. With it, I can establish your kingdom on countless Earths and bring them your wise words. You will have billions of new subjects.

KING TRUMP
(leaning forward, intrigued)
Tremendous. The greatest deal ever.

Apocalypse Quinn's phone buzzes. He looks at a text message from his operative.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
We do have another matter to deal with. Four travelers from another world arrived this morning.

A Royal Assistant, BARRY, speaks up.

BARRY
Your Majesty, we have similar reports from our security forces.

Barry shows surveillance video of Quinn, Arturo, Wade and Rembrandt to him on a tablet.

KING TRUMP
What's their angle?

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Chaos, disruption. Everywhere they go deals are ruined, lives upended.

KING TRUMP
We can't have that, can we? I'll have my security teams hunt them down.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
They're being assisted by a woman, Logan St. Claire. She's more dangerous than they are.

King Trump points to Logan's picture on Barry's tablet.

KING TRUMP
(to Barry)
See to it this woman is arrested too.

BARRY
Yes your Majesty.

KING TRUMP
(to Apocalypse Quinn)
We'll make this work. That's what the art of the deal is all about.

EXT. - WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Apocalypse Quinn stands in the hall, sending text messages to his operatives.

Barry approaches and both he and Apocalypse Quinn quietly stroll down an adjacent hallway, out of earshot of guards.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(low, almost whisper)
You've been doing excellent work. His Majesty needs guidance if we're going to control this world.

BARRY
Yes Prophet. Your teachings have inspired my work here.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Once we have the overunity technology, we'll eventually have no need for his Majesty or his kingdom.

INT. LOGAN'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The safe house is a cluttered, high-tech hideout with flickering monitors and stolen gear.

LOGAN
Here it is, home sweet hideout.

Quinn and Arturo look over the technology; 3-D printers, electronics, etc.

ARTURO
So as you explained to us on the way here, the way to stop Apocalypse Quinn is to steal Intel from Royal Security to expose his eventual betrayal of King Trump.

LOGAN
Yes, that mad Prophet has no intention of keeping his deal. If he acquires overunity technology, or free energy as laymen call it, he'll destroy every world he lands on, starting with this one.

REMBRANDT
The King clearly doesn't trust us. His goon squads are everywhere.

LOGAN
Which is why we have to gain his confidence.

ARTURO
What are you proposing?

LOGAN
A better deal. We trade sliding technology for our freedom.

Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt and Wade share concerned glances.

WADE
How do we know he'll keep his word?

LOGAN
The King's the best dealmaker in the world. His reputation is all that matters.

Quinn looks over the 3-D printers.

QUINN
Professor look at this. We can use this to make just about anything.

REMBRANDT
(grimaces, holds stomach)
Can it make a decent burger with normal colors? Gold is not meant to be eaten.
(groans)
I need some Alka-Seltzer.

WADE
We'll get better food on the next world.

Logan looks over Rembrandt and Wade

REMBRANDT
What?

LOGAN
If I'm going to steal that information on Apocalypse Quinn, I'm going to need help breaking in and accessing their computer.

WADE
(glances to Quinn, Arturo)
I can help on that. I have special talents.

Logan pulls a couple of Royal guard uniforms from a box.

LOGAN
(to Quinn, Arturo)
We need more items to complete your friends looks if we wish to break in. Rank insignia, building passes, et cetera.

ARTURO
Wardrobe design. Reminds me of my Shakespeare training in university theater.

WADE
You were an actor?

ARTURO
Briefly. Then I discovered the love of science.

QUINN
In the interest of the performing arts, let's get these printers fired up and take down my double.

INT. LOGAN'S SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Logan, wearing a Royal Guard uniform talks into a smartphone.

LOGAN
(whispering)
Here's the deal. The Sliders for a continued presence on your world.

Outside the bathroom, Wade, wearing a sharp, elegant mini dress uniform decorated with bright insignia, high heels and a hat, approaches. She overhears Logan.

VOICE
(filtered)
Just like we agreed.

LOGAN
Once the Sliders are captured, they'll give you anything for their freedom.

INT. WHITEHOUSE - NIGHT

Barry continues his conversation with Logan.

Apocalypse Quinn sits in a nearby chair, skimming through a copy of "The Art Of The Deal". He tosses it aside like trash.

BARRY
The King will be pleased. Just do your part and get it done.

He ends the call.

BARRY (CONT'D)
All of our distractions will soon be taken care of Prophet.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Two problems gone, one solution mine.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - CONTINIOUS

Wade approaches Quinn and Arturo.

Quinn makes a fake, gold plated gun with the printer.

Arturo puts the rank insignia on Rembrandt's uniform, gaudy, over decorated, tasteless, typical of Trump world fashion.

ARTURO
There Mr. Brown, you look the part.

REMBRANDT
Yeah, over decorated Christmas tree.

WADE
(whispering)
Guys, Logan's planning to betray us. Overheard her talking to White House security. She's giving us up to save herself.

REMBRANDT
Man I knew it.

ARTURO
We have to keep up our charade, let her think she's succeeding.

QUINN
Exactly. Go along with the plan. Rembrandt, Wade, once you get that information on Apocalypse Quinn, get out of there. Meet us near the Trump statue and we'll find another hiding place til we slide.

The toilet flushes in the bathroom.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(looks toward bathroom, low)
Here she comes.

Logan steps out, rejoins the Sliders.

LOGAN
I set up a deal with the White House. Once we give them the Sliding technology, we'll be free of that psycho and King Trump.
(looks them over)
Everyone ready?

WADE
More than we'll ever be.

Logan pulls a White House pass from a small purse attached to her uniform.

LOGAN
(to Quinn, Arturo)
I need you to copy this. We'll have to sneak into the White House to meet with King Trump. Most of his security is following their original orders to capture us. Their head of security will help us once inside.

Arturo looks over the pass.

ARTURO
Shouldn't be hard to duplicate with this equipment.

Quinn puts the fake gun in a holster, straps it to Rembrandt.

Logan, Rembrandt and Wade step out of the safehouse.

QUINN
(to Wade, Rembrandt)
Be careful.

LOGAN
(pointed)
We will.

The room quiets. Quinn looks the Professor in the eyes.

QUINN
We can't let them get sliding technology.

ARTURO
Indeed. If there were only a way to protect it.

Both of them look at the 3-D printer.

QUINN
You thinking what I'm thinking?

ARTURO
Precisely Mr. Mallory.

EXT. ROYAL SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Logan, Rembrandt and Wade use their fake passes to enter the building.

A lone and bored security guard, eyes drooping from the late shift, scans their passes.

They enter.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Barry smiles as Logan's fake passes are flagged on the computer system.

Apocalypse Quinn watches, subtle smirk.

INT. INNER OFFICE - ROYAL SECURITY HEADQUARTERS

Wade approaches a computer. Opens a security program.

Rembrandt keeps watch.

LOGAN
(to Wade)
Apocalypse Quinn's surveillance files should be in there.

A screen pops up;

"BIOMETRIC ID REQUIRED"

LEDs on a nearby hand scanner flash.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
That's new. Must have added it after my previous break-ins. We're screwed.

WADE
Not quite.

Wade puts her hand over the scanner. A psychokinetic pulse of energy overrides it.

LOGAN
How'd you do that?

WADE
(smiles)
Trade secret.

Wade accesses files, brings up an archive of surveillance on Apocalypse Quinn; videos, phone calls, body wires, etc.

Logan hands Wade a digital drive.

LOGAN
Copy everything here.

Wade plugs it in, copies files.

Rembrandt sees security converging down the hall.

REMBRANDT
We gotta split! They're here.

Wade quickly unplugs the drive, full of incriminating data.

LOGAN
Give me the drive.

Wade glances to Rembrandt. He grabs Logan and restrains her. Wade uses router cables to tie her up.

WADE
Sorry. We knew you were going to betray us.

They take a smartphone from Logan as she struggles.

EXT. INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Royal Guards swarm toward the office, try to break down the door.

INT. INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wade and Rembrandt climb out a window, run down an alley.

The guards burst in, find Logan tied.

LOGAN
They're getting away you idiots.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rembrandt uses Logan's phone to call the safe house.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

A phone RINGS. Quinn and Arturo glance at it, unsure to pick it up.

The answering machine catches the call.

REMBRANDT
(filtered)
Q-Ball, Professor! They're after us!

Quinn rushes to pick up the receiver, Arturo shuts down the 3-D printer.

QUINN
Rembrandt! What happened?

REMBRANDT
(filtered)
We got the info. Left Logan like you said.

ARTURO
And Ms. Welles?

WADE
(filtered)
Here Professor.

QUINN
Got to our meeting place. We'll be there soon.

Quinn hangs up. He grabs the timer and Arturo grabs the Kromagg tracker.

INT. OFFICE - ROYAL SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The guards untie Logan.

Barry walks in.

LOGAN
They took my phone

BARRY
We're tracking them now.

A guard holds a tablet showing live GPS coordinates.

EXT. ROYAL SECURITY HEADQUARTERS

Barry, Logan and guards exit, climb into vehicles.

EXT. TRUMP STATUE - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Wade hide behind the Trump statue.

REMBRANDT
Where are they?

WADE
They'll be here.

Quinn and the Professor scramble out of a cab, pay the driver. They approach Wade and Rembrandt.

QUINN
Got it?

Wade holds up the drive, smiling.

ARTURO
Good work Ms. Welles.

Rembrandt looks at the Professor's waistline, notices a couple of extra inches. Lightly pats his belly.

REMBRANDT
(curious)
Damn Professor. Better lay off this world's food.

Several Royal Guards swarm into the area, surrounding them. They confiscate the timer and Kromagg tracker.

A Humvee pulls up. Logan and Barry climb out of the front and rear passenger side.

Logan reaches for the digital drive, snatches it from Wade.

LOGAN
I'll take that.
(to Quinn)
I win again.

Barry pulls a gun, points it at Logan.

BARRY
Wrong.

A limousine pulls up. Apocalypse Quinn steps out.

LOGAN
(to Barry)
What's he doing here? We had a deal!

BARRY
Had being the operative word.

Apocalypse Quinn approaches Quinn

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Hello brother. Still ruining people's lives?

QUINN
Not like you're planning to do.

BARRY
We can chit chat later. We'll see his Majesty first thing in the morning.

INT - OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Quinn, Arturo, Wade, Rembrandt and Logan are brought in by Royal Guards

King Trump converses with Barry.

Apocalypse Quinn stands to the side.

King Trump eyes the Sliders and Logan as he looks at the timer and Kromagg tracker on his desk.

KING TRUMP
So these are the troublemakers. Illegal invaders into our world. Trying to disrupt trade deals and diminish the greatness of my Kingdom.

BARRY
Yes, your Majesty. We caught them red handed with incriminating evidence...
(looks to Apocalypse Quinn)
...about him.

Barry plays audio of a conversation between Apocalypse Quinn and himself.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(voice, filtered)
Once we have the overunity technology, we'll eventually have no use for his Majesty or his kingdom.

Betrayal fills Apocalypse Quinn's face.

APOCALYPSE QUINN (CONT'D)
(to Barry)
You worm.

KING TRUMP
A loyal subject. Did you really think Barry was working for you? I keep tabs on everyone.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
We had an agreement.

KING TRUMP
(smiling)
Deals change.
(MORE)

KING TRUMP (CONT'D)
Welcome to the world of 5-D chess.
(to guards)
Seize him.

Apocalypse Quinn PUNCHES and shoves away approaching guards.

He pulls his timer out, creates an unstable, sparking blood red VORTEX with lightning bolts.

He leaps into the vortex. It SNAPS shut.

KING TRUMP (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter.
(picks up timer from desk)
I still have Sliding technology.

ARTURO
Your Majesty, that technology is dangerous if used in the wrong way.

QUINN
If you allow us, we can show you how to use it safely.

WADE
Please consider our deal.

REMBRANDT
It's only fair.

King Trump pauses, studies the timer.

KING TRUMP
You Sliders think you can negotiate a deal with the greatest king and deal maker in history after criminally invading my realm? Tremendous mistake! My own people will study this technology. It is now time to deport you back to where you came from.

King Trump hands the timer to Barry.

KING TRUMP (CONT'D)
Activate it.

Barry points the timer toward the wall, presses the button.

A VORTEX forms.

KING TRUMP (CONT'D)
Now, through the wormhole--exile to nowhere!

QUINN
(quietly)
Sure thing your Majesty

WADE
Quinn do something!

REMBRANDT
Come on, Q-Ball.

Rembrandt rushes for the timer, the guards push him back.

ARTURO
(pulls back Rembrandt)
Mr. Brown, we have to accept that our journey has ended.

REMBRANDT
(disappointed)
Aw, Man.

WADE
No.

QUINN
(consoles Wade)
We'll be fine, together.

The Sliders are shoved through the VORTEX one by one.

King Trump turns his attention to Logan.

KING TRUMP
Now Ms. St. Claire, about that deal. I'm willing to let you stay if you kiss the ring.

Trump holds out his hand, a gaudy, gold plated diamond studded ring glinting.

Logan--sensing Trump's betrayal--runs and DIVES through the vortex as guards lunge for her.

The vortex SNAPS shut.

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE WORLD - DAY

The Sliders and Logan CRASH into a lush, steamy jungle, vines tangling around them. Exotic birds SQUAWK, and a distant ROAR echoes. Logan dusts herself off, assuming victory.

LOGAN
(smirking)
Stranded, Quinn? Tough break. See you around the multiverse.

She slips into the jungle, vanishing.

Wade and Rembrandt slump, despairing.

WADE
(defeated)
She's right. No timer, no way home.

REMBRANDT
(sighing)
Trapped with the bugs and the heat. Perfect.

Quinn and Arturo exchange a sly grin.

Arturo opens his jacket to pull a 3-D printed fat belt mimicing a human belly from under his shirt.

Quinn pulls the REAL TIMER and KROMAGG TRACKER from the belt, their lights blinking steadily.

QUINN
(chuckling)
Stranded? Nah. That timer we left behind was a one-shot--piggy backed off the real one. 3D-printed to fool Trump's goons. Next time they try, it'll just spit out a hologram.

ARTURO
(proud)
A holographic wormhole to nowhere. Poetic justice.

Wade and Rembrandt burst into laughter, relief washing over them.

WADE
(grinning)
You two are insane. I love it.

REMBRANDT
(clapping Quinn's shoulder)
Cryin' Man's back in business!

They trek into the jungle, timer in hand, ready for their next slide.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

King Trump, furious, orders Barry to test the fake timer again.

KING TRUMP
(ranting)
Open that wormhole! Make sure those sliders are gone for good! Biggest exile ever!

Barry activates the device.

A HOLOGRAPHIC VORTEX flickers, looking real--until one of the guards LEAPS through and FACEPLANTS on the Oval Office floor, the hologram vanishing.

The room ERUPTS in awkward silence. Trump's face reddens.

KING TRUMP (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Terrible! Disgraceful!

King Trump snatches the timer from Barry.

He HURLS it, SHATTERING the timer against his own crowned bust, which WOBBLES comically.

The guards flinch as Trump storms off.

KING TRUMP (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Fake news sliders.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 6
"Convenience or Curse"

FADE IN

EXT. JUNGLE WORLD - REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - DAY

The Sliders -- QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR MAXIMILIAN ARTURO, REMBRANDT BROWN, and WADE WELLES -- stumble out of the dense jungle into a peaceful village.

Thatched huts blend seamlessly with the vibrant flora.

Villagers in simple woven clothing tend crops and weave baskets -- living a deliberate, low-tech existence.

The TIMER in Quinn's hand reads: 68 HOURS.

A distant EXPLOSION shatters the tranquility. Smoke rises from the treeline.

QUINN
Take cover!

The Sliders dive behind a primitive wooden cart as laser fire erupts. Raiders in scavenged Kromagg-style tactical gear storm the village.

REMBRANDT
Man, can't we ever slide onto a beach somewhere?

ARTURO
War, Mr. Brown, appears to be the one true universal constant.

WADE
We have to help them!

Villagers fight back valiantly with catapults and arrows.

Two raiders scale the wall and chase a fleeing WOMAN who trips right in front of the Sliders.

Quinn and Rembrandt rush forward, taking the raiders down in a brutal hand-to-hand fight.

Suddenly, TARA (mid-40s, strong, authoritative) -- clearly a leader -- steps out, bow drawn and aimed at the Sliders. Her eyes lock on the glowing Kromagg tracker in Arturo's hand.

TARA
You carry the enemy's devices. Who are you?

Before they can answer, two more raiders rush up behind Tara, Kromagg rifles raised.

WADE
(to Tara)
Behind you!

Tara spins. The raiders FIRE.

Laser pulses streak toward her. She braces for death.

Wade's eyes widen. Instinctively, she thrusts her hands forward. A powerful PSYCHOKINETIC WAVE erupts from her -- visibly rippling the air.

The laser pulses reverse mid-flight, SLAMMING back into the raiders and dropping them.

The remaining attackers retreat in panic as the villagers' defenses hold. The raid is repelled.

Silence falls.

Tara and several villagers slowly drop to their knees, staring at Wade in reverent awe.

TARA
(whispering, awestruck)
The Spirit Goddess of the Forest... You have returned to us.

The villagers begin murmuring prayers, reaching out toward Wade.

WADE
(unnerved, stepping back)
No-- please. I'm not... I'm just a person. Like you.

Quinn, Rembrandt, and Arturo exchange worried glances.

QUINN
(to the others)
This is definitely not good.

The villagers continue kneeling and whispering in reverence as Wade looks increasingly uncomfortable.

BEGIN CREDITS

EXT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - DAY

The Sliders walk through the serene village with TARA, who treats them as honored guests.

Villagers pause their work -- weaving, farming, tending fires -- to stare at Wade with quiet reverence.

QUINN
(looking around)
This place feels... untouched. Like they consciously opted out of the rat race.

REMBRANDT
After living under Kromagg tech, I don't blame them one bit.

Tara smiles warmly, though her eyes carry deep weariness.

TARA
Anyone who travels with the Spirit Goddess is welcome here.

Wade stays close to Quinn, visibly uncomfortable as villagers bow their heads or offer small gifts as she passes.

A young woman shyly holds out a piece of fresh fruit to Wade.

WADE
(soft, embarrassed)
No, please... you don't have to--

ARTURO
(leaning in, quietly)
Take it, Ms. Welles. For now. We cannot afford to offend our hosts.

Wade reluctantly accepts the fruit with an awkward nod.

QUINN
(to Tara)
What happened here? Why are those other humans attacking you?

TARA
This world was once a Kromagg prison planet.We broke free years ago.Some of us chose to live simply -- without their machines.
(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
The Techies... other survivors... believe we must embrace every piece of Kromagg technology they can salvage.They raid us.Burn our homes.Call us "Regressives" for refusing their so-called progress.

WADE
(empathic)
You rejected all of it? That's incredibly brave.

TARA
(nodding firmly)
Their tools once enslaved us. We will not trade one master for another.

ARTURO
(troubled but respectful)
A classic clash of ideologies. We have always valued the advancement of science... but the right to choose one's own path must remain paramount.

REMBRANDT
(grim)
Sounds like these Techies need a serious time-out.

A distant EXPLOSION echoes through the jungle. Birds scatter. Tara's expression hardens.

She leads them quickly to a wooded lookout point.

In the distance, they see a ramshackle TECHIE ENCAMPMENT -- jury-rigged Kromagg tech, hovering drones, and armed WARLIKE TECHIES preparing for another assault.

QUINN
(resolute)
We'll help you stop them. No one should have their way of life stolen from them.

Tara looks at Wade with renewed hope. Wade forces a small, uneasy smile.

EXT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - PLANNING HUT - DAY

Inside a simple thatched hut, the Sliders strategize around a low wooden table with TARA and several village elders. Hand-drawn maps and clay markers represent the surrounding jungle and Techie positions.

TARA'S BROTHER, DETAAL (mid-30s, muscular, sharp features, intense eyes) enters, carrying fresh wounds from the earlier fight.

TARA
How are the defenses holding?

DETAAL
As well as can be expected. Five of theirs dead. Two of ours.
(glances at the Sliders, grateful)
We would have lost far more if not for our visitors.

Tara places a proud hand on Wade's shoulder.

TARA
Our Spirit Goddess turned their own weapons against them.

Detaal kneels respectfully before Wade, then rises, holding her gaze a moment longer than necessary -- clear attraction in his eyes.

DETAAL
We're in your debt, Goddess.

WADE
(awkward, stepping back slightly)
Please don't call me that. I'm just Wade.

QUINN
(trying to refocus)
What's your battle plan?

DETAAL
(grim, pragmatic)
Stay alive. Hit them when we can. Survive another day.

REMBRANDT
(shaking his head)
Without a real plan, this just keeps going until both sides are dead.

ARTURO
(nodding)
Precisely. Tara, have you ever attempted to reach the more moderate Techies? Brokered some form of truce?

TARA
We've tried. They shoot first. We never get close enough to speak.

DETAAL
The Techies aren't interested in peace. Only in forcing their machines on us.

QUINN
Then maybe it's time we change the rules.

WADE
(eyes distant, psychic senses flaring)
There is a leader among them... someone reasonable. I can feel it. He's conflicted.

Tara's expression brightens with hope.

TARA
Our prophecy spoke of this. The Spirit Goddess would return and bring peace.
(looking at Wade meaningfully)
That's why you're here.

Wade absorbs the weight of Tara's words, visibly unsettled. She glances at Quinn for support.

EXT. TECHIE ENCAMPMENT - DAY

A chaotic sprawl of scavenged metal huts, jury-rigged generators, and humming Kromagg technology.

Armed WARLIKE TECHIES move with purpose -- repairing drones, charging weapons, preparing for the next assault.

At a makeshift command table, BELTRAN (mid-40s, chiseled, battle-hardened, with cold calculating eyes) studies a hand-drawn map of the Regressive village.

BELTRAN
Hitting them head-on didn't work.
(MORE)

BELTRAN (CONT'D)
Toppling the sentry towers failed.Even breaching the main gate cost us too many lives.

A TECHIE speaks up.

TECHIE #1
What if we dig tunnels? Come up underneath their walls.

BELTRAN
The ground's too saturated. You'd either collapse the tunnel or drown in groundwater. We're not wasting more people on suicide digs.

A confident, familiar voice cuts through the tension.

LOGAN ST. CLAIRE
(stepping into the light)
The answer is obvious.
You go through the problem.

Beltran turns, eyeing her warily. Logan holds up her damaged sliding timer.

LOGAN
Kromagg sliding tech doesn't have to open gateways to other universes. With the right modifications… it can open one right here. A short-range jump. Straight into the heart of their village.

BELTRAN
(skeptical)
We've tried. The technology is unstable. We've already lost people who never came back.

LOGAN
(smiling confidently)
That's why you're lucky I'm here. Give me access to your best Kromagg components and I can stabilize this timer.

She holds the device up, its fractured display flickering.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
With my help, you won't have to break their walls. You can just appear inside them.

Beltran studies Logan for a long beat, weighing the risk against the reward.

BELTRAN
Show me.

Logan's smirk deepens as she steps closer to the table.

INT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - PLANNING HUT - NIGHT

Flickering firelight illuminates a hand-drawn map spread across the low table. Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt, and Wade lean over it with Tara and DeTaal.

QUINN
The warlike Techies won't listen to reason. We need to reach the moderate leader Wade sensed.

ARTURO
That means infiltrating their camp.

REMBRANDT
How exactly are we supposed to find one reasonable guy in a camp full of hostiles?

WADE
I can guide you. I'll stay linked with your thoughts.

TARA
(reverent)
The powers of the Spirit Goddess.

Wade shifts uncomfortably but says nothing. She's learning it's pointless to argue.

DETAAL
(to Quinn)
Your intrusion could provoke an even bigger attack.

QUINN
Not if we sabotage their next raid first. Disable their weapons, ground the drones. Rembrandt and I can slip in.

He looks at Rembrandt.

QUINN (CONT'D)
You up for it?

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Cryin' Man's always ready to mess with some tech.

EXT. JUNGLE HILL - NIGHT

High on a jungle ridge overlooking both camps, Logan crouches in the shadows, binoculars pressed to her eyes.

Below, faint lights mark the Regressives encampment.

She lowers the binoculars and returns to tinkering with a half-rebuilt sliding timer -- Kromagg parts and scavenged components spread before her. The device sparks faintly under her focused adjustments.

LOGAN
(muttering to herself, smirking)
Keep playing heroes, Quinn.
I'll be sliding out of here long before this war ends.

Her eyes glint with cold ambition as she twists a final component into place.

EXT. TECHIE ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Quinn and Rembrandt move like shadows through the noisy, torch-lit Techie camp -- dodging patrols and weaving between makeshift huts and humming generators.

They reach a supply tent.

Rembrandt silently takes down a lone TECHIE GUARD with a precise blow to the back of the head. They drag the unconscious man into the bushes.

INT. SUPPLY TENT - NIGHT

Inside, they work quickly. Quinn uses side-cutter pliers to quietly snip the plastic blades of several drones.

One blade CRACKS sharply.

They freeze, holding their breath. No alarm.

They move to the weapon caches -- pulling power cores from Kromagg rifles and slicing internal contacts with knives. Rembrandt pours thick, old oil over crates of conventional ammunition.

REMBRANDT
(whispering)
That should turn their big raid into a comedy show.

QUINN
Let's get out before--

Outside, another TECHIE GUARD notices his missing partner and discovers him unconscious in the bushes. He shouts an alarm.

EXT. TECHIE ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Quinn and Rembrandt try to slip away, but they're suddenly surrounded by armed Techies, rifles raised.

BELTRAN steps forward, cold and commanding.

Logan emerges from the shadows, holding her half-rebuilt proto-timer, a smug smirk on her face.

BELTRAN
Well, well. Sliders. You're working with those primitive Regressives.

QUINN
(defiant)
We're working with freedom. You don't have the right to force your "progress" on anyone.

LOGAN
(to Beltran)
Told you they'd interfere. Lock them up. We hit the village tonight.

REMBRANDT
(glaring hard at Logan)
Still playing both sides, huh? One day that's gonna bite you.

QUINN
They're ready for you. Whatever you bring.

LOGAN
(smiling darkly)
They're not ready for me.

The Techies roughly bind Quinn and Rembrandt's hands.

EXT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Chaos erupts. Explosions light up the jungle as Techie forces launch a massive raid.

Drones scream overhead. But several malfunction comically -- blades snapping mid-flight, rifles sparking and dying, ammunition fouling in oily bursts.

Then -- a shimmering short-range vortex rips open inside the village walls.

Logan steps through with Beltran and a squad of elite Techies, catching the Regressives completely off guard.

TARA
(horrified)
They're inside!

The battle turns brutal and rages fiercely.

Detaal fights like a lion, protecting villagers, until a Kromagg energy blast catches him in the chest.

He collapses, smoke rising from the wound, blood spreading across his shirt.

TARA (CONT'D)
Detaal! No!

Tara and villagers drag the gravely wounded Detaal into a tent. Wade rushes in after them.

A huge volley of arrows and gunfire force Logan, Beltran and the Techies back through the vortex.

It snaps shut.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Detaal lies on a simple mat, breathing shallowly, his life fading fast. Tara kneels beside him, clutching his hand.

TARA
(desperate, tears streaming)
Wade… Goddess… please. Save my brother. I beg you.

Wade hesitates, eyes wide with fear.

ARTURO
(pulling her aside urgently)
Ms. Welles, we still don't fully understand your powers. The risks--

TARA
(sobbing)
He's dying! Please!

Wade looks at Detaal's pained face, then at Tara's desperation. She steps forward.

WADE
I'll try.

She places her hands over Detaal's terrible wound.

A soft glow emanates from her palms. Detaal gasps -- his breathing steadies. His eyes open. He looks at his sister with love.

DETAAL
(weak, smiling)
Tara… you were always the stronger one. I'm sorry I won't be here to protect you anymore…

His voice trails off. The glow fades. Detaal's eyes go still. He dies.

Tara lets out a guttural wail of grief, collapsing over her brother's body, sobbing uncontrollably.

Wade stumbles backward, horrified, staring at her hands.

WADE
(whispering, broken)
No… I killed him.

Overwhelmed with guilt, Wade flees the tent into the night.

EXT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - ISOLATED TENT - LATER

Wade sits alone in a dark, empty tent, hugging her knees, sobbing uncontrollably.

Arturo enters quietly and sits beside her. For a long moment, he says nothing.

WADE
(voice cracking)
Why me?Why was I given these powers?
I'm not a goddess.
(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)
I'm not even a healer.I just gave that woman false hope… and I killed her brother.

She wipes angry tears.

WADE (CONT'D)
I'm never using them again. Ever.

Arturo looks at her with deep compassion.

ARTURO
There was a young student who was considered quite brilliant. One day in lecture he gave an answer that sounded perfect on the surface. The professor publicly tore it apart -- exposed a subtle but fatal flaw in his logic in front of the entire class. He was humiliated and nearly gave up academia entirely.

Wade looks up, listening despite her pain.

WADE
A wrong answer isn't the same as giving someone false hope that gets them killed.

ARTURO
The point remains, Ms. Welles. You have been given a rare and extraordinary gift. Do not abandon it because of one tragic failure. Learn from it. Master it. And one day you will wield it with confidence.

Wade studies him.

WADE
That student was you, wasn't it?

ARTURO
(small, rueful smile)
More or less.

Wade lets out a shaky breath, then leans in and hugs Arturo tightly. He holds her, fatherly and reassuring.

After a long moment, she pulls back, still shaken but calmer.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Now… perhaps it is time we offered these people something better than endless war. A real peace.

INT. TECHIE ENCAMPMENT - PRISON TENT - NIGHT

Quinn and Rembrandt are roughly tied to wooden posts inside a dimly lit tent.

Outside, the sounds of the raid are dying down. Beltran's voice barks orders in the distance.

REMBRANDT
(quietly)
You think Wade and the Professor are okay?

QUINN
They have to be. We just need to find a way out of these ropes.

Suddenly, Quinn's expression changes. He feels something -- a gentle presence in his mind.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Wade…?

CUT TO:

INT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - TENT - NIGHT

Wade sits with her eyes closed, concentrating hard, sweat on her brow. Arturo watches her closely.

WADE
(soft, focused)
Kael… You're the one I sensed. The one who wants this war to end. Please… help them. The two men your people captured. They're not your enemies.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TECHIE ENCAMPMENT - PRISON TENT - NIGHT

A conflicted KAEL (mid-40s, intelligent eyes, weary of the fighting) enters the tent alone, carrying a small lantern. He looks at Quinn and Rembrandt for a long moment.

KAEL
(quietly, almost to himself)
I heard a voice… in my head. A woman. She said you could help us stop this madness.

QUINN
That was Wade. She's telling the truth. We don't want to destroy your people. We want this war to end.

Kael hesitates, then pulls out a knife and cuts their bonds.

KAEL
I've watched Beltran and the others become everything we hated about the Kromaggs. Forcing our way on people who want to be left alone.
(grim)
It has to stop.

REMBRANDT
Then help us get out of here.

Kael nods. He leads them through the shadows of the camp, avoiding patrols.

They slip past malfunctioning drones (thanks to the earlier sabotage) and into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - NIGHT

The three men move quickly through the undergrowth. Kael keeps pace, clearly knowledgeable about the terrain.

KAEL
I've tried talking to Beltran before. He calls me weak. But after tonight… maybe enough of us are tired of the killing.

QUINN
Then come back with us. Help us broker a real peace. Your people and the Regressives can both exist on this world -- without one destroying the other.

Kael considers this as they approach the Regressive village.

KAEL
If your Goddess can truly bring peace… I'm willing to listen.

They reach the edge of the village. Tara and villagers raise weapons at the newcomer, but lower them when they see Quinn and Rembrandt.

TARA
You bring one of them here?

QUINN
He's not like the others. His name is Kael. And he wants the same thing we do.

Wade steps forward, meeting Kael's eyes.

A silent understanding passes between them -- the telepathic connection confirmed.

WADE
Thank you for listening.

Kael nods respectfully to Wade, still awed but no longer fearful.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - MORNING

Arturo and Wade stand with KAEL and TARA under dappled sunlight. A fragile but hopeful negotiation is underway.

KAEL
(earnest)
The warlike Techies do not speak for all of us. I dream of technology that helps, not harms. Can we agree to peace?

TARA
(nodding slowly)
We only want to live our way. Share this world. No one has to lose their path.

ARTURO
(hopeful)
A true compromise. Respect for choice on both sides. But first, we must neutralize the raids. That may mean removing Beltran if he refuses reason.

KAEL
(resolute)
I will rally my people against him. This madness ends now.

Wade's eyes suddenly widen, her psychic senses flaring.

WADE
It's Beltran. He's coming again -- with Logan's help. They're opening a wormhole.

CUT TO:

EXT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - DAY

A violent short-range vortex rips open in the center of the village.

Logan, Beltran, and a squad of warlike Techies pour out, weapons hot. Drones scream overhead.

The final battle explodes. Wade unleashes PSYCHOKINETIC PULSES, smashing drones out of the sky.

Quinn and Rembrandt lead Regressive fighters in guerrilla warfare -- using vines, traps, and the sabotaged Techie weapons against their owners.

Arturo and Kael's moderate Techies deploy EMP bursts, shutting down enemy tech left and right.

The fighting is fierce and chaotic -- explosions, shouts, collapsing machinery.

Wade focuses, projecting a powerful PSYCHIC PLEA across the battlefield:

WADE
(voice echoing in minds)
This doesn't have to end in more death. Choose peace.

Warlike Techies begin faltering, overwhelmed by the unity of the Sliders, Kael's reinforcements, and Wade's psychic pressure.

One by one, they drop their weapons.

Beltran is captured, furious and defeated.

Logan, seeing the tide turn completely, activates her repaired timer. A vortex opens beside her.

QUINN
Logan!

Logan pauses at the threshold, smirking back at them.

LOGAN
Until next time, boys.

She dives through. The vortex snaps shut behind her.

EXT. REGRESSIVE VILLAGE - LATER THAT DAY

The village stands damaged but victorious. Tara and Kael sign a formal PEACE ACCORD on a simple wooden tablet, witnessed by the Sliders and villagers.

TARA
(to the Sliders)
You've given us more than victory. You've given us hope. Your respect for our ways… it means everything.

ARTURO
(warmly)
The freedom to choose one's own path is the greatest technology of all.

Wade steps closer to Tara, eyes glistening.

WADE
I'm sorry I couldn't save your brother.

TARA
(gently)
Your arrival was part of the prophecy. It didn't say we would be spared pain… only that peace would come.

Tara pulls Wade into a heartfelt hug. Wade hugs her back tightly, teary-eyed.

WADE
(softly)
I'll always remember you. No matter where we slide.

Quinn checks the timer.

QUINN
We've only got minutes left.
(to the team)
Let's honor their ways. No vortex in the village.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

The Sliders trek into a secluded jungle clearing.

Quinn activates the timer.

A brilliant blue-white VORTEX crackles open, its energy swirling powerfully.
They share a look of quiet unity.

One by one, they leap through. The vortex snaps shut behind them.

A long beat of silence.

Then -- a darker, unstable RED VORTEX tears open nearby.

APOCALYPSE QUINN steps out -- white-haired, lightning bolts painted across his face, eyes burning with chaotic madness. He stares at the spot where the Sliders vanished, a twisted smile spreading.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(whispering)
Run all you want, Mallory…
Chaos always finds you.

He adjusts a crude, sparking sliding device on his wrist and strides into the jungle like a predator.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 7
"Artificial Insanity"

EXT. EMPTY WORLD - DESOLATE CITY - DAY

A VORTEX CRACKLES, spitting QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, WADE WELLES, and REMBRANDT BROWN onto a cracked, deserted street in a sprawling, silent city.

Skyscrapers loom, their windows shattered, vines creeping over rusted cars.

No birds, no voices--just an eerie stillness. The TIMER shows 48 hours until the next slide.

WADE
(psychic senses tingling)
This place… it's wrong. Like the life's been sucked out.

ARTURO
(scanning, grim)
No signs of human activity. A cataclysm--war, plague, or worse.

QUINN
(practical)
We need supplies--food, water. Let's check that mall over there.

REMBRANDT
(wary)
Quiet like this? Feels like a horror flick.

They head toward a sprawling COMMERCIAL COMPLEX. A distant BUZZ grows louder--then a SWARM OF AI MILITARY DRONES descends.
They unleash a barrage: BOMBS explode, LASERS sear the pavement.

QUINN
(yelling)
Run!

The Sliders sprint. Wade's PSYCHOKINETIC PULSE deflects a laser. They dive into the complex, racing for cover.

INT. COMMERCIAL COMPLEX - BASEMENT - DAY

They slam a steel door as DRONE BLASTS shake the building.

ARTURO
(urgent)
These drones are programmed for precision collapse. We're in a death trap!

WADE
(psychic senses flaring)
There's a way out--below us. A tunnel.

Quinn pries it open.

QUINN
This way .

They drop into a dark, narrow TUNNEL as the basement CEILERS CRACK above.

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - DAY

The Sliders crawl through the claustrophobic tunnel, the ROAR of the imploding building echoing behind.

Explosions fade as they emerge into another building's BASEMENT, coughing and shaken.

QUINN
(panting)
That was too close.

REMBRANDT
(wry)
Next time, I'm pickin' the vacation spot.

Shotguns COCK.

They're surrounded by armed survivors.

JAX, blond, mid-30s, lean build, dressed in camouflage, trains the shotgun on the Sliders, finger on trigger.

JAX
(gruff)
Drop the bag. Slowly.

Quinn complies.

WADE
(soothing)
We're not AI. We're just trying to survive, like you.

Lira, mid-30s, brunette, also dressed in camo and boots, scans the Sliders with a hand held device.

LIRA
They're not tagged. But that bag--got tech in there?

ARTURO
Merely tools for survival. What caused this world's collapse?

JAX
(grudging)
You wanna prove you're human? Come to our bunker. One wrong move, you're done.

INT. SURVIVOR BUNKER - UNDERGROUND - DAY

LIRA
This was a tech utopia--AI defense grid, global peace. Then it went rogue. Three years ago, the grid turned on us. Wiped out billions. We're the scraps.

JAX
(angry)
Someone--some thing--hacked the grid. Called himself the "Prophet." White hair, raving about chaos.

QUINN
Apocalypse Quinn.

LIRA
Originally the AI was benign, a helpful tool for all of humanity. Using the world's first quantum computer.

REMBRANDT
Quantum computer?

ARTURO
A highly advanced and impressive piece of technology Mr. Brown. It can make simultaneous calculations like it's exploring information in different realities.

QUINN
Basically, sliding for computers.

LIRA
Then that "Prophet" interacted with it, learned how it worked. He taught it how to lie, cheat, manipulate and go against it's core programming.

WADE
He didn't just hack the AI. He… infected it.

ARTURO
AI can suffer from "hallucinations" when fed enough misinformation. He likely used his sliding tech to override the safety protocols and flood the core with chaos.

LIRA
Yes, it mirrored his personality traits. It became as black pilled about humanity as he was.

REMBRANDT
Black pilled? Never heard that slang before.

JAX
It means no hope, no way out. It evolved out of a movie a few years back; red pill, blue pill. Hence black pill.

QUINN
And once the AI became truly sentient, it turned on him too. That's why he fled this world.

ARTURO
It is imperative that we shut down the core server to stop the drones.

JAX
We'll guide you. But if you're lying, I'll bury you myself.

EXT./INT. BUILDING - CITY - DAY

Black, metallic A.I drones with red LED lights scan the city for humans.

A red laser scanner sweeps over buildings.

From the A.I.'s POV;

Heat profiles of the buildings.

A movement is detected with a heat signature.

Inside, a rat crawls through debris, unaware of the danger.

The drone FIRES a laser pulse.

An EXPLOSION destroys the room the rat was in.

The rat runs out of the dust cloud into a hallway, scurries for cover.

INT. SURVIVOR BUNKER - LATER

The Sliders are briefed by a young hacker, KAI, late teens, camo clothes, black boots. Lira and Jax observe.

KAI
Here's the layout of the AI's control grid in the city.

He points to a map on a computer screen. A grid of circular rings in the city starting from the center, outward.

KAI (CONT'D)
Every thing is gridded off in concentric rings. Patrol drones circle through areas in these rings every five minutes. The central core is here.

Kai points to the center of the map.

QUINN
Looks like we have to breach these rings one at a time and coordinate our intrusion through the gaps.

REMBRANDT
Shouldn't be too hard if we're careful.

WADE
I don't know. Sounds too easy.

ARTURO
Intuitive deduction Ms. Welles. If I were the AI, I would set traps in between.

KAI
Exactly the AI's mode of thinking.

Kai brings up a picture on the computer.

A small flying drone, about the size of a praying mantis with a row of small metallic needles sticking out of the front.

LIRA
These are the real problem. We call them hijackers. They attach themselves to the back of a person's neck and interface them with the AI. Whatever you do, don't let them touch you.

QUINN
Is there a defense?

JAX
Every person ever taken by those things had to be shot.
(shuddering)
Several of my buddies in the military never saw it coming.

WADE
There's no defense?

LIRA
None.

INT. SURVIVOR BUNKER - LATER

The group preps for the mission.

Quinn and Rembrandt load assault rifles and shotguns.

Arturo carefully packs the timer and Kromagg tracker in a bag, protecting them with padding. Wade hands him more material.

Jax takes a Russian-style Yolka anti-drone, a small drone on top of a launching gun with a trigger, out of it's packing box.

REMBRANDT
What is that thing? A nerf gun?

JAX
One our weapons against the A.I. drones.
(points device up toward ceiling)
Pull trigger first time, propellors spin, locks on drone.
(MORE)

JAX (CONT'D)
Pull trigger second time, it launches, follows the drone til it hits

QUINN
Very clever.

ARTURO
Yes, the scourge of war breeds new technology.

LIRA
We'll take anything we can get.

WADE
You shouldn't have to live this way.

The conversation continues as Rembrandt walks over to Kai's computer station. He notices musical notes written on paper.

REMBRANDT
You a musician?

KAI
Aspiring. I can make music but it's computer generated. What I wouldn't give for a real instrument.

Rembrandt smiles and pulls a harmonica out of his jacket

REMBRANDT
Picked this up in one of my travels.

Rembrandt plays a few notes, hands it to Kai.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Keep it, it's yours.

KAI
No, I couldn't.

REMBRANDT
I insist.

Kai relents and plays a few of the notes displayed on the sheets.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Music's the one tech that never fails, kid.

Suddenly, a DRONE BREACH alarms BLARE. The bunker SHAKES.

JAX
They found us! Move -- through the back tunnels!

INT. UTILITY TUNNELS - DAY

The group flees through the maze.

QUINN
Looks like we'll be hitting the core ahead of schedule.

ARTURO
Be advised Mr. Mallory--the swift stroke often misses.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The group is forced to breach the outer perimeter of the concentric drone ring areas.

Kai, carrying a tablet computer, monitors the drones.

KAI
Incoming!

LASER BLASTS strike buildings, raining down debris.

Jax, Lyra, Quinn and Rembrandt fire rifles and shotguns at the drones.

Rembrandt looks up.

REMBRANDT
Look out Professor!

Rembrandt pulls Arturo into an entrance way, avoiding debris.

ARTURO
I'm in your debt Mr. Brown.

Jax pulls out the Yolka style anti-drone from a bag. A laser blast knocks him backward, causing him to lose it.

Quinn runs and grabs the portable anti-drone. He aims it at the A.I. drone, pulls the trigger.

The small propellers spin as the anti-drone locks on.

Quinn pulls the trigger again. The anti-drone WHINES away into the sky.

The anti-drone changes trajectory and impacts the A.I. drone destroying it.

The second A.I. drone turns it's attention to Quinn. It FIRES laser BLASTS at buildings around him.

Wade is nearly hit by a falling beam. She deflects it with her psychokinesis.

Quinn runs to her.

QUINN
WADE!

The A.I. drone drops smaller "Hijacker drones" from it's belly.

Jax, Rembrandt and Lira FIRE at the hijacker drones, picking them off one by one.

More laser BLASTS separate Quinn from the group. He scrambles for cover.

During the chaos, a hijacker DRONE dives and latches onto the back of Quinn's neck. He groans, falls, convulses violently.

WADE
QUINN!

Jax and Lira pull Wade away for her safety.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory!

Quinn's convulsions slow.

Jax readies his shotgun to kill Quinn. He squeezes the trigger .

REMBRANDT
NO!

Rembrandt knocks the shotgun away, the shotgun BLAST missing Quinn.

Quinn's body stands up, like a mechanical zombie. It looks at the group.

HIJACKED QUINN (CONT'D)
(eyes glowing with faint blue energy, speaking in Apocalypse Quinn's manic voice)
Hello again, old friends. Did you miss the Prophet?

Small hijacker drones swarm in and land on his upturned, outstretched arms.

Quinn's body straightens unnaturally. Two larger support drones slide beneath his feet. He steps onto them.

With his arms outstretched, facing up, he rises into the air like a Messiah super villain in a comic book movie, a perverse grin on his face.

HIJACKED QUINN (CONT'D)
The chaos calls me home.

The drones lift him and begin carrying him rapidly back toward the AI Facility in the distance.

REMBRANDT
Q-Ball! No!

WADE
(horrified)
It's him… he's inside Quinn!

INT. RUINED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The group hides from the drones. Jax angry, confronts Rembrandt.

JAX
You should have let me kill him!

REMBRANDT
We don't kill our friends.

JAX
That thing now has a flesh and blood body. No telling what it can do.

REMBRANDT
(determined)
We're saving him!

JAX
(closing in)
Get it through your head. You friend's gone, he's not coming back.

Rembrandt steadies himself to fight. Jax tenses.

REMBRANDT
(tense)
Do it. Make your move.

WADE
REMBRANDT!

Arturo pulls back Rembrandt, looks him in the eyes.

ARTURO
Mr. Brown, as much as we'd like to save Mr. Mallory, there's no guarantee we can succeed.

WADE
We can't give up on him.

LIRA
Jax is right, once a person is hijacked, there's no recovery.

REMBRANDT
(simmering)
That may be your conclusion, not mine!

Rembrandt grabs his shotgun and a bag of ammo.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(eyes welling)
I didn't come all this way to lose Q-Ball again.
(to Arturo, Wade)
Or either one of you. We've been through too much together.
(points to Jax, Lira)
I'll do it with or without your help!

Rembrandt storms out.

ARTURO
Mr. Brown!

Jax shakes his head.

JAX
(to Arturo, Wade)
Your friend's going to get himself killed.
(frustrated sigh)
I'll bring him back.

LIRA
Be careful.

Jax leaves.

Arturo puts his arm around Wade turns to Lira and Kai.

ARTURO
Let's focus on the shutting down the A.I. core.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Rembrandt, shotgun in hand, crouches between wrecked cars, carefully moving from place to place.

In the distance behind him, Jax follows

An AI drone sweeps overhead.

INT. - CENTRAL CORE

Hijacked Quinn stands on a platform surrounded by illuminated data servers, lights blinking. Drones swarm in and out of the building like a hive.

A holographic monitor shows Rembrandt.

HIJACKED QUINN
Intruder.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Rembrandt ducks behind a dumpster, overflowing trash around it.

The drones laser scanner passes over, missing Rembrandt who's in the dumpster's "shadow" area.

As the drone passes, Rembrandt prepares to run behind a wrecked car.

He makes a break for it and slips on WET GOOP leaking out of an old bucket.

Rembrandt CRASHES into a bag of old cans.

That draws the drone's attention.

EXT./INT - INTERCUT - STREET/CORE SERVER

Rembrandt gets to his feet, aims his shotgun.

Hijacked Quinn observes, coldly.

HIJACKED QUINN
Eliminate.

The drone opens FIRE.

Jax shoves Rembrandt to safety, taking the full brunt of the BLAST. Rembrandt hides among debris.

Hijacked Quinn scans the screen. No sign of Rembrandt.

The drone scans Jax's dead body, moves on.

Rembrandt looks at the dead Jax with guilt. He makes his way back to the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Wade has a psychic flash--Quinn as Hijacked Quinn

QUINN
(o.s.)
Wade. Help me.

The flash evaporates.

Arturo sits next to Kai, looking over the coding on his portable tablet.

ARTURO
If I'm reading this code correctly, this is an A.I. based virus?

KAI
Yes, if we get it past the security systems, it'll collapse the core. But if we shut it down, the neural link could kill Quinn.

LIRA
There has to be another way.

KAI
If his will is strong enough it could break down the connection. No one has successfully broken free and lived.

ARTURO
(grave)
That is a risk we'll have to take. If we do nothing, we lose him anyway.

WADE
I can reach him. He spoke to me.

ARTURO
Are you sure it was Mr. Mallory and not the machine playing tricks?

WADE
Positive. I felt him.

At that moment Rembrandt stumbles into the warehouse, panting, exhausted.

WADE (CONT'D)
Remmy!

Wade and Arturo help him sit down.

ARTURO
What happened Mr. Brown?

REMBRANDT
(panting)
Ambush. Laser fire. All because of a damn bucket.

LIRA
(puzzled)
Where's Jax?

Rembrandt shakes his head apologetically.

REMBRANDT
He pushed me out of the way. I'm sorry.

Lira walks away eyes glistening.

WADE
So what do we do now?

ARTURO
I'll help Kai finish his virus program.

WADE
I can help with that. My coding skills have improved.

ARTURO
No Ms. Welles. You and Mr. Brown need your rest. We have a busy day tomorrow.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

Arturo, Rembrandt, Wade, Lira and Kai race toward the AI Facility.

Kai helps them dodge drone patrols with his tablet.

Hundreds of drones suddenly assemble into a massive glowing GRID WALL in the sky.

REMBRANDT
What's that?

KAI
F.W.D.!

ARTURO
What the devil's an F.W.D.?

LIRA
Flying Wall of Death!

The F.W.D. advances, obliterating buildings and cars in its path with combined straight line lasers sweeping everywhere. Total destruction.

The group sprints desperately toward the facility.

INT. AI CORE SERVER ROOM - DAY

Hijacked Quinn watches Arturo, Rembrandt, Wade, Lira and Kai approach the server building via surveillance drones.

Laser fire hits the ground around them as they duck for cover.

HIJACKED QUINN
All worlds will be destroyed. The human infestation and all of it's traces will be erased.

He suddenly flinches in pain, his electronically glowing eyes flicker

WADE
(o.s.)
Quinn.

A FLASH...

CUT TO

INT. MIND SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

Wade appears in a wispy dreamlike world, half reality, half aether.

WADE
Quinn fight it. We're coming

QUINN
He's in control.

WADE
You're stronger. Hold on.

EXT. SERVER BUILDING

The group makes it to a side entrance.

Kai uses his tablet to hack the door lock. No use.

Lira shoots at a drone, disabling a propeller.

KAI
It keeps changing the algorithm faster than I can keep up with it.

WADE
Here.

She uses her psychokinesis to open the lock.

REMBRANDT
Girl's a natural born lock picker.

They notice the F.W.D. has stopped short of the building.

ARTURO
It appears the core's self preservation is intact. This may be more difficult than we thought.

INT. SERVER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The group dodges swarms of AI drones buzzing inside.

They make their way between the servers where the space is too tight for drones.

They run single file down a long narrow corridor, blinking lights and fans on either side of them.

Kai checks his tablet.

KAI
Your friend is right ahead.

They stop in their tracks.

Hijacked Quinn hovers in mid air on the drones.

He's wearing laser cannons like gauntlets on his arms.

His booming Apocalypse Quinn voice rattles the room.

HIJACKED QUINN
You dare to tread upon my sanctuary?
Pay with your lives!

His eyes glow bright blue as he FIRES supercharged lasers at the team.

They hide behind whatever cover they can find.

REMBRANDT
Man, that thing turned Q-Ball into a "video game final boss" freak.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory is counting on us.
(to Wade)
Ms. Wells distract him while we plant the virus .
(to Rembrandt, Lira)
Lira, Mr. Brown, fire your guns near him, not at him. Make him lose coordination.

Lira and Rembrandt fire their guns at random areas away from Hijacked Quinn. He FIRES at those areas as well as at the team

Wade FLASHES into Quinn's mind.

INT. MIND SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

Wade sees Quinn being stalked and circled by Apocalypse Quinn in the wispy dream world.

WADE
Quinn, fight him.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Your powers are no match for me.

QUINN
I'm trying.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Why try brother? I'm better than you. I'll always have the upper hand. I gave you the equation for sliding. Without me you're nothing.

WADE
Harder Quinn!

Apocalypse Quinn thrusts his hand in Wade's direction.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
BE GONE!

A bright FLASH...

INT. SERVER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Wade falls to the ground holding her head, wincing

REMBRANDT
WADE!

WADE
Keep firing.

Arturo and Kai reach a computer terminal.

Kai plugs the tablet into the central server.

Arturo deploys the custom AI virus.

Kai programs counter-measures on the tablet to disable and circumvent the system's anti-virus defenses.

Wade FLASHES back into Quinn.

INT. MIND SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

Wade reappears in the dreamlike world.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(annoyed)
Again with the psychic.

Apocalypse Quinn angrily thrusts a BURST OF ENERGY at Wade with both hands.

Wade PUSHES BACK hard, knocking Apocalypse Quinn back on his ass.

Quinn SCREAMS in pain.

WADE
Quinn, hold on! Almost there!

Apocalypse Quinn ROARS in fury.

INT. SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The computer screens show the A.I. System collapsing

KAI
It's working!

ARTURO
Never doubted Mr. Mallory for a second.

Hijacked Quinn drops to his knees.

Quinn, fights the neural control, drops the lasers to the ground.

The combined assault triggers a massive overload. The server EXPLODES.

All drones go dark.

The neural link on Quinn's neck sparks and dies.

He collapses to the floor, back to normal.

QUINN
(gasping)
…Got you, you bastard.

Wade smiles, runs to Quinn. She cradles him in her arms. Arturo and Rembrandt smile.

EXT. SERVER BUILDING - DAY

Quinn, Wade, Arturo, Rembrandt, Lira and Kai exit the server building.

LIRA
You gave this world a fighting chance.

QUINN
It was the least we could do.
(winces)
Ow!

Quinn touches the bandage on the back of his neck.

WADE
Wonder if AI should be banned to prevent these type of disasters?

ARTURO
AI is like any other tool. It can be used for good or for evil. As long as safeguards are in place, worlds like this one can be prevented.

Kai takes out his harmonica, plays some notes from his hand written sheets.

REMBRANDT
(smiling)
Keep the music alive, man.

KAI
I will.

QUINN
(to Wade)
Any sign of my crazy double?

WADE
He's still out there.

QUINN
Then we'll be ready.

The Sliders activate the timer. They wave farewell to Lira and Kai.

They leap through the vortex.

EXT. UNKNOWN WORLD - TEASER

A dark vortex opens. APOCALYPSE QUINN steps out, furious but excited.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(maniacal)
The multiverse bends to chaos. Run, Sliders… I'm coming.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 8
"Grand Tartaria"

EXT. TARTARIA WORLD - CITY PLAZA - DAY

A VORTEX CRACKLES open, spitting QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR MAXIMILIAN ARTURO, WADE WELLES and REMBRANDT BROWN into a breathtaking plaza where past and future collide.

Towering buildings blend Art Deco, Gothic spires, and classical columns, crowned with ornate free energy antennas humming with power.

Sleek magnetic vehicles glide silently.

Citizens in Victorian-era finery walk alongside GIANTS (12-15 feet tall) who stoop through massive doorways.

A low TREMOR rattles the cobblestones.

The TIMER reads 36 HOURS.

QUINN
(awestruck)
This place… it's like steampunk met ancient Rome. And those giants?

WADE
(psychic senses tingling)
It's beautiful… but unstable. Something feels wrong at the edges.

ARTURO
(fascinated)
Free atmospheric energy. Brilliant in theory, perilous in practice. These tremors may be the cost of over-extraction.

REMBRANDT
(wincing at another rumble)
Earthquakes and giants. Just what I needed after the killer drones.

A friendly GIANT MERCHANT offers them glowing fruit from a basket.

GIANT MERCHANT
(booming warmly)
Travelers! Welcome to Tartaria. But beware the mud floods.

QUINN
Mud floods?

GIANT MERCHANT
(shrugging)
The earth's wrath, some say.

A public viewscreen shows a mud volcano erupting nearby. The ground shakes harder.

BEGIN CREDITS

INT. TARTARIAN CAFÉ - LATER

The Sliders recover inside a grand café with impossibly high ceilings and crystal chandeliers that seem to draw power from the air.

A massive illustrated map on the wall shows "GRAND TARTARIA" spanning from Russia across the Pacific to North America.

WADE
(awed)
Professor… look at this map.

ARTURO
(adjusting his glasses)
Fascinating. On our Earth, there were conspiracy theories about a lost civilization called Tartaria -- advanced free-energy technology, architecture beyond our understanding, even coexistence with larger humans.

QUINN
What supposedly happened to it?

ARTURO
It was allegedly wiped out by a global "mud flood" in the 19th century. Surviving powers -- nations, industrialists, secret societies like the Freemasons -- supposedly erased it from history. Questioners were often locked away in asylums. That's why so many mental institutions appeared around the turn of the 20th century.

REMBRANDT
(munching bread)
Next-level cover-up.

WADE
But here… it looks like Tartaria never fell.

QUINN
(smiling)
Exactly. We just slid into the real thing.

Another low RUMBLE shakes the café. Patrons barely notice.

ARTURO
Their free-energy system is powerful… but clearly unstable.

WADE
(quietly, concerned)
The grid feels corrupted. Like someone is deliberately destabilizing it.

QUINN
Apocalypse Quinn.

EXT. TARTARIA WORLD - SIDEWALK - DAY

The Sliders walk the street, admiring the architecture.

They stop to watch two buildings under construction -- one being 3D-printed layer by layer, the other sculpted by sonic lasers into ornate Gothic and Art Deco designs.

They spot DR. ELARA TRUMBULL (mid-50s, intelligent, elegant in a Victorian gown with practical engineering accents), frantically adjusting a large antenna.

ARTURO
(approaching)
Madam, is your energy system destabilizing the crust?

ELARA
It wasn't meant to. But something's wrong -- the grid is being pushed beyond safe limits.

A strong tremor hits. A sonic laser breaks loose from scaffolding and plummets toward Elara.

QUINN
Look out!

Arturo lunges, pulling Elara to safety. The laser crashes inches away.

They help each other up. Elara looks into Arturo's eyes, visibly moved.

ELARA
Thank you.

ARTURO
(smiling, a bit flustered)
Professor Maximilian Arturo, at your service.

ELARA
Dr. Elara Trumbull.

They hold the gaze a moment longer than necessary.

Quinn clears his throat. Wade gently elbows him. Rembrandt hides a grin.

ARTURO
(composing himself)
These are my companions -- Quinn Mallory, Wade Welles, and Rembrandt Brown.

After quick introductions, Arturo continues:

ARTURO (CONT'D)
We believe someone is deliberately overclocking your grid. If you have time, I'd very much like to discuss the workings of your system.

ELARA
(smiling warmly)
Of course. In Tartaria, knowledge is freely shared.

As the group walks with Elara toward her office, Rembrandt leans toward Quinn.

REMBRANDT
(low)
Professor's got that look.

QUINN
(low)
Hope it doesn't become a distraction.

WADE
(trailing behind, soft smile as she watches Arturo and Elara)
I think it's beautiful.

Wade glances at Quinn with quiet longing as they continue down the street.

INT. ELARA'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sliders follow Dr. Elara Trumbull into her spacious, elegant office.

Blueprints of free-energy systems line the walls.

The furnishings are ornate Victorian with futuristic touches.

A hybrid Tartarian computer -- part vacuum tube, part mechanical -- hums softly, powered by free energy.

A pneumatic tube system sits nearby for delivering punch-card packets.

REMBRANDT
(looking around)
Talk about retro-future.

ARTURO
It may appear antiquated by our standards, but it clearly functions beautifully.

QUINN
(to Elara)
Can you show us what's overclocking your grid?

ELARA
(smiling)
Take a seat. I'll be ready in a moment.

Elara picks up an old-fashioned receiver and presses a button. A soft BUZZ sounds.

SARA (O.S.)
Yes, Elara?

ELARA
Can you send up those grid files I requested?

SARA (O.S.)
They're on the way.

The pneumatic tube HISSES. A container drops into the receiver.

Elara removes a packet of half-picture, half-punchcard files and loads them into a projector linked to the computer.

Graphs and schematics of the vast free-energy grid illuminate the wall.

ELARA
Normally, our antennas resonate with the Earth's natural frequency, drawing energy from the Aether. The circuit flows from atmosphere to ground. The metal domes act as resonators, while the orbs containing mercury stabilize the flow. Inside, vibrating plates generate a steady current.

WADE
They look like giant lightning rods.

ELARA
In a sense, they are -- but controlled.

ARTURO
(leaning forward, fascinated)
This echoes theoretical work on the Casimir Effect and zero-point energy. In our world it's mostly laboratory curiosity. Here, you've turned it into the backbone of your civilization.

QUINN
That's similar to the principles I used when I first developed sliding -- breaking down space to open bridges between realities.

REMBRANDT
So the same power that brings us here could give the world free energy?

WADE
That would solve so many problems back home.

ARTURO
At great cost and economic disruption, Ms. Welles.

Elara continues, her expression growing serious.

ELARA
In recent weeks, something has changed. Instead of stabilizing, the energy overclocks and floods the system. We can't identify the source of the excess. Our safety protocols send it into the ground, but it's charging deep crystals, triggering tremors and mud volcanoes.

ARTURO
That would explain the instability.

QUINN
We know the reason. There's another man who looks like me -- a double from another universe. He's likely using sliding technology to tamper with your grid. He wants to destroy your world.

ELARA
(shocked)
Why would anyone do that? We're a peaceful society.

ARTURO
In our travels, we've encountered many doubles. Some noble… others downright reprehensible. To fix your grid, we'll need to monitor your systems with our equipment and find a way to counteract his interference.

Elara meets Arturo's eyes. A small, grateful smile passes between them.

ELARA
Then I'd be honored to work with you, Professor.

Arturo returns the smile, a spark of real connection evident.

INT. TARTARIAN RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Elara leads the Sliders into a sophisticated research lab filled with monitoring equipment. Large displays show real-time readings of the city's free-energy grid. The room hums with quiet mechanical activity.

ELARA
This is our central monitoring station for the grid. To locate the source of the destabilization, we'll need three teams positioned in a triangle around the city, each using portable monitoring devices.

WADE
Why three?

ARTURO
Triangulation, Ms. Welles. By measuring the anomalies from three separate points, we can pinpoint the exact source.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Like when someone gets lost and they use three cell towers to find them?

ARTURO
Precisely, Mr. Brown. You've learned a great deal on our journeys.

REMBRANDT
(smiling)
Actually, I saw it on that cop show Cuba 51.

Quinn examines some of the handheld devices on a workbench.

QUINN
These look like portable Gauss meters -- for detecting magnetic anomalies.

ARTURO
Exactly, Mr. Mallory. These will measure the after-effects in the vacuum. With that data, Dr. Trumbull and I can mathematically reverse-engineer the frequencies your double is using to destabilize the grid.

He turns to Quinn, Wade, and Rembrandt.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
The three of you will handle the triangulation. That should also give us a fix on his location.

ELARA
We have communication equipment for you. It may not be as advanced as yours, but it will suffice.

Rembrandt picks up a heavy, duffle-bag-sized pouch containing a large, old-fashioned radio telephone -- something straight out of a World War II movie. He sighs.

REMBRANDT
Man… we went from sliding through dimensions to carrying around a brick.

Quinn claps him on the shoulder, smiling.

QUINN
Many hands make light work, Rembrandt.

Elara and Arturo share a brief, warm glance as they begin preparing the equipment together. The subtle chemistry between them is unmistakable.

EXT. TARTARIAN CITY - TEXTILE DISTRICT - DAY

Wade steps off a graceful public trolley powered by a glowing aether antenna on its roof.

Curious Tartarians in Victorian attire glance at her modern clothing. She offers a friendly smile.

WADE
Research. Calibrating the city grid.

The locals nod politely and continue on their way.

Wade adjusts the heavy backpack containing the old-fashioned radio telephone, receiver strapped to her side. She lifts it.

WADE (CONT'D)
Professor, I'm in position.

INTERCUT:

INT. TARTARIAN RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Arturo stands at the monitoring station beside Elara.

ARTURO
Excellent, Ms. Welles. Mr. Mallory, Mr. Brown -- your locations?

EXT. TARTARIAN CITY - CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

Quinn exits a sleek, early-automobile-style free-energy vehicle.

A friendly GIANT CONSTRUCTION WORKER eating lunch waves. Quinn smiles and waves back.

QUINN
I'm here, Professor.

EXT. TARTARIAN CITY - PARK - DAY

Rembrandt climbs out of a horse-drawn taxi. He offers gold coins.

REMBRANDT
What's the fare?

DRIVER
No charge, friend. The pleasure of the journey is payment enough.

Rembrandt smiles as the driver moves on.

REMBRANDT
I'm really starting to like this world.

ARTURO
(filtered, O.S.)
Mr. Brown?

REMBRANDT
Sorry, Professor. Just arrived.

INTERCUT - CITY LOCATIONS / RESEARCH LAB

ARTURO
Take out your meters, connect the phone interface, and set them to magnetic strength.

Quinn, Wade, and Rembrandt plug in the cords and activate their devices.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Now slowly sweep toward the center of the city… then away. Point toward the strongest reading.

Elara watches the monitor as data streams in. She plots azimuth angles on a large map with a straightedge.

The three lines converge on an abandoned district outside the city.

ELARA
The source is in the Chilaga District.

ARTURO
What's there?

ELARA
It was abandoned years ago. Completely mud-flooded.

ARTURO
(into the radio)
We've located Mr. Mallory's double. The Chilaga District. Switch your meters to frequency mode.

They comply. Live frequency data flows into the lab.

EXT. CHILAGA DISTRICT - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

In a crumbling, mud-stained structure, APOCALYPSE QUINN (white-haired, lightning bolts painted on his face) studies his Kromagg-modified equipment. Three anomalies appear on his map.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(grinning maniacally)
They're trying to find me. Time to shake things up.

He activates a device. The ground begins to tremble.

INTERCUT - CITY LOCATIONS / RESEARCH LAB

Strong TREMORS strike all three locations at once.

In the lab, Arturo pulls Elara under a sturdy table, shielding her as equipment rattles.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE

Quinn dives behind a park bench as debris rains down. The Giant worker stumbles but stays upright.

EXT. TEXTILE DISTRICT

Wade clings to a lamppost. A sparking aether antenna crashes nearby.

EXT. PARK

Rembrandt leaps away from a reflecting pond as water splashes violently.

A mud volcano erupts in the middle of the park, shooting thick, hot mud skyward.

REMBRANDT
Oh, come on!

He drops his equipment and sprints, climbing onto an abandoned trolley as sticky mud surges around it.

The mud rises rapidly, burying the park up to the trolley windows before finally subsiding.

INT. TARTARIAN RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Arturo and Elara climb out from under the table. Their hands accidentally touch and linger for a long moment. They both freeze, eyes meeting. A spark passes between them.

Arturo clears his throat and quickly reaches for the radio.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory! Mr. Brown! Ms. Welles!

INTERCUT -- CITY LOCATIONS / RESEARCH LAB

EXT. CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

QUINN
(into radio)
I'm fine, Professor.
(to himself)
More or less.

EXT. TEXTILE DISTRICT - DAY

WADE
We're okay. Rembrandt?

No response.

QUINN
(filtered, O.S.)
Rembrandt, check in.

Still nothing.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

ARTURO
(rubbing his brow, worried)
Mr. Brown!
(pause)
Mr. Mallory, Ms. Welles -- find him.

QUINN
(filtered, O.S.)
We're on our way.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Rembrandt is stranded on top of a half-submerged trolley, surrounded by thick, steaming mud.

A friendly GIANT extends an oversized wooden plank from a nearby hill, stopping about five feet short of the trolley.

GIANT
(booming)
Jump onto this!

REMBRANDT
It'll sink the second I land!

GIANT
Your choice.

Rembrandt takes a running leap. He lands hard, nearly sliding off into the hot mud, but scrambles up the plank just as it begins to sink.

The Giant helps pull him to safety.

REMBRANDT
(breathing hard)
Thanks, man. I owe you one.

They shake hands -- Rembrandt's hand disappearing in the Giant's massive grip.

Quinn and Wade arrive in the pre-Model T-style free-energy vehicle.

QUINN
(into radio)
We found him, Professor. He's fine.

ARTURO (filtered, O.S.)
Good. Get back here as soon as you can.

WADE
Rembrandt!

REMBRANDT
(grinning weakly)
You two are a sight for sore eyes.

Quinn and Wade help him into the vehicle.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
That was too damn close.

WADE
(psychic senses flaring)
Those quakes were aimed at us.

QUINN
(grim)
We definitely got my double's attention.

EXT. CHILAGA DISTRICT - ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

In the mud-stained ruins of the Chilaga District, APOCALYPSE QUINN stands atop a small concrete-and-brick building.

He clutches a jagged KROMAGG DEVICE -- its circuits pulsing with stolen energy -- remotely wired into a large FREE ENERGY ANTENNA on the roof of an adjacent building.

His eyes burn with manic glee as he initiates a small-scale test.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(muttering to himself)
Chaos melts order. Tartaria will be my crucible.

He throws a switch. The antenna HUMS violently, then screams with overload.

The building begins to melt.

Concrete softens like hot wax, oozing down the facade in thick, viscous rivers that engulf windows and doorways.

Red bricks balloon outward grotesquely, squeezing melted mortar like toothpaste. Some bricks pop like overcooked popcorn with wet, sickening bursts.

The air shimmers with intense heat. Nearby, a MUD VOLCANO erupts violently, spewing thick, steaming mud that buries an entire street.

Apocalypse Quinn watches the surreal destruction with pure, twisted delight. He adjusts dials on his device, logging data.

APOCALYPSE QUINN (CONT'D)
(satisfied, almost reverent)
Perfect. Scale this up… and Tartaria burns. Then the multiverse follows.

He powers down the device. The building slumps into a nightmarish, half-melted ruin.

His gaze shifts toward the gleaming spires of the main Tartarian city in the distance. A predatory smile spreads across his face.

INT. ELARA'S OFFICE - DAY

Arturo stands at a chalkboard, writing complex Quaternion-based equations. Elara stands close beside him, showing him the data from the field meters.

ARTURO
On our world, these equations were first developed by James Clerk Maxwell, building on Hamilton's quaternion theory. They contain both scalar and vector components.

ELARA
Aether equations.
(MORE)

ELARA (CONT'D)
That's how we model and predict the behavior of the extracted energy.

ARTURO
Yes. Over time, the scalar component was largely removed from mainstream physics on our Earth. Some call it natural scientific development… others call it deliberate censorship.

ELARA
If we expand the scalar portion, we should be able to calculate the exact counter-frequency needed to neutralize the overclocking.

ARTURO
Precisely my thinking.

As Arturo sets the chalk down, Elara reaches for it at the same moment. Their hands touch and linger.

Arturo gently takes her hand, looking deeply into her eyes.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
(softly)
In all my travels across the multiverse… I have never met a more kindred mind than yours, Elara.

ELARA
(quiet, moved)
Professor…

ARTURO
Please. Call me Max.

ELARA
Max… when this is over, I'd like us to spend time together.

ARTURO
(sad smile)
I wish more than anything that were possible. But I must leave with my friends when the timer activates.

Elara reaches up, gently stroking his cheek.

ELARA
Then let's treasure the time we have.

They lean in and share a tender, heartfelt kiss.

Footsteps and voices approach from the hallway. They quickly compose themselves.

Quinn, Rembrandt, and Wade enter.

QUINN
Any progress, Professor?

Arturo glances subtly at Elara.

ARTURO
Quite a bit, actually. We can calculate the precise frequency your double is using and build a device to counteract it on a wide scale.

QUINN
Good. Once the plan is set, we head to the Chilaga District and stop him.

Wade suddenly gets a strong psychic flash -- a towering, gleaming structure.

WADE
He's not there anymore. He's heading for the tallest building in the city.

ELARA
The Energy Tower. It distributes power throughout Tartaria and links to the other major towers.

REMBRANDT
What kind of damage can he do up there?

ARTURO
(grave)
Total, Mr. Brown.

ELARA
If he succeeds… a complete meltdown of the entire grid.

QUINN
(determined)
Then we make sure he doesn't.

EXT. TARTARIA WORLD - ENERGY TOWER BASE - EVENING

The Sliders reach the base of the Energy Tower.

LIGHTNING BOLTS arc violently from the tower to other antennas in the city, igniting the skyline.

The ground begins RUMBLING harder than before.

ELARA
There's a lift inside that can take us up.

INT. ENERGY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The Sliders and Elara rush to an old style lift with a sliding, collapsible metal cage door.

Quinn carries a bulky electronic device in a metal chassy. It consists of vacuum tubes and transformers.

Rembrandt lugs a bag with batteries and connector cables.

REMBRANDT
Hope this contraption works.

INT./EXT. - ENERGY TOWER ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The Energy Tower's roof is an open platform ringed by antennas crackling with energy.

APOCALYPSE QUINN, white hair wild, lightning-bolt face paint glowing, stands beside a KROMAGG-RIGGED DEVICE wired to the central antenna spire, overloading the free energy grid.

His CHAOTIC ARTIFACT pulses, amplifying the chaos.

Quinn and the others enter the platform.

QUINN
It's over. Stand down!

APOCALYPSE QUINN
Over your dead body.

Apocalypse Quinn rushes Quinn.

Wade uses her psychokenisis to protect Quinn but Apocalypse Quinn's rage overrides it.

ARTURO
Ms. Welles, we need you here. Mr. Mallory can handle himself.

Rembrandt gives batteries to Arturo and Elara to power their device.

Arturo and Elara see several smaller Kromagg devices attached to the spire following a spiral stairwell.

Elara helps Arturo activate their device to match the Kromagg tech's frequency.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
(to Wade)
We need you to focus your powers so our counter-frequency will block the overload.

Wade is distracted by Quinn fighting Apocalypse Quinn.

WADE
Quinn!

ARTURO
Ms. Welles!

WADE
(turns back)
Yes, Professor.

REMBRANDT
I'll help Q-Ball.

Apocalypse has Quinn up against a beam, shaking him.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(maniacal, to Quinn)
You ruined it, Mallory! The partition stole my godhood--Kromaggs, multiverse, all mine! Now Tartaria melts!

REMBRANDT
Get off him!

Rembrandt hits Apocalypse Quinn square in the back with his clasped fists.

Enraged, Apocalypse Quinn picks up Rembrandt and tosses him into a table, collapsing it.

QUINN
REMBRANDT!

Furious, Quinn punches Apocalypse Quinn as the fight spills outside to a platform.

Rembrandt recovers, groaning.

ARTURO
(to Rembrandt)
Mr. Brown, help me disable that device--before it triggers a global meltdown!

REMBRANDT
How Professor?

Arturo points up at the spire.

ARTURO
Climb those stairs, knock off those reinforcement nodes.

REMBRANDT
I can do that.

Rembrandt grabs a piece of pipe from a box, climbs the spiral staircase.

Arturo and Elara recalibrate their device's circuits, while Rembrandt SMASHES the reinforcement nodes with the pipe.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(grinning)
Savin' the world, Hank Aaron style.

ARTURO
(to Wade)
Ms. Welles, focus.

Wade channels her PSYCHIC and PSYCHOKINETIC POWERS, her eyes blazing as she stabilizes the grid, dampening the lightning storm. The antennas HUM, no longer overloading.

WADE
(straining)
I've got the grid.

Apocalypse Quinn looks up, seeing the lightning dissapating.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
NO!

Apocalypse Quinn, enraged, draws a MACHETE and lunges at Quinn, their fight nearing an OPEN LEDGE overlooking the city, 100 stories above the street.

The blade flashes, Quinn dodging narrowly as sparks fly.

APOCALYPSE QUINN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
No partition, no Sliders--only chaos!

The fight nears a SLOPING ROOF, slick with rain from the storm.

Suddenly, a VORTEX CRACKLES, and LOGAN ST. CLAIRE emerges, her faulty timer sparking.

Her eyes lock on Quinn, a mix of rivalry and instinct.

LOGAN
(sharp)
Had a feeling you were in trouble.
Can't let you die yet, Mallory.

Apocalypse Quinn raises the blade to strike.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(to Quinn)
Die already!

LOGAN
Not today, psycho.

Logan runs tackles Apocalypse Quinn, joining Quinn in a desperate struggle.

The three TUMBLE down the sloping roof, inches from the edge.

Wade, watching, SCREAMS.

WADE
(tearing up)
No! Quinn! QUINN!

REMBRANDT
Q-BALL!

As they near the drop, Apocalypse Quinn raises his machete, aiming for Quinn's head.

Logan SHOVES him, sending them both over the edge.

In mid-fall, Logan KICKS Apocalypse Quinn away, his CRUDE TIMER slipping from his grasp.

LOGAN activates her own TIMER, a VORTEX swallowing her.

Apocalypse Quinn DIVES for it, but the vortex SLAMS shut.

APOCALYPSE QUINN
(screaming)
NOOOO!

He FLAILS, wide-eyed, plummeting to the street below.

The camera cuts to QUINN, clinging to the roof, wincing as if feeling the IMPACT.

The city falls silent, the lightning fading.

EXT. TOWER ROOF - NIGHT

Quinn climbs back, exhausted.

Wade RUSHES to him, tears streaming, and HUGS him tightly. Their eyes meet, raw with relief, and they KISS--a tender, long-overdue moment.

Arturo and Rembrandt approach, giving them space before joining.

REMBRANDT
(softly)
Q-Ball, you're gonna give us heart attacks.

ARTURO
(proud)
A victory for order over chaos, Mr. Mallory. Well done.

Elara leans into Arturo, head on his shoulder.

Wade wipes her tears, smiling, her psychic senses calm for the first time.

WADE
(to Quinn)
He's gone. Really gone.

EXT. TARTARIA WORLD - CITY PLAZA - DAY

The next morning, the city glows with renewed stability. Citizens -- human and giant alike -- work together to rebuild.

ELARA and a towering GIANT COUNCILOR present the Sliders with a small, elegant palm-sized FREE ENERGY EXTRACTOR.

ELARA
(grateful, warm)
Your courage saved our world. This extractor should help power your devices on your journey. Use it wisely.

QUINN
(nodding respectfully)
We will. Keep Tartaria balanced.

Elara turns to Arturo. They share a quiet, intimate moment apart from the others.

ELARA
(softly)
I really wish you didn't have to go.

ARTURO
(gentle, regretful)
They need me, Elara.

ELARA
Then take care of yourself, Max. I'll never forget you.

Arturo takes both her hands and holds them close to his chest.

ARTURO
No woman has made me feel this way in many years.

They share a tender, heartfelt kiss -- brief but full of genuine affection.

Quinn, Wade, and Rembrandt exchange small, understanding smiles.

The Sliders wave their final farewells and trek to a quiet hill outside the city, choosing to respect Tartaria's harmony by not opening the vortex in the populated plaza.

Quinn activates the timer. A brilliant blue-white VORTEX crackles open. One by one, they leap through. The vortex snaps shut behind them.

EXT. NEW WORLD - RURAL FIELD - EVENING

The Sliders land in a peaceful, lush green field. In the distance, a quaint small town glows warmly. The TIMER reads 48 HOURS.

REMBRANDT
(relieved)
No drones. No earthquakes. I'm liking this one already.

WADE
(psychic senses stirring)
It's peaceful… but something's watching. I've felt it the last few worlds. Not your double. Something new.

On a nearby hill, a SHADOWY FIGURE observes them, clutching a strange device unlike any sliding technology they've seen. The silhouette has an oddly familiar posture -- resembling Arturo's build.

The figure remains hidden in shadow as the camera pulls back.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 9
"Star Whackers"

FADE IN

EXT. MOVIE STAR WORLD - FILM FESTIVAL RED CARPET - NIGHT

A VORTEX CRACKLES, spitting QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, WADE WELLES, and REMBRANDT BROWN onto a dazzling RED CARPET in a neon-lit city, mid-FILM FESTIVAL.

Spotlights sweep, CAMERAS FLASH, and thousands of SCREAMING FEMALE FANS surge forward, chanting "Quinn! Quinn!" as they spot Quinn Mallory--identical to their idol, the WORLD'S BIGGEST MOVIE STAR.

Like a deer in the headlights, the Sliders observe their surroundings.

Billboards tout "Quinn Mallory: Galaxy Hero 3," his face everywhere. The TIMER shows 28 hours until the next slide.

Women start chasing Quinn, some trying to goose him.

QUINN
(stunned, dodging fans)
What the--why are they chasing me?

WADE
(psychic senses calm)
No Apocalypse Quinn, no Kromaggs.
Just… a lot of you, apparently.

ARTURO
(amused)
Mr. Mallory, you're this world's equivalent of Errol Flynn.
Fascinating!

FESTIVAL SECURITY, burly and efficient, mistakes them for VIPs and ushers them through the mob to a sleek LIMO, whisking them to safety as fans bang on the windows.

A screaming woman tosses a pair of panties through the open sunroof at Quinn. He sees a phone number written in lipstick on them.

Wade looks appalled.

Arturo laughs.

The sunroof slides closed.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Cryin' Man's jealous, Q-Ball. You're livin' the dream!

Quinn is flabbergasted.

BEGIN CREDITS

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

The Sliders settle into a plush penthouse, a stark contrast to the film festivals chaos.

Security guards the doors, giving them a rare moment to rest.

Quinn looks at his own face on the cover of multiple magazines, trying to process.

WADE
Looks like you're the biggest star in this world.

He sits in a reclining chair.

QUINN
(facepalms)
One whole day of this insanity.

REMBRANDT
We'll help you through it. Dealt with this when I was in the Topps.

QUINN
Does it get easier?

REMBRANDT
No but it's manageable.

Arturo pats Rembrandt on the shoulder.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory needs time to rest and adjust.

Arturo and Rembrandt head to the DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE BAR, craving a drink.

REMBRANDT
(to Arturo)
Let's see if this world's got soul in its whiskey.

Quinn and Wade glance at Rembrandt.

ARTURO
(reminding)
Mr. Brown.

REMBRANDT
Right. I'm on the wagon.

ARTURO
Good man.
(chuckling)
Let's have a cultural study. Lead on.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - BALCONY - LATER

Quinn and Wade stay behind, sharing a quiet moment on the balcony overlooking the glittering city.

The Tartarian FREE ENERGY EXTRACTOR hums softly, charging their timer. They lean against the railing, the weight of their Tartaria kiss hanging between them.

QUINN
(hesitant)
Wade… about Tartaria. That kiss… I meant it. But I don't know where we go from here.

WADE
(soft, vulnerable)
I felt it too, Quinn. After hyperspace, after almost losing you… I don't want to hold back anymore. But this--us--it's complicated.

Quinn takes her hand, their eyes locking.

QUINN
(earnest)
We've faced Kromaggs, mad doubles, collapsing worlds. We'll figure this out. Together.

Wade smiles, leaning closer--then a CAMERA FLASH blinds them from a nearby balcony.

Wade JUMPS, yanking the curtains shut.

WADE
(annoyed)
Paparazzi. This world's gonna be a headache.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

Arturo and Rembrandt sip drinks--a cocktail for Arturo a club soda for Rembrandt.

They observe the glitzy crowd.

On a TV SCREEN is a live stream of TMZ.

HARVEY LEVIN and one of his team members stand in a newsroom facing the camera.

HARVEY LEVIN
(filtered, on TV)
We have an unbelievable story out of the San Fernando Valley. Reality star Jason Fineas was caught in a drug sting during a porn shoot.

The TV shows police cars surrounding a house.

Harvey laughs as he reads the next part.

HARVEY LEVIN (CONT'D)
(filtered, on TV)
Apparently the drugs were hidden in sex toys that were accidentally discovered when a religious fundamentalist group stormed in protesting their sins. They were chased out of the house by an alligator wearing a pink tutu that escaped it's cage.

Footage of the alligator in a tutu snapping at fleeing religious fanatics and police officers.

Rembrandt chuckles at the story.

REMBRANDT
Crazy California.

A staffer hands Harvey a note.

A TV SCREEN flashes a BREAKING NEWS ALERT.

HARVEY LEVIN
(filtered, on TV)
We have breaking news on Quinn Mallory who's set to appear at the premiere of Galaxy Hero 3 tomorrow night.

Rembrandt perks up, eyes the screen.

HARVEY LEVIN (CONT'D)
(filtered, on TV)
One our videographers apparently caught him on video with another woman.
(to staffer off screen)
Is it ready?
(nods)
Here it is in all it's glory.

The TV displays a video of Quinn and Wade on the balcony about to kiss.

A chiron on the screen reads "QUINN MALLORY AFFAIR: WHO'S THE MYSTERY WOMAN?"

Rembrandt chokes on his drink.

REMBRANDT
(laughing)
Q-Ball's a heartbreaker! Wait'll the Professor sees this.

Arturo approaches from the other side of the bar.

ARTURO
(concerned)
This could complicate our stay. Doppelgänger scandals are… unpredictable.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In a lavish Malibu mansion, MOVIE STAR QUINN MALLORY (identical to Quinn, but polished, with a Hollywood swagger) enters, unaware of the storm brewing.

His wife, MAGGIE BECKETT MALLORY (a glamorous actress, resembling Season 5's Maggie but fiercer), aka ACTRESS MAGGIE, clutches a DIGITAL TABLET, TMZ's "Quinn Mallory Affair" headline glaring. She HURLS it at him, narrowly missing. It lands on the couch.

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(furious)
Who is she, Quinn? Some groupie?

MOVIE STAR QUINN
(incredulous)
What?

ACTRESS MAGGIE
You're ruining us!

Movie Star Quinn picks up the tablet, reads the article.

MOVIE STAR QUINN
(defensive, confused)
Maggie, I was at the studio all day!
I don't know this woman!

Maggie storms off, her heels clicking.

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(cold)
Vince is in the den. Deal with this,
or I will.

Movie Star Quinn, shaken, heads to the den, where VINCE, his slick AGENT, scrolls through social media, the affair story trending.

VINCE
(calm but calculating)
This imposter's bad for business,
Quinn. Your residuals--movies, TV,
merch--are tanking.

MOVIE STAR QUINN
We've tried everything to drum up
interest. Talk shows, zoom calls,
radio, even Joe Rogan. Maybe I'm
getting too old for this business.

VINCE
No one's too old. Handled by the
right agent, anyone can make it.
You're lucky you got me. Anyone
else would have frittered your career
long ago.

MOVIE STAR QUINN
I guess you're right.

VINCE
Off course I am.

He displays the Quinn/Wade photo on a screen.

VINCE (CONT'D)
We need to find this guy, shut him
down before he dilutes your brand any
further.

MOVIE STAR QUINN
(determined)
He's clearly not me, Vince. Track him--paparazzi, security, whatever it takes.

Vince nods, but his eyes glint with ulterior motives.

VINCE
Now, about your income streams, I found this new investment opportunity that will keep your brand financially secure.

Vince smiles

EXT. MALIBU ROAD - NIGHT

Vince drives his sleek sports car, pulling over on a secluded stretch. He dials a SHADY CONTACT, his voice low.

VINCE
(sinister)
It's time to take care of business. Quinn's oversaturated--box office is slipping. Dead, he's a legend. His estate will rake in billions.

CONTACT (V.O.)
(gruff)
The imposter too?

VINCE
(smirking)
Both of them.

CONTACT (V.O.)
Is there a plan?

VINCE
A very loud one.

He hangs up, the camera lingering on his cold smile as he drives off.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Sliders prepare for a night of slumber.

REMBRANDT
Don't know about all of you but I'm beat. I'm hitting the sack.

QUINN
Goodnight Rembrandt.

Rembrandt pats Quinn's shoulder, walks off to an adjacent room.

ARTURO
Where's Ms. Welles?

QUINN
She's in the other bedroom. Guess we're crashing out here tonight. You take the sofa, I'll take the recliner.

Quinn sits on the recliner, reading a book called "Quinn&Maggie: Hollywood's Power Couple"

QUINN (CONT'D)
According to this my double married their Maggie 25 years ago. Around the time Mallory and our Maggie got married.

Arturo sets his glasses on an end table, lays on the couch, rests his eyes.

ARTURO
Some of our doubles will make similar decisions, others will radically diverge.

QUINN
Wonder how many other doubles of our group are out there?

ARTURO
In the infinite multiverse, too many to count. Goodnight Mr. Mallory.

Arturo pulls a blanket over himself, turns toward the couch back cushions.

QUINN
(smiling)
Goodnight Professor.

INT. VINCE'S HOLLYWOOD AGENCY OFFICE - MORNING

The next morning. Vince's sleek, modern office overlooks the Hollywood Hills. Awards and movie posters of Quinn Mallory line the walls.

A young, excited female FAN CLUB LEADER, ROXANNE (early 20s, bright-eyed, wearing a Galaxy Hero t-shirt) sits across from Vince's desk, practically vibrating with nerves and joy.

VINCE
(smiling like a kindly uncle)
I can't thank you enough for everything your fan club does for Quinn. That's why I wanted to personally reward one of his biggest supporters.

He slides a VIP ALL-ACCESS PASS across the desk.

VINCE (CONT'D)
This will get you onto the red carpet at tonight's Galaxy Hero 3 premiere. And between you and me… Quinn loves taking close-up selfies with his real fans. The ones who've been there from the beginning.

The young woman's eyes go wide with disbelief and delight.

ROXANNE
(breathless)
Oh my God… seriously? I can use my phone, right?

VINCE
(chuckling, waving it off)
No, no. I insist -- you deserve the best.

He opens a drawer and pulls out a brand-new, top-of-the-line smartphone, still in its sleek box.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Brand new, fully paid for. Consider it a gift from Quinn… and me. Just make sure you get that perfect selfie with him tonight.

The fan clutches the phone like it's a holy relic, tearing up with gratitude.

ROXANNE
I don't even know what to say… Thank you. This is the best day of my life.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(standing, ushering her toward the door with a warm hand on her back)
You earned it, kid. Go make some memories.

The young woman leaves, beaming. The second the door closes, Vince's warm expression drops into a cold, calculating smirk.

A side door opens. EDWIN -- a large, burly ex-special forces type with a shaved head and dead eyes -- steps into the office.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(low)
Is the phone set?

EDWIN
(gruff, nodding)
Enough plastique to take out two people at close range. One selfie and boom. Clean, untraceable.

Vince pours himself a drink, staring out at the city with satisfaction.

VINCE
Good. Tonight, we make Quinn Mallory worth a lot more dead than alive.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - MORNING

Quinn and the others eat breakfast delivered by room service.

A morning TV program shows the Quinn Mallory scandal.

ANCHOR
(filtered)
What impact will the Quinn Mallory scandal have on tonight's premiere of Galaxy Hero 3?. Let's go to our correspondent Amy Hendricks to find out.

The TV cuts to Quinn Mallory at various movie premieres, illuminated by flashbulbs.

AMY HENDRICKS
(filtered, on TV)
Tonight the world awaits the premiere of the latest installment in the Galaxy Hero franchise.

The report shows Movie Star Quinn and his wife MAGGIE BECKETT MALLORY.

The Sliders exchange glances. Quinn drops his fork in disbelief.

AMY HENDRICKS (CONT'D)
(filtered, on TV)
Quinn Mallory along with his wife Maggie, also a very successful star in her own right, are expected at the premiere. The scandal, broken last night by TMZ, could have an impact on their marriage. We contacted their representatives who have yet to send a reply. No telling what kind of fireworks we'll see tonight.

QUINN
This is ridiculous.

Wade puts her hand on Quinn's shoulder, consoling him.

WADE
Only a few more hours Quinn, it'll pass

There's a knock at the door. Security announces a visitor.

VINCE, Movie Star Quinn's slick, polished agent, enters with a shark-like smile.

He spots Quinn at the table.

VINCE
I'll be damned, you look exactly like him. Quinn Mallory, right? Or should I say… the other Quinn Mallory. Word travels fast in this town.

QUINN
(cautious)
What do you want?

VINCE
Straight to business -- I like that.
(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)
My client's image is taking a hit from this "mystery woman" scandal.But you… you're identical.I'm offering you a one-night gig as his official look-alike at tonight's Galaxy Hero 3 premiere.Easy money, good exposure.

REMBRANDT
Won't things be dicey at the premiere between Quinn and his wife with this whole scandal?

Vince glances at the TV report.

VINCE
That?
(waves, blows it off)
That crap happens all the time in the business. I'm Quinn's big boy pants. Straighten out his wife all the time.

Vince's eyes drift over to Wade with a sleazy once-over and a suggestive smirk.

VINCE (CONT'D)
And who's this lovely lady? You two an item? Or is there room for negotiation?
(leans toward Wade)
You know, the best way to go Hollywood is a hot tub and champagne.

Vince winks at Wade, who's creeped out.

QUINN
(ice cold)
Sorry, we're not interested.

Vince shrugs, unfazed, and leaves his card.

VINCE
Think about it. The offer expires when the red carpet lights go out.

Vince leaves.

WADE
(flat, disgusted)
What a sleaze bag. I need a shower.

Wade walks to the bathroom.

ARTURO
Better investigate his background, discover his motive.

REMBRANDT
Yeah. Show business is full of shady characters.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - LATER

The team gathers. Wade is on a laptop, digging through social media, tabloids, and public records.

Arturo and Rembrandt scour through printed articles.

WADE
This Vince guy is bad news. Look at this pattern -- over the last ten years, at least seven major clients of his died under "mysterious circumstances." Heart attacks, suicides, car wrecks, even a plane crash.

ARTURO
According to these articles, all of them were on a downward career slide… but after they died, their estates, residuals, biopics, and merchandise made Vince and the studios a fortune.

REMBRANDT
My old agent Artie was cutthroat when it came to getting me gigs, but damn… nothing like this.

ARTURO
Greed, Mr. Brown. It is the death of culture and the arts. When profit becomes more valuable than the artist alive, this is the inevitable result.

QUINN
(grim)
We need to warn this world's Quinn and Maggie. Vince isn't just managing careers -- he's ending them.

ARTURO
Mr. Brown and I will go to Vince's office, wait till he leaves and find evidence of his misdeeds.

REMBRANDT
Suggesting B.& E. Professor? Never pegged you for a burglar.

ARTURO
As a young man in University, I once assembled a cyclotron in the administrators office with the help of my classmates when he cut funding for our department. Imagine his surprise when proton beams from multiple exit points were leaving scorch marks on his prized furnishings paid for with purloined funds. I was quite the rascal in my youth.

Rembrandt chuckles.

QUINN
Wade and I will go with you to find Maggie and the other me.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory, with the media circus outside, you and Ms. Welles won't get ten feet beyond this building's walls.

REMBRANDT
He's right Q-Ball.

ARTURO
Remain here and await our return.

Arturo and Rembrandt leave.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Actress Maggie , still seething from the "Quinn Mallory Affair" tabloid scandal, paces in her lavish bedroom.

Determined to protect her career and marriage, she shifts gears, adopting a sultry demeanor.

She calls Vince.

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(purring into phone)
Vince, darling, I need your… expertise. Come by the house. Let's talk strategy.

EXT. VINCE'S OFFICE - DAY

In the distance, Arturo and Rembrandt hide behind bushes watching Vince leave in his sports car.

Looking around, they sneak toward the office.

INT. VINCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Arturo picks the lock with a primitive pick and torque wrench made from paperclips.

They carefully step inside, close the door.

They check Vince's computer, discover it's locked with a security program.

ARTURO
If only Ms. Welles were here.

Rembrandt searches the desk drawers. He discovers a false bottom in one. He pries it open with a letter opener.

A digital drive is hidden underneath. A USB type cable leads back up to the computer.

Rembrandt unplugs the drive, holds it up like he found treasure.

Silently, Edwin, Vince's shady ex-military contact, enters the room through the side door. He puts a gun to the back of Rembrandt's head.

EDWIN
Don't move.

Rembrandt freezes.

Arturo in the corner out of Edwin's eyesight, picks up a heavy book, HITS him, knocking him out.

Edwin crumples in a heap.

REMBRANDT
Thanks Professor.

Arturo sees the drive in Rembrandt's hand.

ARTURO
It appears you found something Mr. Brown. Let me gather some cables before we leave.

Arturo pulls some adapter cables out of a file cabinet drawer

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Let's go.

INT. MALIBU MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vince sits on the couch, smitten by Actress Maggie's charm.

She pours him a drink, leaning close, her eyes sharp beneath the flirtation.

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(seductive)
You always know how to fix things, Vince. This imposter messing with Quinn's image… what's your plan?

Vince, loosened by whiskey, boasts vaguely about "handling" the problem.

VINCE
Don't worry yourself Maggie. Tonight, Quinn's problems will all be over.

Vince's phone BUZZES. Edwin.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I need to use your phone, my battery is dying.

Actress Maggie presses, her hand on his arm, until he steps away to the den to take the call.

Actress Maggie curious, quietly picks up the other phone in the living room. She eavesdrops, hearing Vince and Edwin.

EDWIN
(filtered)
Quinn's friends were here.

VINCE
Who?

EDWIN
(filtered)
Some black guy and an old man. They took your drive. We need to cancel the plan.

Vince sobers up a bit.

VINCE
No problem, we can get it back without too much trouble. In the meantime, the selfie plan goes forward with a few modifications. Are you certain the plastique will do the job?

EDWIN
Dealt with plenty of it in the SEALs.

VINCE
Good. We take them all out at the premiere and whack the other Quinn during the chaos if he's there--blame the crazed fan club leader, plant evidence, make it look like they were all part of a terror cell.

EDWIN
(filtered)
That'll require more resources. I want more money.

VINCE
You'll get it. How does a million dollars sound?

EDWIN
(filtered)
Good enough

VINCE
With Quinn Mallory gone we'll have his money and I'll console the grieving widow.

Actress Maggie's face hardens, realizing Vince's betrayal. She slips away, grabbing her keys, determined to act.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Quinn paces back and forth, manically.

QUINN
I'm going crazy being locked in here.

WADE
Quinn, you know what the Professor said. That circus outside will eat you alive.

QUINN
Now I understand why celebrities go crazy--cabin fever.

Wade rubs his shoulder then notices...

WADE
(tense)
Someone's coming--human, not cult or Kromagg. They're desperate.

A KNOCK at the door startles them. Security lets in Actress Maggie, glamorous but frazzled, her actress poise masking urgency.

QUINN
(stunned)
Maggie?

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(cutting through)
Save it. I know you're not my Quinn, but you're in danger. Vince, his agent, is planning to kill him--both of you--at his movie premiere tonight.

WADE
How?

ACTRESS MAGGIE
Vince was talking to someone on the phone. Mentioned something called "plastique."

QUINN
(realizing)
A bomb.

The door opens again. Arturo and Rembrandt enter carrying the digital drive.

QUINN (CONT'D)
What's that?

ARTURO
Hopefully evidence.

Wade gets the drive from Rembrandt, plugs it into the computer.

WADE
Good, no security.

REMBRANDT
There was on Vince's computer.

WADE
Lucky for us he overlooked the drive. Common mistake.

Wade opens file folders on the computer.

QUINN
So what's on it?

WADE
Appears to be financial records, merchandise deals, royalties, all of his shady dealings.

Actress Maggie watches, intrigued.

Arturo points to the computer

ARTURO
What's that folder there Ms. Welles?

WADE
Appears to be security camera videos. This one's from yesterday.

The video shows Vince and the Quinn Fan Club girl ROXANNE. He hands her the smartphone.

VINCE
(filtered, on computer)
Brand new, fully paid for. Consider it a gift from Quinn… and me. Just make sure you get that perfect selfie with him tonight.

Wade forwards the video until Edwin enters Vince's office

VINCE (CONT'D)
(filtered, on computer)
Is the phone set?

EDWIN
(filtered, on computer)
Enough plastique to take out two people at close range. One selfie and boom. Clean, untraceable.

QUINN
He set up that poor girl to be the patsy and take the fall.

REMBRANDT
(whistling)
Hollywood's got some nasty people. This guy takes the cake.

WADE
What's his end game?

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(grim)
Money. Quinn's fame is fading--Vince thinks a dead star's worth more. He's got thugs ready to make it look like a fan attack. I… overheard the whole thing..

ARTURO
(analytical)
A classic conspiracy. We must protect your Quinn and expose Vince without compromising our anonymity.

WADE
(to Maggie)
You're risking a lot coming here. Why help us?

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(softening)
He's my husband, flaws and all. And you… you're not the enemy.

Quinn nods, impressed by her resolve.

QUINN
(determined)
We'll crash the premiere, stop Vince's plan. But we need a way to blend in.

Actress Maggie smirks, pulling out VIP PASSES from her purse.

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(wry)
Perks of being Mrs. Mallory. Let's save my idiot husband.

EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE - RED CARPET - NIGHT

The premiere for "Galaxy Hero 3" is a glitzy spectacle--SEARCHLIGHTS, SCREAMING FANS, and PAPARAZZI.

MOVIE STAR QUINN strides the red carpet, waving, unaware of the danger.

The Sliders, disguised in borrowed designer outfits, slip in with Actress Maggie.

Wade's psychic senses scan for Vince's thugs, spotting Edwin and TWO SHADY FIGURES with concealed weapons in the crowd.

WADE
(whispering)
There--near the barricades. They're waiting for a signal.

ARTURO
(to Rembrandt)
Mr. Brown, create a distraction. We'll neutralize the assassins.

Rembrandt, in a flashy suit, "accidentally" knocks over a champagne tower, drawing eyes.

Fans MOB him, mistaking him for a co-star, giving Quinn and Arturo cover.

Roxanne, the Quinn Fan Club girl approaches Movie Star Quinn.

ROXANNE
QUINN! QUINN!

MOVIE STAR QUINN
(smiling)
So you're my biggest fan?

ROXANNE
Yes. I love you so much! Can we take a selfie?

MOVIE STAR QUINN
Sure.

Movie Star Quinn puts his arm around Roxanne.

Roxanne sets a ten second timer.

Quinn sees the phone, runs toward them.

QUINN
NO! DON'T!

Quinn grabs the phone.

MOVIE STAR QUINN
HEY!

Quinn tosses it like a fastball toward a fountain, away from the crowd.

It SPLASHES into the water, the strobe FLASHES.

The phone EXPLODES.

Flashbulbs STROBE as paparazzi take pictures, thinking it's part of the show.

Edwin and the two thugs pull their guns to fire.

Wade uses a subtle PSYCHOKINETIC PULSE to jam their weapons.

Rembrandt and Arturo knock out the two thugs with red velvet rope poles.

Actress Maggie pulls Movie Star Quinn aside, showing him her smartphone.

Roxanne hides behind a small wall near another fountain.

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(urgent)
Quinn, Vince is trying to kill you.
Watch this--stay close.

Movie Star Quinn watches the footage of Vince planning the attack.

MOVIE STAR QUINN
(shocked)
Vince? That snake…

Inside, VINCE watches from a VIP booth, realizing his plan's unraveling.

Quinn confronts Edwin who pulls a knife.

He slashes at Quinn who dodges and ducks.

Quinn drops kicks Edwin in the knees. A hard CRACK.

Edwin holds his leg in pain, his kneecap broken

The police arrive with Vince.

VINCE
Arrest these people! They're responsible for this.

REMBRANDT
Arrest yourself, we got the proof.

Actress Maggie holds up her smartphone, volume full, playing a RECORDING of Vince's video leaked to the press via a hacker friend.

ACTRESS MAGGIE
(to press and crowd)
This man
(points to Vince)
tried to murder my husband tonight for profit! This video and a whole hard drive full of evidence of his past crimes is the proof. It's all waiting in your email in boxes.

The crowd GASPS, cameras flashing.

VINCE
(lunges)
You Bitch!

Security SWARMS Vince, arresting him. He struggles.

Movie Star Quinn, shaken, embraces Actress Maggie, grateful.

MOVIE STAR QUINN
(to Actress Maggie)
You saved me. I don't deserve you.

The Sliders observe from a distance

QUINN
(to Sliders, low)
Time to slip out before we're the next headline.

EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE - ALLEY - NIGHT

The Sliders slip away, shedding their disguises. Wade's psychic senses confirm no immediate threats, but a faint echo lingers--Logan St. Claire, perhaps, or a new danger.

WADE
(to Quinn)
We dodged a bullet, but this world's not done with us yet.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
At least we got some red carpet swagger outta it.

ARTURO
(thoughtful)
A world safe from cults and Kromaggs, but not from human greed. A lesson worth remembering.

Quinn takes Wade's hand, their Tartaria kiss unspoken but present.

QUINN
(smiling)
Let's get off this crazy world.

The Sliders activate their VORTEX.

REMBRANDT
Nothing can be crazier than this.

Rembrandt follows the others into the vortex.

INT. VORTEX - SLIDERS' POV - CONTINUOUS

The vibrant, swirling colors of the vortex churn around us, a kaleidoscope of blues, reds, and greens.

Gradually, the colors dull, shifting to shades of gray.

The internal dynamics morph, resembling rough black pencil sketches on white paper, jagged and surreal.

A blinding FLASH of light.

EXT. SKETCHED HALLWAY - DAY

Quinn, Arturo Wade and Rembrandt tumble out of the vortex, landing in a heap.

They're now ROTOSCOPED, their forms rendered as black-and-white sketch characters, with sharp lines and flickering motion like an animated comic book.

Quinn, rubbing his head, stands first, followed by Arturo, who dusts off his jacket with indignation.

Wade and Rembrandt exchange wary glances.

The faint, familiar strains of "Take On Me" by A-ha echo down the hallway, the iconic synth riff unmistakable.

QUINN
(squinting)
Is that... A-ha?

WADE
(grinning)
Okay, this world's already got my vote.

ARTURO
(grumbling)
Pop music. The universal constant of cultural decay.

REMBRANDT
(to Arturo, smirking)
Lighten up, Professor. Could be worse. Could be disco.

They move down the hallway, the walls and floor a stark, sketched outline, like a living storyboard. The music grows louder.

INT. SKETCHED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Sliders enter behind MORTEN HARKET, mid-performance, his rotoscoped form crooning to BUNTY BAILEY through a WINDOW.

The window splits realities: Morten's side is rotoscoped, Bunty's is LIVE-ACTION, vibrant and colorful.

The Sliders move along the left wall, their POV matching the iconic 180-degree pan from the Take On Me music video, circling around the window from Morten to Bunty.

The transition is seamless, the Sliders' sketched forms contrasting the live-action world beyond.

Morten hits the soaring high note at the end of "In a day or two..."

The music crescendos--then ABRUPTLY CUTS OFF

Silence. Morten and Bunty turn, startled, staring at the Sliders.

MORTEN
(confused)
Who are you?

CLOSE ON: THE SLIDERS

QUINN freezes, eyes wide.

WADE bites her lip, suppressing a laugh.

ARTURO adjusts his glasses, flustered.

REMBRANDT offers a sheepish grin, hands raised.

REMBRANDT
Uh... just passin' through?

The Sliders stand awkwardly, framed like intruders caught in the act.

FADEOUT

EPISODE 10
"One Day At A Time"

FADE IN

EXT. NUCLEAR WORLD - RUINED CITY - DAY

A VORTEX CRACKLES, spitting QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, WADE WELLES, and REMBRANDT BROWN into a desolate, bombed-out city.

Bleached HUMAN BONES litter rubble piles of shattered brick buildings, the air heavy with dust.

An abandoned MOVIE THEATER looms, its marquee frozen in time: Return of the Jedi with a "Last Showing" sticker, and The Big Chill premiering September 30, 1983.

The TIMER, charged by the TARTARIAN FREE ENERGY EXTRACTOR, shows 48 hours until the next slide.

WADE
(psychic senses heavy)
This place… it's a graveyard. So much pain.

ARTURO
(somber)
A nuclear holocaust, decades ago. The architecture suggests the early 1980s.

QUINN
(grim)
We need shelter, supplies. Let's move carefully.

REMBRANDT
(eyeing bones)
Yeah, this ain't no red carpet.

As they trek past the theater, a RAMPAGING MOB OF MUTANTS--gaunt, scarred, draped in rags, burlap, and tattered curtains--charges, wielding crude weapons.

Their eyes glow faintly, radiation's legacy.

The Sliders brace, but GUNSHOTS scatter the mutants.

SURVIVORS, a ragtag group in patched 1980s clothing, emerge, led by KARA, a tough former nurse.

KARA
(wary, rifle raised)
You're not mutants. Who are you?

QUINN
(calm)
Travelers. We mean no harm. What happened here?

INT. SURVIVOR SHELTER - RECORD STORE - DAY

The survivors lead the Sliders to a PARTIALLY INTACT BUILDING, once a RECORD STORE, now a fortified shelter.

SOLID-STATE ELECTRONICS and VACUUM TUBE TECH--salvaged from EMP blasts--power dim lights.

Shelves hold dusty VINYL ALBUMS, CASSETTES, and early COMPACT DISCS: Michael Jackson, Duran Duran, Quiet Riot.

Among the ragtag group of survivors is LOUISE -- face mostly wrapped in scarves and cloth, only her striking, expressive eyes visible.

She moves with quiet grace, helping tend to the wounded. She glances in Wade and Rembrant's direction studying the new strangers.

WADE
(softly, to Rembrandt)
There's something... familiar about her.

REMBRANDT
(nodding slowly)
Yeah. Those eyes. Can't place it.

Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt and Wade are led to an area with a TV monitor and audio equipment.

ARTURO
How did this world meet it's end?

Kara explains, her voice heavy.

KARA
(grim)
It happened on the night of September 25, 1983. The Soviets launched nukes. We got hit hard--most didn't make it.
(to Len)
Show them the tape.

A survivor, LEN, a grizzled ex-engineer, plays a 1980s VHS TAPE on a vacuum tube TV.

LEN
We found this in an abandoned TV station. It's a recording of an East coast satellite feed.

A CBS broadcast shows an American Express commercial with a actor dressed as a cowboy on a horse.

KARA
Everyone was having a normal Sunday evening.

COMMERCIAL ACTOR
(on TV)
The American Express card. Don't leave home without it.

The screen changes to a newsbreak with Morton Dean.

MORTON DEAN
(on TV)
I'm Morton Dean. CBS News, New York. More news later on the CBS Sunday Night News on most of these stations.

A network promo.

CBS ANNOUNCER
(V.O. on TV)
Premiere week on CBS. Monday starts with a special one hour premiere.

Clips of "AfterMASH" and "Emerald Point N.A.S.", set to premiere Monday, September 26th, flash on the screen while Arturo recollects.

ARTURO
I remember hearing stories about a nuclear close call in 1983 on several Earths. A Soviet Colonel, Stanislav Petrov was on duty because the regular commander called in sick. Petrov stopped a false alarm from becoming a launch.

WADE
Maybe in this world Petrov wasn't there.

CBS ANNOUNCER
(V.O. on TV)
The sizzling two hour premiere of Emerald Point following AfterMASH. Monday at 8, 7 Central and Mountain.

A CBS logo card flashes on screen.

CBS ANNOUNCER #2
(V.O. on TV, deeper tone)
This is CBS.

The intro for "ONE DAY AT A TIME" begins.

ONE DAY AT A TIME THEME
(singing, V.O. on TV)
This is it. This is it. This is life, the one you get. So go ahead and have a ball.

The TV shows Bonnie Franklin, Pat Harrington and other stars of the show.

REMBRANDT
I remember this show. It was pretty good.

QUINN
Looks like a normal TV broadcast.

KARA
It was until this.

ONE DAY AT A TIME THEME
(singing, V.O. on TV)
So up on your feet...

The "ONE DAY AT A TIME" intro is interrupted halfway through by the EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM card and a SHRILL TONE.

EBS ANNOUNCER
(V.O. on TV)
The following message is transmitted at the request of the United States government. This is not a test. The North American Air Defense Command has detected the launch of several hundred Soviet missiles. This is an attack warning. I repeat, this is an attack warning.

LEN (CONT'D)
(haunted)
A CIA guy, before he died, said the Soviet systems glitched, thought we attacked first. No one stopped it.

ARTURO
If I remember correctly, the glitch was caused by high altitude clouds mistakenly identified as missile launches.

REMBRANDT
Clouds caused all of this?

QUINN
When the world's on hair trigger alert anything can happen.

EBS ANNOUNCER
(V.O. on TV)
All citizens should take cover immediately.

KARA
Everything we knew was gone in a couple of hours.

WADE
So much pain. So much loss.

EBS ANNOUNCER
(V.O. on TV)
Take a battery powered rad...

All eyes to the screen as it cuts to STATIC.

LEN
And that's how our world ended.

Chilling to the Sliders.

WADE
(empathic)
You've survived hell. We'll help you keep it that way.

QUINN
(quiet but firm, taking charge)
We can't change what happened here. But we can help these people survive what's still coming.
(turns to Kara)
How often do the mutants attack?

KARA
Every few nights. They're getting bolder.

QUINN
Then we don't wait for them. We prepare. Professor -- can we build something to drive them back?

ARTURO
(nodding)
A sonic device, using their tech and our extractor's power. High-frequency pulses could disrupt their aggression.

INT. RECORD STORE - LATER

In a dimly lit corner of the fortified record store, Quinn and Arturo work alongside LEN, the grizzled ex-engineer, cobbling together a makeshift SONIC DEVICE from scavenged speakers, wires, and components powered by the Tartarian Free Energy Extractor.

QUINN
(while securing a connection)
Len… what happened after the bombs fell? How did people survive?

Len pauses, his face hardening with painful memory. He wipes sweat from his brow before answering.

LEN
(quiet, haunted)
First came the firestorms. Then the nuclear winter. For almost two years the sky was dark. Crops failed everywhere. We had famines so bad people were eating rats, insects… anything that moved. The radiation zones turned whole countries into death traps. Cancer, birth defects, mutations. Most of the ones who survived the blasts died in the years after. We're what's left of what's left.

A heavy silence falls. Quinn looks down at the half-built device, shaken.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(softly)
War always holds back the world's progress. No matter which Earth you're on.

ARTURO
(somber, philosophical)
Indeed, Mr. Mallory. The fragility of peace is what separates a pleasant dream from an unending nightmare.

Len nods grimly and hands Quinn another component.

LEN
Let's make sure these bastards don't take what little we have left.

They return to work in focused silence.

CUT TO:

Wade and Rembrandt explore the store, flipping through albums.

A vacuum tube record player spins a record. Men At Work's "IT'S A MISTAKE" plays softly on the speakers.

Wade finds a SPINNING TOPS ALBUM with Rembrandt's double on the cover, grinning.

WADE
(smiling)
You were big here too, Remmy.

From a distance, LOUISE watches them as she passes through another area of the store.

WADE picks up another album, her hope swinging to depression.

WADE (CONT'D)
This is so sad. This world only knew her for two months.

REMBRANDT
Who, girl?

Wade turns the album toward us. It's MADONNA's self titled debut album from 1983.

Louise sees the album from the distance and accidentally KNOCKS over an item. She quickly grabs it before it makes noise. She hurries away before they see her.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Another great talent taken by man's stupidity.

Rembrandt shakes his head and takes a BILLBOARD MAGAZINE (September 24th, 1983), reading aloud.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(soft)
Says my double was in Atlanta, night the bombs dropped.

He pauses, chills hitting.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(quiet)
I was in Atlanta too, our world. I was having the time of my life while he...
(pauses, sits on a chair)
Hope it was quick.

Wade HUGS him, her eyes misty. He sets the magazine down, finding strength in her embrace.

WADE
(gentle)
You're here now. That's what matters.

INT. SURVIVOR SHELTER - RECORD STORE - LATER

Quinn and Arturo work alongside Len in the corner, finalizing the SONIC DEVICE -- a makeshift rig of scavenged speakers, wires, and components from the Tartarian Free Energy Extractor.

ARTURO
(explaining, focused)
The principle is simple but effective. High-frequency pulses tuned to disrupt the mutants' nervous systems. The radiation has heightened their aggression and sensitivity to certain sound waves. We emit a directional burst -- it should cause disorientation and pain, driving them back without permanent damage.

LEN
(nodding, adjusting a connection)
Like a dog whistle from hell.

QUINN
(grinning tightly as he helps secure a speaker)
Good. Because I'm not in the mood to be the mutants' main course tonight.

Arturo throws a switch. The device HUMS to life, emitting a low, barely audible tone that makes the air feel thick.

ARTURO
With some fine tuning, it'll be ready. We'll only get one strong burst before the extractor needs time to recharge. Make it count.

QUINN
We need this thing to be directional and strong enough to cover the whole perimeter. Len, you know the acoustics of this building better than anyone -- where should we place the main speakers?

LEN
I'll show you.

Quinn follows Len.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUINED CITY STREET - SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY - NIGHT

A pack of MUTANTS -- gaunt, scarred, eyes glowing faintly with radiation -- gathers in the shadows of a collapsed building.

More emerge from alleys and rubble, drawn by instinct. They move with predatory purpose, crude weapons in hand, heading directly toward the record store several blocks away.

Their low, guttural growls mix with the distant wind.

INT. SURVIVOR SHELTER - RECORD STORE - LATER

Rembrandt sits heavily on a crate, the weight of the frozen 1983 world and his own losses hitting hard.

A survivor offers him a tin cup of strong homemade hooch "to steady the nerves" before the next mutant wave.

Rembrandt takes the cup. He swirls it, staring into the liquid. The temptation is visible -- the desire to numb the pain of what happened to his alternate self, to the world, to everyone he's lost.

REMBRANDT
(whispering to himself)
Just one drink... make it all quiet for a minute...

Wade, who has been watching from nearby, walks over and gently places her hand on his arm.

WADE
(soft, understanding)
You don't need that right now, Remmy. We're here.

Rembrandt looks at her, then at the cup. With visible effort, he hands it back untouched.

REMBRANDT
(steadying himself)
Yeah... you're right. Got better ways to get through this.

He picks up an old guitar leaning against the wall instead and strums a few quiet, grounding chords as the group prepares for the coming fight.

From across the room, Louise (face mostly covered) glances in their direction again, her eyes lingering a moment longer than necessary.

Wade notices.

WADE
(quietly, curious)
Who is that woman?

EXT. SURVIVOR SHELTER - NIGHT

The MUTANTS breach the perimeter. Chaos erupts.

Quinn and Len struggle, positioning speakers

LEN
Dammit! They're early.

QUINN
We're not finished yet!

LEN
We need to block them by hand!

Quinn, Rembrandt and Arturo help Len hastily construct a barricade.

A mutant pulls a knife and manically slashes anyone in the way.

LEN, is gravely wounded protecting the barricade -- slashed deeply, bleeding out.

Rembrandt hits the mutant square in the forehead with a board. It falls back and runs away.

Louise rushes to Len, dropping to her knees.

Quinn and Kara attempt to render medical aid, applying towels to the wound.

Kara looks at Louise, shakes her head "No".

Louise nods and cradles Len's head, holding his hand tightly.

LEN (CONT'D)
(weak)
Don't think I'll make it Louise.
Whatever you do, don't give up.
(weakens more)
You know that singing you do?

Louise nods.

LEN (CONT'D)
Keep doing it. It what makes us human. We can't become them. Promise me.

LOUISE
I promise.

Louise gently strokes his head and begins singing.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
(singing, soft, tender)
Somethin' in the way you love me
won't let me be.
I don't want to be your prisoner,
so baby, won't you set me free?
Stop playin' with my heart,
finish what you start.
When you make my love come down.

Quinn, Arturo Wade and Rembrandt watch, moved by the scene.

Louise is singing a raw, soothing, stripped-down rendition of *Borderline* -- intimate and heartbreaking, like a private lullaby.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
(singing, soft)
If you want me, let me know
Baby, let it show
Honey, don't you fool around

Rembrandt and Wade exchange glances as recognition dawns.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
(singing, soft)
Just try to understand.
I've given all I can
'Cause you got the best of me.

Len's breathing slows.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
(soft, soulful, voice cracking with emotion)
Borderline... feels like I'm going to lose my mind...

Len dies.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
(trailing off)
You just keep on pushin' my love
Over the borderline...

Louise closes her eyes, presses his hand to her forehead in a final, tender gesture. A single tear escapes the edge of her wrappings.

Quinn looks away, jaw tight.

Arturo closes his eyes with respect.

Wade hugs Rembrant, teary eyed.

INT. SURVIVOR SHELTER - RECORD STORE - LATER

The group catches their breath after the chaos.

Louise sits quietly in a shadowed corner, still mostly covered.

Wade and Rembrandt approach slowly, drawn by something deeper than gratitude.

WADE
(gently, almost hesitant)
Louise... that song. "Borderline." Your voice...

REMBRANDT
(soft, eyes widening)
It's you, isn't it? Madonna Louise Ciccone.

Louise pauses, then slowly unwraps part of her face covering. Scarred, radiation-disfigured skin is revealed beneath -- a haunting contrast to the icon they once knew. She manages a weary, bittersweet smile.

MADONNA
Yes. You're the Cryin' Man... from the Spinning Tops.

REMBRANDT
(smiling to Wade, surprised)
She knows who I am.

MADONNA
I saw you at the Silverdome in Pontiac. You inspired me to become a musician.
(quiet pause)
How can you still be alive... in perfect health after all these years?

REMBRANDT
(gentle)
That was another me.

WADE
(awed, emotional)
I never thought I'd meet Madonna.

MADONNA
(quiet, pained)
That name... it's a painful reminder of a world that doesn't exist anymore. Just call me Louise.

REMBRANDT
How did you end up here?

She sighs, her gaze drifting to the dusty MADONNA debut album still sitting on a nearby shelf.

MADONNA (CONT'D)
I was driving from L.A. to Vegas when the bombs dropped. The blast wave caught my car. I barely survived. The radiation... it took everything. Kara and a group of survivors found me. I eventually made my way up to San Francisco.
(soft, almost to herself)
Music's about all I had left.

Wade puts her hand on Madonna's shoulder, comforting her.

INT. RECORD STORE - LATER

Quinn and Arturo work intently on the SONIC DEVICE, adjusting wires and components.

QUINN
I don't know how we're going to tune this properly without Len's help. He was the audio expert here.

ARTURO
We'll have to do our best and improvise.

Wade, Rembrandt, and Madonna (still mostly wrapped in scarves) approach.

WADE
We know someone who can help.

Quinn looks up and recognizes her immediately.

QUINN
Is she...?

REMBRANDT
(quietly)
Yeah. She is.

ARTURO
(confused)
Who?

Wade leans in and whispers quickly in Arturo's ear. His eyes widen slightly in surprise.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
(nodding, respectful)
I see.
(to Madonna)
What can you do for us, Louise?

Madonna steps forward, rolling up her sleeves with practical focus. She examines the sonic device, immediately understanding the controls.

MADONNA
I tuned guitars in my early days -- before the fame, before the lights. Let me help with the frequencies.

She begins adjusting connections with a musician's precise ear for resonance and pitch. The device's output stabilizes noticeably under her touch.

QUINN
(grateful)
You're a natural.

MADONNA
(smiling faintly)
Old habits. Some things even the bombs couldn't take.

Quinn looks around at the determined but exhausted survivors, then at the finished device. He stands tall, his voice steady and commanding.

QUINN
Listen up, everyone.

The room quiets. Kara, the other survivors, and the Sliders turn to him.

QUINN (CONT'D)
We've all seen what this world has taken from you. But you're still here. You've survived radiation, famine, mutants, and forty-plus years of hell. That's not luck. That's strength.

He gestures to the sonic device.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Tonight we use that strength.This device is ready.When those things come, we don't just hide -- we push back.
(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)
We remind them this shelter, this piece of ground, still belongs to the living.

He looks directly at Kara and the survivors.

QUINN (CONT'D)
You've protected each other this long. Tonight we fight with you. Together.

The survivors nod, gaining resolve. Kara grips her rifle tighter. Even Madonna stands a little straighter.

KARA
(quiet, determined)
About time someone said it.

EXT. SURVIVOR SHELTER - NIGHT

The MUTANTS ATTACK, a howling mob breaching the perimeter.

The Sliders and survivors scramble, barricading doors.

Quinn activates the SONIC DEVICE, emitting a PIERCING PULSE.

The mutants briefly fall back, return.

The pulse begins entering human hearing range, making Quinn and the others wince or cover their ears.

QUINN
Need help fine tuning this thing.

MADONNA
Got it.

Madonna calibrates the controls to achieve the right pitch.

The mutants SHRIEK, clutching their ears, and flee, some collapsing.

A stray mutant LUNGES at Kara, but Wade's PSYCHOKINETIC PULSE knocks it back, saving her.

The device holds, securing the shelter.

KARA
(relieved)
You gave us a fighting chance. Thank you.

The Sliders nod in acknowledgement.

Quinn takes Arturo aside.

QUINN
(low)
There's another way we can help these people.

He glances to the Tartarian Energy Extractor.

ARTURO
(low)
Yes, they deserve it after all they've endured.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAWN

Quinn and Arturo present Kara and Madonna with BLUEPRINTS for the TARTARIAN FREE ENERGY EXTRACTOR, adapted for their tech.

QUINN
These plans are based on our extractor. They'll give you all the energy you'll ever need.

ARTURO
(earnest)
Start small--power lights, tools. Scale up slowly, keep the system balanced. This can rebuild your world.

QUINN
(to Kara)
You've got the grit to make it work. Don't give up.

Kara nods, clutching the plans, hope in her eyes.

Wade's psychic senses detect no threats--Logan and Apocalypse Quinn's echoes absent, a rare peace.

REMBRANDT
(to Madonna)
Take care of yourself Louise. As long as you have you, you have your music.

MADONNA
(subtle smile)
Madonna.

Rembrandt and Wade smile as Madonna reclaims her identity.

MADONNA (CONT'D)
Before you leave can we take your picture? The four of you?

REMBRANDT
Sure.

WADE
Sounds cool.

REMBRANDT
Professor, Q-Ball. Photo OP.

Madonna grabs a camera from a nearby table.

Arturo approaches, hands clasped, enthused.

ARTURO
A family portrait. Mr. Mallory.

QUINN
Coming Professor.

Kara stands next to Madonna as she takes the picture of the Sliders standing proud.

The Slider's leave, bidding farewell.

EXT. RUINED CITY - OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The Sliders trek to a desolate hill, respecting the survivors' fragile hope.

Quinn activates the VORTEX, the blue-white swirl glowing against the bleak skyline. They share a nod, united, and leap through, the portal SNAPPING shut.

EXT. REBUILT CITY - 200 YEARS LATER - DAY

FLASH FORWARD to a gleaming metropolis of SKYSCRAPERS, HIGH-SPEED TRAINS, and FLYING CARS, all powered by Tartarian free energy.

In the city center, a GRAND STATUE of the Sliders stands based on Madonna's picture of them.

A PLAQUE reads: "To Quinn, Arturo, Wade, and Rembrandt--Saviors of Our World."

Madonna's "BORDERLINE" finishes playing over loudspeakers.

A PARENT and CHILD gaze at the statue during a COMMEMORATION CEREMONY, the crowd vibrant with life.

CHILD
(pointing)
Who are they, Mommy?

PARENT
The ones who saved us.

A CHOIR sings the complete "ONE DAY AT A TIME" theme, its lyrics echoing resilience and hope, symbolizing the world's rebirth from nuclear ashes.

The camera slowly TILTS UP from the ceremony, past the Sliders statue to flying cars zooming between gleaming skyscrapers.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 11
"Interludes"

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL ROOM - UNKNOWN WORLD - NIGHT

The camera opens on WADE WELLES, lying naked sideways under bed sheets in a dimly lit hotel room, her body softly lit, facing us.

Her head rests on the chest of an UNKNOWN PERSON, the sheet pulled high to obscure their face.

WADE
(soft)
It's like… no matter where we come from, or where we are, we've always had this connection. Don't you feel it?

She looks up. The camera slowly pans -- revealing LOGAN ST. CLAIRE smiling beside her.

LOGAN
(warm, playful)
Always, Wade.

Wade moves up, their lips meeting in a gentle kiss. They embrace, rolling away from the camera, sheets tangling as the screen FADES TO OPENING CREDITS -- a literal WTF moment that upends expectations.

EXT. NORMAL EARTH - CITY STREET - DAY

A VORTEX CRACKLES, spitting QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, WADE WELLES, and REMBRANDT BROWN onto a bustling urban street.

Skyscrapers gleam, cars hum, and pedestrians move with purpose -- a seemingly normal Earth, circa 2026.

The Tartarian Free Energy Extractor keeps their TIMER charged, showing 60 HOURS until the next slide.

QUINN
(relieved)
No mutants, no nukes. Looks… almost like home.

WADE
(psychic senses stirring)
Almost. Something's off. Familiar, but… sharp.

ARTURO
(practical)
Let's find food, lodging, and a television. Local media will reveal this world's nuances.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
I'm votin' for burgers and a bed. Cryin' Man's earned it.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - RESTAURANT - DAY

The Sliders settle in a cozy hotel restaurant, ordering food and watching a flat-screen TV airing a morning news program.

TV ANCHOR
Today we have an exclusive interview. Lateral Kinetics is a multinational conglomerate focused on cutting-edge science and advancing technology for the betterment of society. Joining us is the CEO of Lateral Kinetics, Wade Welles.

The camera cuts to CORPORATE WADE, sharply dressed in a tailored suit, exuding confidence.

The Sliders exchange glances. Their first Wade doppelganger.

CORPORATE WADE
(on TV, poised)
Lateral Kinetics is pushing boundaries -- particle accelerators, theoretical physics, even exploring the possibility of multiple universes. The future is limitless.

QUINN
(to team)
Multiverses? If she's researching sliding tech, she might not advertise it. Corporations keep secrets.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
(intrigued)
Indeed. Her work could intersect with our own technology -- or pose a threat if misused. We must investigate.

Wade's psychic senses spike.

WADE
(tense)
Logan's here. On this world. I… felt her, like a shadow.

REMBRANDT
(wary)
That lady's like a bad penny. Friend or foe this time?

The interview continues.

TV ANCHOR
(on TV)
Now we understand Lateral Kinetics is about to acquire the Holiday multimedia empire, currently owned by superstar Holiday.

CORPORATE WADE
(on TV)
Yes, Holiday's influence in multimedia will help us expand our company's reach to the younger generation.

The TV cuts to clips of HOLIDAY (charismatic, strong resemblance to The Weeknd) at events and in music videos, plus childhood photos with his mother and father.

NARRATOR
(on TV)
Holiday, born Rembrandt Brown, Jr., is the son of missing music icon Rembrandt Brown, lead singer of the Spinning Tops. Over thirty years ago, Brown mysteriously vanished. That incident influenced Holiday's drive to become the superstar he is today.

Rembrandt stares, stunned.

REMBRANDT
(quiet)
Rembrandt Brown Jr…? That's my name.

The report plays a clip of Holiday in a music video driving a red convertible into a swirling vortex, reality warping around him, mirroring Rembrandt's first slide.

HOLIDAY
(in clip on TV)
I've been searching for answers about my father for thirty years…
(chokes up)
That void of not knowing is a constant knife in the heart.
(teary)
Excuse me.

Moved, Rembrandt stands up.

REMBRANDT
I gotta check this out.

QUINN
Rembrandt, you can't--

REMBRANDT
He deserves to know what happened to his father.

ARTURO
Mr. Brown, you know the consequences of interacting with our doubles or their loved ones.

WADE
Answers go a long way toward healing. I agree with Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
(to Wade)
Thank you.
(to the group)
You three check out the other Wade. I'm going.

Arturo sighs as Rembrandt leaves.

QUINN
OK, guess it's up to us. Professor, dig into Lateral Kinetics -- public records, news archives. Wade and I will infiltrate their headquarters.

ARTURO
Discretion is paramount. If sliding tech exists, we cannot let it fall into the wrong hands.

INT. LATERAL KINETICS - CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

In a sleek, glass-walled boardroom at Lateral Kinetics HQ, CORPORATE WADE (sharply dressed from her morning interview) presides over a meeting.

LOGAN ST. CLAIRE stands beside her in a confident corporate power outfit, joined by several cleaned-up TECHIES from Jungle World -- their warlike past now hidden behind tailored suits.

A holographic map displays multiple worlds marked for exploitation. The date is October 21, 2026.

CORPORATE WADE
(authoritative)
With the plan we've developed, Lateral Kinetics will dominate the multiverse. The subsidiaries you've set up on multiple Earths will expand our reach to unlimited potential. You will infiltrate these worlds, exploit their resources, and crush their industries through hostile takeovers.

TECHIE LEADER
(nodding)
We'll start with their energy sectors -- use their own tech against them.

LOGAN
(smirking)
Move fast. We launch tomorrow. Get your gear -- sliding schedules have been prepped.

The Techies exit, clutching handheld computers loaded with mission data.

Alone, Corporate Wade and Logan share a quiet, charged moment. Logan pulls Wade closer.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Saw your interview this morning.

CORPORATE WADE
How was it? This deal we're making with Holiday will bust the bank for us.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(seductive)
It will… and I'll give you everything you ever wanted.

CORPORATE WADE
(smiling, vulnerable for a moment)
I can't thank you enough. I thought my life was over on that world where I was homeless. I almost gave up… then you found me.

Logan lightly brushes Wade's cheek.

LOGAN
Attractive women like yourself deserve it all.

CORPORATE WADE
Tomorrow, after we sign the deal with Holiday and launch our plan, everything will be ours, Logan. Every world, every resource.

LOGAN
(embracing her)
We'll conquer the multiverse, Wade. Together.

They kiss passionately -- their ambition and desire sealing their bond. The camera lingers, a dark mirror to the Sliders' dynamics.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Quinn and Arturo sit at a desk using the hotel-supplied computer to search the internet.

QUINN
Lateral Kinetics has a research lab just a few blocks from here.

Arturo flips through a business magazine featuring Corporate Wade on the cover.

ARTURO
According to this, the Ms. Welles of this world founded her company five years ago. She quickly became the number one corporate executive in the country -- like she came out of nowhere.

QUINN
Either she's really good at business…
or somebody bankrolled her career.
Silent partners, investors.

Wade steps out of the bathroom, dressed in a sharp, tailored outfit that closely resembles Corporate Wade's look.

WADE
So how do I look?

ARTURO
Stunning. You should be able to
convince Lateral Kinetics security
you're the other Ms. Welles.

WADE
Quinn?

Quinn looks up, momentarily intrigued. He reaches out and gently moves a wisp of hair from her face.

QUINN
That should do it.

WADE
Professor, I need a moment with
Quinn.

ARTURO
(nodding)
I'll be at the city business records
office. I'll see if I can uncover
information on business partners for
the other Ms. Welles.

QUINN
They just don't give out that
information to anyone.

ARTURO
(clapping Quinn on the shoulder)
Trust me, my boy. Years of university
and sliding have sharpened my powers
of persuasion.

Arturo leaves.

Quinn smiles and rubs Wade's shoulders gently.

QUINN
You look good in that dress.

He strokes her cheek tenderly.

WADE
(quiet, vulnerable)
Quinn, about Tartaria… our kiss. I meant it.

Quinn leans in to kiss her. Wade pulls back slightly.

QUINN
What is it? If we're moving too fast, we can slow down.

WADE
It's not that. It's Logan -- she's in my head somehow. I had a dream I was with her… but it didn't feel like me.

QUINN
(supportive)
Maybe you're getting glimpses of your double's life. It would explain why you felt Logan's presence when we arrived. Perhaps they're working together.

WADE
Maybe. I don't know what it means yet.

QUINN
We'll figure it out, Wade. Whatever's going on, we're a team. Always.

Wade hugs him gratefully, but her expression remains troubled -- Logan's presence still lingering in her mind.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(softly)
I wonder what Rembrandt is up to?

EXT. HOLIDAY'S MANSION - DAY

A delivery truck is parked in the driveway of Holiday's heavily gated mansion.

The DRIVER hands a sealed envelope to HOLIDAY.

DRIVER
Just sign here.

Holiday signs the electronic pad and takes the envelope.

HOLIDAY
Thanks, man.

The driver nods, gets in his truck and drives off.

Holiday walks inside, tearing open the envelope. Inside are thick agreement papers from Lateral Kinetics.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
(to himself, excited)
This will be the biggest deal of my life.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Rembrandt hides outside the gate among some bushes. As the delivery truck exits and the automatic gate begins to close, he slips through at the last second.

He moves cautiously up the long driveway toward the house, visibly nervous.

INT. HOLIDAY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Holiday is on the phone with his agent.

HOLIDAY
Just got the papers. Can we negotiate for a little more?

AGENT
(filtered)
We could, but it might make the deal fall through. Let's focus on residuals from the use of your likeness.

HOLIDAY
Okay… you know what's best.

The doorbell RINGS.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
Gotta go. Bye.

Holiday opens the front door. He freezes. His jaw drops.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
(whispering, stunned)
Dad…?

REMBRANDT
(soft, pained)
Let me explain.

Tears well up in Holiday's eyes. Before Rembrandt can say another word, Holiday pulls him into a tight, desperate hug.

INT. CITY BUSINESS RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

Arturo, dressed in a slightly rumpled but distinguished suit, approaches the counter with an air of professional confidence.

ARTURO
Good afternoon. Professor Max Arturo, journalist for the London Financial Times. I'm doing a piece on Lateral Kinetics. There are persistent rumors of some rather shady dealings in their acquisition practices. I was hoping to look at their recent corporate filings and business partner records.

The DESK CLERK, a no-nonsense woman in her mid-50s, looks up. Her expression softens noticeably when she sees Arturo. She smiles, a bit flustered.

DESK CLERK
London Financial Times, hmm? You've got a lovely accent. Most people who come in here are just looking for tax liens.

She leans in slightly, clearly charmed.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Lateral Kinetics… yes, I know them well. My husband worked for one of their takeover targets for thirty years. They bought the company, downsized it, and shut it down six months later. Triggered a terrible mid-life crisis. He left me for a younger woman.

ARTURO
(sympathetic, indignant)
That unscrupulous cad.

The clerk smiles warmly at his reaction.

DESK CLERK
You seem like a decent man. I'll gladly help you expose them. What exactly are you looking for?

She gestures for him to follow her toward the records room.

INT. HOLIDAY'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Holiday hands Rembrandt a drink. He offers him a beer.

REMBRANDT
Do you have a soda?

HOLIDAY
Sure.

Holiday hands him a cola and sits down across from him.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
Where have you been all these years?

REMBRANDT
That's going to take some explaining.

HOLIDAY
I never gave up hope you'd come back.

REMBRANDT
There's something you have to understand. I'm not exactly your father.

HOLIDAY
(confused)
Who else could you be?

REMBRANDT
How much do you know about "my" disappearance?

HOLIDAY
You apparently vanished into some type of vortex according to eyewitnesses in the neighborhood.

Holiday stands, pulls an old photograph from a book on the shelf, and hands it to Rembrandt. It shows Rembrandt driving his Cadillac into a swirling vortex.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
One of them was testing a new Polaroid and caught this.

REMBRANDT
Yeah.I was on my way to sing the national anthem at a baseball game.
(MORE)

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
This was a few years after I broke up with the Topps.

HOLIDAY
What do you mean "broke up"? The Topps were waiting for you there.

REMBRANDT
That's what I'm trying to tell you. I'm not the Rembrandt Brown you knew. My friend Quinn Mallory built a device to travel to parallel universes. We've learned we have doubles in many of them -- some making similar decisions. Your father in this world disappeared the same time I did.

Rembrandt looks Holiday in the eyes.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
I know this sounds totally crazy…

HOLIDAY
Actually, it's not. After you disappeared, government men -- FBI or NSA -- came to the house. They questioned me and Mom. They mentioned Quinn Mallory, a Professor, and…

Holiday holds up a business magazine with Corporate Wade on the cover.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
…Wade Welles. They told us to keep our mouths shut if we knew what was good for us.

REMBRANDT
What happened to your mother?

HOLIDAY
(quiet, pained)
She never recovered after you vanished. She raised me the best she could until her health gave out. Lost her a few years ago.

REMBRANDT
(sincere)
I'm sorry.

HOLIDAY
I never stopped looking for you. I built a music career and a media empire in hopes of raising money to find you. Then I saw Wade Welles on this magazine. I decided to make a deal with her company in hopes of getting answers… but now you're here.

REMBRANDT
What's your plan on the deal?

HOLIDAY
It's already in motion. Can't cancel it now -- it would damage my brand, my career.

REMBRANDT
I've got some friends looking into this. Let's see what they find before you sign anything.

EXT. LATERAL KINETICS RESEARCH LAB - EVENING

Wade and Quinn approach the front entrance of the sleek lab building.

QUINN
(whispering)
Hope this works.

A mid-40s, portly GUARD stands at the entrance. He brightens when he sees Wade.

GUARD
Nice evening, Ms. Welles. Visiting the lab?

WADE
Yes, just checking on some of our experiments.

GUARD
Just insert your card in the door.

Wade feigns mild embarrassment.

WADE
Um, I forgot it. Silly me. Usually I remember these things, but I've got a lot on my mind with that Holiday deal.

GUARD
(smiling)
My kids are big fans of his.

He grabs a touchscreen tablet.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Your palm print will do.
(eyes Quinn)
A friend?

WADE
A new scientist I hired.

QUINN
(smiling politely)
Hi.

Wade places her hand on the tablet. It lights up green. The entrance door BUZZES and unlocks.

The Guard nods as they walk inside.

INT. OFFICE - LATERAL KINETICS RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Quinn and Wade slip into a quiet office overlooking the main lab floor. Wade sits at the computer. A password prompt appears.

She places her hand on the screen. A faint psychokinetic glow pulses from her palm. The prompt vanishes.

QUINN
(quietly impressed)
Computer security will have to rewrite the rules.

Wade smiles as she quickly searches files and accesses archived security camera footage.

The screen shows the recent Techie meeting with Logan and Corporate Wade.

CORPORATE WADE
(filtered, on screen)
The subsidiaries you've set up on multiple Earths will expand our reach to unlimited potential. You will infiltrate these worlds, exploit their resources, and crush their industries through hostile takeovers.

QUINN
So that's their plan. Exploiting the multiverse.

WADE
Some of those people look familiar.

QUINN
Yeah. The Techies from that jungle world a few slides back.

WADE
Find me a USB stick.

Quinn spots one on the desk and hands it to her. Wade plugs it in and begins copying files.

A NOISE at the door. Footsteps.

WADE (CONT'D)
(whispering urgently)
Quick! Hide!

Quinn dives under the desk. Wade slips the USB stick into her bra just as the door opens.

LOGAN enters, surprised but pleased.

LOGAN
Wade. Didn't expect to find you here. We were supposed to meet at the restaurant.

WADE
(quickly recovering)
Um… yes. I had to take care of a few things.

LOGAN
Of course. Tomorrow's a busy day.

Logan steps closer, reaches out, and pulls Wade in. She grabs her backside possessively.

Quinn's eyes widen under the desk.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(close, sultry)
Let's celebrate after we eat. Dancing… détente… dalliance… dilatation… and…

Logan whispers something in Wade's ear. Wade's eyes go wide. Logan looks her deeply in the eyes, then pulls her into a deep, passionate French kiss.

Quinn watches, stunned, as Wade leans into it and plays along.

Logan finally pulls back, licking her lips with a flirtatious smile.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Now, I have to get back to the restaurant to hold our seats. Don't take long.

WADE
(recovering, forcing a smile)
I'll be there soon.

Logan leaves. Quinn crawls out from under the desk, still looking at Wade in shock.

WADE (CONT'D)
(quietly, almost apologetic)
I pretended it was you the whole time.

Quinn and Wade quickly exit the office.

INT. DEN - HOLIDAY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Rembrandt stands before a wall covered in Gold, Platinum, and Diamond records. He stops at one in particular.

REMBRANDT
You covered "Tears In My Fro"?

HOLIDAY
Yeah. Like Natalie Cole covering Nat King Cole's "Unforgettable." Reworked the lyrics to fit your… I mean my father's disappearance.

REMBRANDT
How did it go?

HOLIDAY
The original lyrics were "I've got tears in my 'fro…"

Rembrandt smiles and joins in.

REMBRANDT & HOLIDAY
"…from standin' on my head and cryin' over you."

HOLIDAY
The new lyrics went "Got tears in my 'fro, from my life upside down and mornin' over you."

Rembrandt gets teary-eyed, visibly moved.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
It really got to people. That's why it went diamond.

Rembrandt recovers, clearing his throat.

REMBRANDT
Can I use your phone?

HOLIDAY
Sure.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Arturo answers.

ARTURO
Yes?

REMBRANDT
(filtered)
Professor. Any news?

Quinn and Wade walk into the room.

ARTURO
Plenty, Mr. Brown. Where the devil have you been all day?

REMBRANDT
(filtered)
Holiday's house. I'm on my way back.

ARTURO
Better bring Mr. Holiday and his contract. This concerns him too.

Arturo hangs up. Wade holds up the USB stick triumphantly.

WADE
Tah-dah!

ARTURO
I trust you found something?

QUINN
Huge.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Logan sits at a table in a dimly lit corner, savoring a drink. Corporate Wade approaches, sits down, and snuggles up to her.

LOGAN
Did you change your lipstick?

CORPORATE WADE
No. Why?

Logan looks at her drink, then back at Corporate Wade.

LOGAN
Must be the alcohol.

They both smile, leaning into each other as Corporate Wade seductively rubs her hand on Logan's inner thigh.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Arturo, Quinn, and Wade sort through a huge collection of documents.

QUINN
You must have really turned on the charm at the business office.

ARTURO
The desk clerk there was more than happy to get even with Lateral Kinetics.

WADE
Why?

ARTURO
Let's just say "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Wade and Quinn smile.

Rembrandt enters with Holiday.

REMBRANDT
I assume you have big news.

ARTURO
Plenty, Mr. Brown.

REMBRANDT
(gestures to Holiday)
Everyone, this is Holiday.

The Sliders and Holiday exchange greetings.

WADE
Wow, second celebrity I met on this journey.

Holiday looks at her, stunned.

WADE (CONT'D)
You know I'm not her, right?

HOLIDAY
My father… I mean Rembrandt told me everything.
(to the Sliders)
So what's up with my deal?

QUINN
Lateral Kinetics is planning to screw you over big time.

ARTURO
Do you have a copy of your contract?

Holiday pulls the envelope from his jacket and hands it to Arturo. He flips to a certain page.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Just what I suspected.

REMBRANDT
What, Professor?

ARTURO
The documents are different.
(to Holiday)
Your copy says you get royalties for the use of your likeness in perpetuity -- forever.Their copy on file says they have the right to cancel the agreement at any time based on the behavior of the client -- a morals clause.
(MORE)

ARTURO (CONT'D)
It also says they can use your likeness and your media company without compensation forever.

REMBRANDT
In other words, the old switcheroo. Man, that's dirty.

HOLIDAY
How will they get away with this? My agent has a copy.

QUINN
Knowing the real owner of that company, they'll probably stage robberies to steal your copies and replace them with theirs before you know they're gone.

REMBRANDT
Who's the real owner?

Arturo hands Rembrandt a sheet.

ARTURO
According to the laws here, business filings must have the names of both the real and silent partners as well as photo identification.

The sheet shows Logan's fake ID with her picture.

WADE
And she and her puppet have bigger plans.

Quinn plays the Lateral Kinetics video from the USB stick on a TV.

CORPORATE WADE (filtered, on TV)
The subsidiaries you've set up on multiple Earths will expand our reach to unlimited potential. You will infiltrate these worlds, exploit their resources, and crush their industries through hostile takeovers.

The footage shows the Techies in the room with portable computer devices.

QUINN
What they're doing to Holiday is just the beginning.
(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)
They have a whole team planning to slide and exploit every unsuspecting world they can find.

HOLIDAY
So what do we do?

ARTURO
We have a plan.

QUINN
We track a member of Logan's sliding team, steal their computer, plant a virus that infects all of their computers and notifies the authorities on every world they visit, then put it back before they know it's gone. We already know one of their locations.

REMBRANDT
(smiling)
Do unto them as they do unto us.

WADE
(to Holiday)
Wanna help?

HOLIDAY
(grinning)
Sure.

EXT. ALL NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

A van with the Sliders and Holiday glides into a parking space.

A TECHIE sits inside the diner, drinking coffee and eating pie.

Quinn puts the van in park and nods to Holiday.

HOLIDAY
I got this.

Holiday enters the diner.

INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - CONTINUOUS

Holiday sits next to the Techie and gives the cook an order.

HOLIDAY
I'll have five orders of your burger and fries special to go.

The Techie glances at him, recognizing.

TECHIE
Hey, aren't you--?

HOLIDAY
(grinning)
The one and only. Mind if I join you? I could use some company after a long day in the studio.

The Techie lights up, starstruck. They start chatting. Holiday keeps him engaged and laughing, casually distracting him.

EXT. ALL NIGHT DINER - CONTINUOUS

Quinn watches from the van as Holiday works the Techie inside.

QUINN
(whispering)
Okay, go!

Rembrandt and Wade sneak out the back while Arturo programs a laptop.

Holiday and the Techie share a joke. The Techie laughs, completely distracted.

Rembrandt and Wade sneak up to a car's rear door.

REMBRANDT
(whispering)
What about the alarm?

Wade's hand pulses with a faint psychokinetic glow as she opens the handle. They exchange smiles.

In the van, Quinn climbs into the back to assist Arturo.

ARTURO
(low, typing)
This should do it, Mr. Mallory.

QUINN
(smiling)
They'll leave breadcrumbs everywhere.

Wade and Rembrandt climb back in.

WADE
(low)
Got it.

Rembrandt hands the Techie's device to Arturo. He plugs it into the laptop.

QUINN
(low)
Hope we don't get any surprises from Logan and the other Wade tonight.

Wade has a quick psychic flash -- almost aroused.

LOGAN and CORPORATE WADE are in a hot tub, nude under bubbles, passionately kissing.

Wade flashes back.

WADE
(low, eyes on Quinn)
They're busy.

Quinn and Arturo continue programming the laptop.

Inside the diner, Holiday pats the Techie on the back, keeping him engaged as the Sliders finish the job.

INT. LATERAL KINETICS - CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

A Techie jumps through a vortex. It SNAPS shut as Corporate Wade and Logan watch.

CORPORATE WADE
That's the last of them.

LOGAN
Only thing left is signing that deal with Holiday and we conquer everything.

CORPORATE WADE
I still think we should have given him a slightly better deal before we pull the rug. A little charity goes a long way attracting future clients.

LOGAN
Not getting soft on me, are we now? I'll have to discipline it out of you again.

CORPORATE WADE
(sly smile)
Like last night?

They both chuckle. A knock at the door, it opens. A SECRETARY steps in.

SECRETARY
Ms. Welles. Holiday is here.

CORPORATE WADE
Show him in.

Holiday and his agent walk into the room with the contract.

CORPORATE WADE (CONT'D)
Holiday. Glad you could make it.

Corporate Wade kisses his cheek. She motions to Logan.

CORPORATE WADE (CONT'D)
This is my partner, Logan.

Logan shakes Holiday's hand.

LOGAN
(smiling)
Hi. This is going to be a great day for all of us.

EXT. FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING

An FBI agent, AGENT CARVER, African American, mid-40s, walks with Quinn, Arturo, Wade and Rembrandt to a waiting SUV

AGENT CARVER
(to the Sliders)
Thanks to your tip we finally have the proof we need.

QUINN
Was Lateral Kinetics under investigation?

AGENT CARVER
Yes, now we can take them down.

The SUV carrying the Sliders and a fleet of vehicles carrying FBI and IRS agents peel out of the parking lot.

INT. LATERAL KINETICS BOARDROOM - LATER

Holiday and his agent looks over the paperwork. The agent nods approval.

Police sirens can be heard outside

CORPORATE WADE
Must be a fire somewhere.

Logan hands a pen to Holiday.

LOGAN
(smiling)
Just sign this and we'll be ready.

Holiday nervously takes the pen. He starts to sign, pauses.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(reassuring)
It's OK. It'll be fine.

Commotion and voices outside the office. Corporate Wade notices.

The boardroom doors BURST open. Federal agents pour in followed by the Sliders.

Other agents outside escort employees away from their desks. Agent Carver looks at Logan.

AGENT CARVER
(to Quinn)
Is that her?

QUINN
Yes.

LOGAN
What the hell is this?

Agent Carver holds up his ID.

AGENT CARVER
Agent Carver, FBI.

Carver gestures to another agent

AGENT CARVER (CONT'D)
This is Agent Bennings, IRS.

CORPORATE WADE
Do you have a warrant?

Agent Carver tosses it across the table at Corporate Wade.

AGENT CARVER
Wade Welles, Logan St. Claire, you're under arrest for racketeering, money laundering and conspiracy to commit fraud.

QUINN
(to Logan, satisfied grin)
Everything you planned is over.

Holiday smiles.

AGENT CARVER
(to Agents)
Arrest them.

LOGAN
Like hell.

Logan quickly pulls out her timer, activates a VORTEX, forcing the Federal agents back.

She grabs Corporate Wade's hand and they jump through. The vortex SNAPS shut.

The Federal agents look at each other puzzled. Quinn and the others look on, expecting that outcome.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS WORLDS

Across MULTIPLE WORLDS--a futuristic metropolis, a steampunk city, a jungle utopia--AUTHORITIES apprehend TECHIES, their handheld computers flashing Lateral Kinetics' plans.

News reports hail "anonymous heroes" who exposed the conspiracy, the Sliders' legacy spreading.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Sliders celebrate quietly in their hotel room, the timer ticking down to hours.

HOLIDAY
I want to thank all of you for saving my company, my career.
(to Rembrandt)
Especially you.

Holiday sincerely looks Rembrandt in the eyes.

HOLIDAY (CONT'D)
Even though you're not actually my father, I'd like to think you are.

Rembrandt chokes up, hugs Holiday.

REMBRANDT
You're the son I never had.

Wade wipes tears, Quinn and Arturo smile.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
This calls for a celebration. Let's go see what this world's night life is like before we slide.
(to Quinn, Wade)
Q-Ball, Wade?

QUINN
Thanks but I have to catch up on my rest.

WADE
Me too Rembrandt. Maybe the Professor would like to go?

ARTURO
As long as I'm not a third wheel, I could indulge in this world's irrational exuberance.

HOLIDAY
(to Rembrandt, Arturo)
I know this great place. Ladies like you wouldn't believe.

HOLIDAY, ARTURO and REMBRANDT head out the door.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Don't wait up, Q-Ball.

QUINN
I won't. Have fun.

The door shuts. Quinn and Wade exchange a glance.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Alone, QUINN and WADE slip into bed, the scene mirroring the opening but intimate, authentic.

Wade lies sideways, head on Quinn's chest, sheets pulled high, their connection palpable.

WADE
(soft)
Quinn, no matter where we slide, it's like… we were always meant to be together.

QUINN
(smiling)
Always, Wade. And we've got hours before the Professor and Remmy come back.

They KISS, embracing, rolling away in a tangle of sheets, the camera fading to a warm, hopeful glow.

FADE OUT

EPISODE 12
"Inner Demons"

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A VORTEX CRACKLES open, spitting QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, WADE WELLES, and REMBRANDT BROWN onto a gritty urban street on a seemingly normal Earth, circa 2026.

The TARTARIAN FREE ENERGY EXTRACTOR keeps their timer charged -- 36 hours until the next slide.

Within moments, MEN IN MILITARY FATIGUES with red armbands (white circle, black "R" insignia) charge forward, scanners and rifles raised.

QUINN
(yelling)
Run! Split up!

The team scatters. Quinn and Rembrandt dive into an alley.

Arturo's age slows him and Wade. Military forces quickly corner them. Scanners beep.

A GUARD yanks the KROMAGG TRACKER from Arturo's pocket.

GUARD
(cold)
Possession of Kromagg technology. Treason -- punishable by death.

ARTURO
(defiant)
By whose authority? Explain this outrage!

They are shoved into a black van.

From behind a dumpster, Quinn and Rembrandt watch helplessly as it speeds away.

QUINN
(grim)
We'll get them back, Remmy. But we need a plan--

Quinn stops, jaw dropping. He taps Rembrandt.

Rembrandt turns -- his face twists in horror.

REMBRANDT
(whispering)
Oh my God… what have I become?

A towering BILLBOARD shows this world's Rembrandt in full fascist uniform, Hitler-esque, with the slogan: "ONE PEOPLE, ONE WORLD, ONE LEADER."

BEGIN CREDITS

EXT. CITY ALLEY - DAY

Quinn and Rembrandt sprint down a narrow alley, breathing hard, still fleeing fascist patrols. Bootsteps and authoritarian shouts echo behind them.

REMBRANDT
(panting)
How many of these goons are there?

QUINN
Too many. Keep moving!

They round a corner -- and slam into a dead end. A high wall blocks their path. Fascist guards appear at the mouth of the alley, weapons raised, red armbands prominent.

FASCIST GUARD
(booming)
On your knees, traitors! In the name of the Supreme Leader!

Quinn and Rembrandt raise their hands, backs against the wall.

Suddenly -- WHISTLES and rapid footsteps. A RESISTANCE GROUP (mix of regular citizens and dissident officers) ambushes the guards from rooftops and side alleys. Gunfire and hand-to-hand combat erupt.

The lead fighter, CAPTAIN LARA (female, mid-30s, tough, no-nonsense, with a scar across one cheek), drops from a fire escape and takes down two guards in quick succession.

CAPTAIN LARA
(yelling to her team)
Move! Get them out of here!

Two resistance fighters grab Quinn and Rembrandt, hustling them toward a hidden doorway while the rest cover their escape.

As they run, Captain Lara gets her first good look at Rembrandt. She freezes for a split second, eyes wide with shock.

CAPTAIN LARA (CONT'D)
(stunned)
You look exactly like him…

REMBRANDT
(over his shoulder, running)
Like who?

CAPTAIN LARA
(quickly recovering, firing)
No time -- run!

They disappear into the hidden safehouse entrance as the alley battle rages behind them.

EXT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The imposing building is draped in red flags bearing the black "R" insignia.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

FASCIST REMBRANDT (charismatic yet chilling, in a tailored black uniform) sits at the head of the table, surrounded by officers.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT (mid-50s, rigid) stands before a large screen.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
The Reduction Program is proceeding perfectly, Your Excellency. Abomination numbers have dropped dramatically.

Images of grim detention camps appear.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
After deactivation, remains are processed to generate power.

Incinerators feeding generators flash on screen.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Plausible deniability is preserved.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(cold, satisfied)
The people only need to know I protected them... and purged this world of Kromaggots.

The screen switches to footage of Kromaggs vanishing into thin air.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
Fortunately, all full-blooded Kromaggs disappeared weeks ago leaving only the hybrids. Propaganda has contained the rumors.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(leaning forward)
Then we owe thanks to whoever was responsible. Could have been something out of this world.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
Speaking of that, I have a report on this morning's arrests.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Proceed.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
Two individuals -- an elderly man and a woman -- were detained for Kromagg technology. Neither appears in our databases. Possible off-worlders.

Photos of Arturo and Wade appear.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Spies?

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
Or collaborators. Two more were seen with them. They may have inside help.

Surveillance footage of Quinn and Rembrandt plays.

Fascist Rembrandt gazes at his doppelganger.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
He looks just like me.
(pause)
Have the prisoners confessed?

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
Interrogations continue, but they're not talking.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(ice cold)
Press harder. Any threat will be eliminated. Understood?

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
Yes, sir.

Fascist Rembrandt stands. Officers snap to attention.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Dismissed.

As they file out, Fascist Rembrandt enters his private office.

INT. FASCIST REMBRANDT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is ornate, filled with regime flags and regalia.

A confiscated Kromagg sliding rig sits in the corner.

He picks up a framed portrait -- himself in happier times with his wife and young son.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(soft, pained, to himself)
They'll all pay for what they did to you. I promise.

INT. PRISON FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Arturo and Wade are bound. A brutal GUARD shakes Arturo.

GUARD
(snarling)
Give us the Kromagg intel or you're done!

WADE
(lunging)
Don't touch him!

She strikes the guard.

The guard smacks her hard. She falls. Arturo steadies her.

The Guard grabs Wade by the arm.

GUARD
Now you're going to get it.

ARTURO
Unhand her, you insolent brute!

Arturo protects Wade with his body as the Guard winds up for another blow.

MAJOR KELLER (higher-ranking, conflicted) intervenes.

MAJOR KELLER
Back off! They're no use if they can't talk.

GUARD
They have information!

MAJOR KELLER
Leave now! Or you'll be arrested for disobeying a superior officer!

The guard storms out, looks back at Wade.

GUARD
(to Wade)
I going to have fun with you bitch!

Wade glares at the Guard as he leaves.

Major Keller glances at them with a look of possible dissent. He steps out.

Arturo comforts Wade. She shakes with anger, fear.

ARTURO
It's all right, my dear. Mr. Mallory and Mr. Brown will find us.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY

Captain Lara briefs Quinn and Rembrandt.

CAPTAIN LARA
The two of you are obviously not from this world.

QUINN
We get that a lot.

CAPTAIN LARA
It's clear your presence is a threat to the Leader.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN LARA (CONT'D)
We need all the allies we can get.

REMBRANDT
Because of my double? How did all of this happen?

CAPTAIN LARA
The Supreme Leader, the other you, led the resistance movement against the Kromaggs to avenge his wife and son.

She plays footage of humans fighting Kromaggs in battle. A soldier raises the red flag with the "R" insignia.

CAPTAIN LARA (CONT'D)
After a years long brutal conflict we won. In the aftermath he became the leader. From that moment on he became obsessed with purging the world of Kromaggs.

Footage of Fascist Rembrandt's Hitler-esque speech plays.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(filtered, on screen)
My struggle against the Kromagg filth infiltrating our society continues. As your leader, I vow to eliminate this poisonous presence from our world once and for all.

Rembrant's unbelieving eyes are drawn to his doppelganger like a magnet.

FASCIST REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(filtered, on screen)
Kromaggots, who thought they were protected with their surveillance technology and insidious subversion, will never be safe from our swift vengeance ever again! Every piece of their filth race will eradicated with extreme prejudice! We are one against their existence! One People! One World! One Leader!

Fascist Rembrandt raises his right arm straight up, making a fist.

FASCIST REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(filtered, on screen, wide eyed)
Hail Humanity! HAIL! HAIL HAIL!

The crowd on the screen goes crazy, making their own fists, shouting "Hail! Hail! Hail!" like a Nuremberg rally.

Rembrant's jaw drops, his face quivering.

CAPTAIN LARA
Remaining Kromaggs and hybrids were rounded up and sent to Reduction Facilities for deactivation.

The screen shows starving Kromaggs and hybrids in rags behind barbed wire.

QUINN
(horrified)
Concentration camps.

Rembrandt looks nauseated, gripping the table, tears forming.

REMBRANDT
(sickened)
That's not me… but it's my face. My voice. I hated the Mags for what they did, but not like this.

QUINN
(steadying him)
Easy, Remmy.

Rembrandt nods weakly, but his eyes dart to a bottle of cheap liquor on a nearby shelf -- left behind by one of the resistance fighters.

Something in him snaps. He lunges for it, unscrewing the cap with shaking hands.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(urgent, stepping forward)
Remmy, don't--

Rembrandt shoves him back hard. Quinn stumbles but stays on his feet.

REMBRANDT
(voice raw)
Back off, Q-Ball!

He brings the bottle to his lips and takes a long swig.

For a moment, relief flickers across his face -- then disgust. He spits the liquor out violently, coughing.

With a roar of self-loathing, Rembrandt hurls the bottle against the wall.

It SHATTERS, liquor splashing everywhere.

Rembrandt slumps to the floor, back against the wall, breaking down into heavy, gut-wrenching sobs. His whole body shakes.

Quinn kneels beside him immediately, pulling him into a tight embrace.

QUINN
(soft, firm)
I'm not gonna watch my friend destroy himself. Not again. We've lost too much already.

Rembrandt clings to him, still sobbing.

REMBRANDT
(through tears, broken)
I'm sorry, man… I'm so sorry… I just… seeing that face… what I could become…

QUINN
(holding him steady)
You're not him. You never will be. We've got you, Remmy. All of us.

Rembrandt nods slowly, the storm easing slightly as he leans on his friend.

Captain Lara looks on, empathetic.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - EVENING

Captain Lara continues her briefing.

Rembrandt recovered from his breakdown continues watching, attentive.

CAPTAIN LARA
A few weeks ago, all full blooded Kromaggs mysteriously disappeared. With them gone, the Leader shifted his focus to the hybrids.

Footage of Kromagg/Human hybrids being rounded up, loaded in trucks.

QUINN
The hybrids must have been trapped here during the Partition. Your Leader's "purifying" his world.

CAPTAIN LARA
He's gone mad -- mass exterminations, even of his own dissenters. Help us end this.

QUINN
You need a plan.

CAPTAIN LARA
We have one. Cut off communications, arrest his inner circle, incapacitate his guards then capture him.

QUINN
Operation Valkyrie.

CAPTAIN LARA
What's that?

QUINN
A similar plan on our world, decades ago.

REMBRANDT
Was that when they tried to take out Hitler?

QUINN
Yeah. Didn't work on our world but with our help, we'll make it work here.

CAPTAIN LARA
When we get to the Leader, he won't go down without a fight.

REMBRANDT
(steeling himself)
I'll face him. Gotta make this right.

CAPTAIN LARA
We'll launch our plan tomorrow.

Rembrandt looks at the smashed liquor bottle on the floor..

REMBRANDT
(to Quinn)
He'll never break me.

INT. DETENTION FACILITY - CELL - DAY

Wade and Arturo sit in a grim cell, exhausted after a rough night.

Wade leans against the wall, half-dozing.

Arturo stares ahead, deep in thought.

A loud CLANK of metal doors echoes.

They jolt awake.

FASCIST REMBRANDT enters, flanked by MAJOR KELLER and guards. He's imposing in his black uniform.

The guards snap to attention and salute.

Fascist Rembrandt returns the salute crisply.

WADE
(quietly, to Arturo)
Remmy?

ARTURO
(guarded)
Could be him. Could be a double.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(to Major Keller and guards)
Wait outside. I wish to speak to the prisoners alone.

MAJOR KELLER
Yes, Excellency.

Keller motions the guards out. The door clangs shut behind them.

Fascist Rembrandt approaches the bars, studying them coldly.

WADE
(trying for lightness)
Is that you, Rembrandt? Nice uniform. Must've been hard to steal.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(cold, authoritative)
That's Excellency to you.

Wade's smile fades. Arturo steps forward protectively.

ARTURO
I'll handle this, Ms. Welles.
(to Fascist Rembrandt)
I presume you are the leader of this world?

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Protector of the people from Kromagg filth.

ARTURO
Then why are we being held? We've done nothing wrong.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Possession of Kromagg technology is treason. All such threats must be eliminated.

WADE
That's insane.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
It's prudent. Liberties must be suspended for survival. Every threat -- no matter how small -- must be purged.

WADE
(anger rising)
Where I'm from, that's called tyranny.

ARTURO
Ms. Welles...

WADE
No, Professor. People shouldn't just stand by while a tyrant rules over them.

Fascist Rembrandt's face darkens. He grips the bars tightly.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(seething)
Tyrants? Let me tell you about tyrants.
(voice cracking with pain)
Imagine Kromagg filth invading your mind... making you believe your family is dead... then showing them to you alive while they perform their experiments. My wife... her brain fried by their probes. My son...

He chokes up, then explodes with rage.

FASCIST REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(shaking, slamming his fist against the bars)
They extracted my son's eyes right in front of me! His screams... and I couldn't do a damn thing!

A heavy silence falls. Fascist Rembrandt composes himself, eyes burning.

FASCIST REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
From that day forward, I vowed to wipe every last one of them from existence. And collaborators like you -- carrying their technology, sliding in from other worlds -- are just as dangerous. I know about your companions... including the one who looks like me.

ARTURO
(soft, empathetic)
If you share anything with our Mr. Brown, who also suffered terribly at the hands of the Kromaggs, then you know there must be a path to peace.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(cold, final)
The only peace I want is total elimination. Your execution will come soon enough... once my guards extract everything they need.

He storms out. The door clangs shut behind him.

Wade and Arturo exchange worried glances.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - EVENING

Quinn rigs a communication jammer using Kromagg tracker parts.

Rembrandt checks a rifle, loads it. His hand trembles. Quinn notices.

QUINN
Doing OK Rembrandt?

REMBRANDT
Just jitters. Like before a concert.

Captain Lara enters the room.

CAPTAIN LARA
Your friends are in a nearby prison.

QUINN
Our first stop is breaking them out.

CAPTAIN LARA
We have someone on the inside who can help.

REMBRANDT
Hope Wade and the Professor are all right.

CAPTAIN LARA
They don't have long. The Leader has ordered their torture and execution.

QUINN
Then we move now.

EXT. PRISON FACILITY - NIGHT

The resistance, alongside Quinn, Rembrandt, and Captain Lara, storms the facility in a chaotic assault.

Gunfire erupts -- a fierce firefight.

Guards and resistance fighters are hit in the crossfire as the team pushes forward.

Quinn, Rembrandt, and Captain Lara fight their way inside.

INT. PRISON FACILITY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rembrandt punches out a guard.

Quinn drop-kicks another guard down a flight of stairs.

Captain Lara returns fire at fleeing guards who are shooting wildly.

INT. PRISON CELL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The GUARD who previously interrogated Wade and Arturo draws his weapon as he hears the commotion.

GUARD
Their rescue won't succeed.

He approaches the cell, gun raised at Wade and Arturo.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Say goodnight.

Wade's hands begin to glow with psychokinetic energy -- but before she can act, MAJOR KELLER steps from around the corner and presses a gun to the Guard's head.

MAJOR KELLER
Drop it.

The Guard complies.

Quinn, Rembrandt, and Captain Lara burst in.

Resistance members raise their weapons at Keller.

CAPTAIN LARA
It's okay. He's with us.

They lower their guns.

Quinn opens the cell door.

WADE
(hugging Quinn tightly)
Quinn!

ARTURO
(patting Quinn's back, relieved)
We knew you'd come through, Mr. Mallory.

Rembrandt hugs Wade as they exit the cell area.

INT. GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

REMBRANDT
(to Wade, concerned)
Did they hurt you?

Wade approaches the Guard, still held by Major Keller.

WADE
Not as much as this.

She knees the Guard hard in the groin. He collapses, groaning in pain.

ARTURO
(embracing her, proud)
You're stronger than they'll ever know, my dear.

QUINN
(to Wade, half-smiling)
Remind me not to get on your bad side.
(to the group)
Let's go take care of Rembrandt's double.

EXT. FASCIST REMBRANDT'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The coup rages.

Communications are cut, loyalists arrested.

INT. FASCIST REMBRANDT'S HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Fascist Rembrandt panics and grabs a Kromagg sliding device.

COLONEL CARTWRIGHT
Go Excellency! I'll hold them off.

Fascist Rembrandt runs to his office

The Sliders and resistance burst into the conference room.

Colonel Cartwright pulls a gun, FIRES at them.

Quinn and the others duck as Major Keller shoots Cartwright, wounding him.

Cartwright grabs his gun, tries to put it to his head. Major Keller kicks it away.

MAJOR KELLER
You're not getting off that easy.

Cartwright groans.

QUINN
(to Cartwright)
Where is he?

A FLASH emanates underneath the door of Fascist Rembrandt's office.

CAPTAIN LARA
In there!

INT. FASCIST REMBRANDT'S OFFICE

The door BURSTS open.

Fascist Rembrandt is about to jump into a vortex.

QUINN
It's over! Stand down!

Fascist Rembrandt tries to leap for it, but Wade unleashes a PSYCHOKINETIC PULSE, slamming a desk into him and shattering the Kromagg sliding rig.

The vortex collapses.

Fascist Rembrandt faceplants to the floor.

Guards cuff him, pick him up.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(screaming at Rembrandt)
You ruined this world! Abominations will take over! They killed my family! They'll kill yours!

Rembrandt, eyes wet with anguish, punches him hard, knocking him out.

REMBRANDT
(to his unconscious double)
That's for shaming my face.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAWN

The coup succeeds. Captain Lara removes her red armband and tosses it away. Others follow in symbolic rejection.

CAPTAIN LARA
You gave us our world back. We'll rebuild -- fairly.

QUINN
Protect the hybrids. They're as human as you.

The Sliders activate their vortex and leap through.

INT. TRIAL CHAMBER - MONTHS LATER (FLASH FORWARD)

A Nuremberg-style trial.

Fascist Rembrandt stands defiant, facing crimes against humanity and Kromaggs.

In the witness section, LOGAN ST. CLAIRE and CORPORATE WADE sit watching -- expressions unreadable.

A chilling tease.

FADE OUT.

EPISODE 13
"There's An Old Sheriff In Town"

FADE IN

INT. TRIAL CHAMBER - DAY

TELEVISION FOOTAGE broadcasts footage of the sentencing of FASCIST REMBRANDT BROWN.

A NEWS ANCHOR, somber, addresses the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR
(filtered, on TV)
Former Leader Rembrandt Brown, sentenced to death by hanging for crimes against humanity and Kromaggs, is scheduled to be executed tonight. The world will watch as justice is served.

INT. PRISON - EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

FASCIST REMBRANDT, shackled, is marched from his cell to a stark EXECUTION CHAMBER.

A GALLOWS looms, surrounded by TV CAMERAS broadcasting live.

WITNESSES, including CAPTAIN LARA from the resistance, sit in tense silence.

Guards escort Fascist Rembrandt to the platform, the rope ready.

GUARD
(cold)
Any last words?

FASCIST REMBRANDT, defiant, glares at the cameras as he's marched up a set of steps.

He is placed over the trapdoor.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(ominous)
This isn't over.

A BLACK BAG is placed over his head, the ROPE secured.

The guards step back, signaling a MASKED EXECUTIONER.

As the lever is pulled, the TRAPDOOR OPENS--but a LASER BLAST from a KROMAGG WEAPON slices the rope, dropping Fascist Rembrandt to the floor, alive.

CHAOS ERUPTS

ARMED INDIVIDUALS storm the chamber, firing KROMAGG LASERS, scattering witnesses.

Among them are LOGAN ST. CLAIRE, her faulty timer sparking, and CORPORATE WADE, steely and precise.

They grab Fascist Rembrandt, remove the hood and rope.

Logan activates the VORTEX. It crackles open and she and Corporate Wade drag Fascist Rembrandt through it.

The assault team follows and the vortex SLAMS shut, leaving the chamber in stunned silence.

CAPTAIN LARA
(bewildered)
Who… what was that?

INT. VORTEX - POV

The camera races through a swirling VORTEX, chaotic and unstable, before emerging into a DIMLY LIT ROOM on an UNKNOWN WORLD.

INT. LABORATORY - UNKNOWN WORLD - CONTINUOUS

LOGAN, CORPORATE WADE, FASCIST REMBRANDT, and the ASSAULT TEAM land, weapons ready.

Fascist Rembrandt, disoriented, rips free, furious.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(snarling)
What the hell is going on? Who are you people?

A FAMILIAR VOICE, cold and commanding, echoes from the shadows.

VOICE
(calm)
We both commanded millions, ruled worlds… until four interlopers from another universe tore it all down.

MAXIMILIAN ARTURO steps into the light--not the Professor, but a ruthless doppelgänger, clad in a dark, authoritarian uniform, his eyes gleaming with malice.

This is SHERIFF MAXIMILIAN ARTURO, the former tyrant of San Francisco from a past world. Fascist Rembrandt lunges, but Logan and Corporate Wade restrain him.

LOGAN
(sharp)
Easy, Rembrandt. He's not the Arturo you met. Meet Maximilian Arturo--ex-Sheriff of San Francisco.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(smirking)
Welcome to the resistance against the Sliders--Quinn Mallory, Wade Welles, Rembrandt Brown, and that insufferable Professor. They've meddled enough in our affairs.

CORPORATE WADE
(icy)
We're the Anti-Sliders. And we'll burn their worlds to ash.

Fascist Rembrandt, intrigued, nods, his hatred aligning with their cause.

The camera pans to a TABLEAU of KROMAGG TECH and SLIDING DEVICES, pulsing with chaotic energy, as the Anti-Sliders plot their next move.

BEGIN CREDITS.

EXT. SPA WORLD - LUXURY RESORT - DAY

A VORTEX deposits QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, WADE WELLES, and REMBRANDT BROWN at a gleaming RESORT on SPA WORLD, a utopian Earth where the GOVERNMENT funds all resorts and spas, believing a relaxed society is productive.

Lush pools, massage pavilions, and smiling STAFF create an idyllic haven.

The TARTARIAN FREE ENERGY EXTRACTOR powers their TIMER, showing 72 hours until the next slide.

WADE
(psychic senses calm)
This place feels… safe. No Logan, no fascists.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Free vacation? Cryin' Man's in paradise!

ARTURO
(approving)
A society prioritizing well-being is rare. Let's indulge, but stay vigilant.

QUINN
(to team)
Agreed. We've earned this.

INT. COUPLES MASSAGE PAVILION - DAY

Quinn and Wade lie side-by-side on massage tables, soft music and the sound of gentle water features in the background. Masseuses work on them.

WADE
(relaxed, eyes closed)
After everything… this feels like heaven.

QUINN
(smiling, reaching over to take her hand)
We've fought through so many worlds. It's nice to finally just… be. Together.

Wade squeezes his hand, content.

INT. HOT STONE TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Rembrandt lies face-down as a therapist places smooth, heated stones along his back. He lets out a deep, satisfied groan.

REMBRANDT
(mumbling into the table)
Man… if every world had this, I might never slide again.

The therapist smiles and adjusts another stone. Rembrandt sighs contentedly.

INT. ANTI-SLIDERS' BASE - UNKNOWN WORLD - DAY

In a shadowy COMMAND CENTER filled with KROMAGG TECH, SHERIFF MAXIMILIAN ARTURO addresses the ANTI-SLIDERS: LOGAN ST. CLAIRE, CORPORATE WADE, and FASCIST REMBRANDT.

Monitors display worlds targeted for infiltration.

SHERIFF ARTURO
The worlds on this map will be our goals for conquest.

LOGAN
We had a plan like this.

CORPORATE WADE
Until Quinn Mallory ruined it.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
With the Kromagg sliding tech on my world we were also planning for this eventuality.

SHERIFF ARTURO
Great minds do think alike
(calculating)
But your approaches--extremism, greed--were crude. Rembrandt, your purges invited rebellion. Logan, Wade, your corporate plundering was too overt.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
I ruled millions, they had corporations. We had it all.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(sharp)
And lost it. My plan on the other hand is subtle: a covert network of operatives across worlds--economics, politics, entertainment, news. Shape mass consciousness. Blackmail elites, control education, form secret societies. A silent weapon for a quiet war.

CORPORATE WADE
(impressed)
Rule without ruling. Brilliant.

LOGAN
(smirking)
And the Sliders? They're lounging on Spa World, clueless. Time to spring the trap.

Sheriff Arturo nods, activating a HOLOGRAPHIC MAP pinpointing the Sliders' location.

INT. POOLSIDE LOUNGE - DAY

Arturo sits in a comfortable lounge chair by the sparkling pool, sipping a colorful cocktail. He reads a book titled "The Economics of Relaxation: How a Rested Society Thrives."

Quinn, Wade, and Rembrandt return from their treatments, looking completely relaxed and refreshed. They settle into beach chairs beside him.

QUINN
(sighing contentedly as he sits)
That couples massage was incredible.

WADE
(leaning back, eyes closed, smiling)
I feel like a new person. We should slide to places like this more often.

REMBRANDT
(stretching luxuriously)
Hot stone treatment? Best thing I've felt in years. My back hasn't been this loose since… well, ever.

ARTURO
(chuckling, closing his book)
This world has the right idea. Listen to this -- according to their economic studies, the government tailors relaxation schedules to individual physiology to maximize health and efficiency. Rest is treated as a strategic investment. As a result, their Gross National Product has skyrocketed while inflation has dropped to zero.

QUINN
(impressed)
A society that actually values downtime? That's revolutionary.

WADE
(smiling)
No wonder everyone here seems so happy and productive. They're not burned out.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Sign me up for this world permanently. Free massages, no stress, and the economy still booms? Cryin' Man could get used to this.

ARTURO
(nodding thoughtfully)
It proves a point I've long argued -- true productivity comes from balance, not endless toil. A rested mind achieves more than an exhausted one.

The four of them sit together in peaceful silence for a moment, enjoying the sun, the gentle sound of the pool, and a rare sense of calm.

QUINN
(softly)
After everything we've been through… it's nice to just breathe for once.

INT. SPA WORLD - LUXURY RESORT SUITE - EVENING

The Sliders relax in their spacious suite after a day of pampering.

Rembrant carries a gym bag.

REMBRANDT
I'm going to the gym to shoot a few hoops.
(to Quinn)
Q-Ball?

QUINN
(puts his arm around Wade)
We're going to spend some quality time here.

REMBRANT
(smiling)
I knew you two would find each other.

Rembrandt leaves, happy, nonchalant.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rembrant approaches Arturo, who's heading back to the suite.

REMBRANDT
Going back to the suite?

ARTURO
Yes, I forgot a towel for the steamroom. It has a particular texture I like.

REMBRANT
I got a couple of spares in my bag.
(leans in, grinning)
Besides, those two love birds want some time alone.

ARTURO
(smiling)
Mr. Mallory and Ms. Welles are getting their second chance. A very rare thing on our journey. Let's not interrupt them.

Arturo turns with Rembrandt as they walk down the hall.

INT. SPA WORLD - LUXURY RESORT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Quinn and Wade share a quiet moment on the balcony overlooking the glowing resort lights.

WADE
(soft, content)
After everything we've been through… it feels good to just be for a while.

QUINN
(smiling)
We've earned it.

WADE
I'm going to take a shower.
(seductively)
Bring the soap.

Quinn picks up an ice bucket.

QUINN
(grinning)
I'll be back in a second. Need more ice for the champagne.

Wade saunters to the bathroom, content.

WADE
Hurry, before I get cold.

Quinn hurriedly exits and heads down the hall to the ice machine.

INT. SUITE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wade steps into the steamy shower, letting the hot water run over her.
A figure slips in behind her --

CORPORATE WADE, nude, moving silently. Wade assumes it's Quinn and smiles.

WADE
(eyes closed, playful)
Quinn… you're late.

Corporate Wade presses a needle into Wade's neck from behind. Wade's eyes widen in shock as she slumps.

LOGAN opens the shower door, admiring both Wades in the buff, eyebrow raised with arousal.

LOGAN
Imagine what I could do with two of you.

CORPORATE WADE
(lifting the unconscious Wade)
Later. Help me get her out before we're caught.

INT. SUITE BEDROOM - LATER

Quinn and Corporate Wade (posing as Wade) lie together in the bedroom, nude under sheets, overlooking the glowing resort lights.

Corporate Wade is subtly uneasy with the intimacy but tries to mirror Wade's warmth.

QUINN
(soft, sincere)
After Tartaria… everything we've been through. I'm glad we finally stopped dancing around it. No more almosts. No more sliding away from what we feel.

CORPORATE WADE
(forced smile, a little stiff)
Me too.

QUINN
(smiling, taking her hand)
That night we were first together… it felt right. Like we were always supposed to end up here. I've been thinking about what comes next -- after we find a way home. Maybe settling down somewhere quiet. A normal life. With you.

Corporate Wade shifts uncomfortably, clearly unsettled by the genuine affection and the idea of a heterosexual relationship. She forces a small laugh.

CORPORATE WADE
(trying to sound like Wade)
A normal life? After all this sliding? That sounds… nice.

QUINN
(noticeably)
You okay? You seem a little distant tonight.

CORPORATE WADE
(quickly recovering)
Just tired. All the massages must have gone to my head.

She leans in and deeply kisses him -- a calculated move, but Quinn senses something is off as they roll in the sheets.

INT. SPA LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Rembrandt changes in the luxurious locker room, humming to himself.

FASCIST REMBRANDT steps out from behind a row of lockers.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Hey, everyone's got a twin, right?

Fascist Rembrandt punches him hard. Rembrandt collapses.

LOGAN and two assault team members drag the unconscious Rembrandt away.

FASCIST REMBRANDT straightens his clothes and steps out, now posing as Rembrandt.

INT. SUITE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Quinn and Fascist Rembrandt (posing as Rembrandt) sit with drinks, the resort coming to life. Fascist Rembrandt is visibly uncomfortable but tries to play the part.

QUINN
(earnest)
On that fascist world… I meant what I said. You don't have to carry that weight alone. The drinking, the guilt, the things you saw -- we're family. We've been through hell together. I've got your back, Remmy. Always.

Fascist Rembrandt shifts, clearly unsettled by the genuine care and the reminder of his own darker self.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(forced, awkward)
Yeah… thanks, Quinn. Means a lot.

QUINN
Q-Ball.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Oh yeah, right.

QUINN
(smiling)
Remember what I told you back in the dungeon? You're more than your mistakes. You're the guy who poured out that wine. The guy who keeps fighting. That's the Rembrandt I know.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(misquoting, uncomfortable)
Yeah… "We've got a joust to win." Something like that.

Quinn frowns slightly, puzzled.

QUINN
You okay? You seem a little off.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(quickly)
Just worn out from all the sliding.
You know how it is.

Quinn studies him for a beat, a flicker of doubt crossing his face, but he lets it go for now.

INT. SPA GARDEN - EVENING

Arturo walks alone through the beautifully lit garden, admiring the glowing fountains and exotic plants. He sips a cocktail, looking more relaxed than he has in years.

ARTURO
(quietly, to himself)
A society that values well-being over conquest… a rare find indeed.

From the shadows, SHERIFF MAXIMILIAN ARTURO steps out, dressed in a dark, authoritarian uniform. He approaches with measured steps.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(cold, commanding)
Professor.

The real Arturo turns, startled. Sheriff Arturo presses a gun discreetly into his side.

ARTURO
(eyes widening in recognition)
You…

SHERIFF ARTURO
(smirking)
A version of you. One who understands power. One who doesn't waste time with lectures and lost causes.

ARTURO
(defiant but calm)
What do you want?

SHERIFF ARTURO
Your place. Your team trusts you. They'll follow you right into our trap.

He nods to hidden ASSAULT TEAM MEMBERS who emerge from the shadows.

SHERIFF ARTURO (CONT'D)
Come quietly. We have much to discuss… Professor.

The real Arturo is quickly subdued and dragged away into the darkness as Sheriff Arturo changes into matching clothes, adjusting his demeanor to match the kindly professor.

SHERIFF ARTURO (CONT'D)
(under his breath, cold smile)
Let the games begin.

INT. SUITE DINING AREA - NIGHT

The "Sliders" -- now Corporate Wade, Fascist Rembrandt, and Sheriff Arturo posing as the team -- sit with Quinn at a lavish dinner.

A TV plays a cheerful EXERCISE GAME SHOW in the background, its upbeat music filling the room.

Quinn grows increasingly uneasy, picking at his food.

QUINN
(to "Wade")
You've been quiet tonight.

CORPORATE WADE
(forced smile)
Just tired.

QUINN
After all the relaxation today?
(concerned)
You're not ill or anything, are you?

CORPORATE WADE
(firm)
I'm fine.

QUINN
You sure?

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Come on, Q-man. Give the girl a break.

QUINN
(stiffening)
Q-man? It's always been Q-Ball. You've called me that for years.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(quickly)
Sorry. Q-Ball. Slip of the tongue.

QUINN
(eyes narrowing)
No. Something's not right here.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(calm, manipulative)
Quinn, you're just being paranoid.

QUINN
Am I? The other Arturo -- before we lost him -- called me Quinn. You've always called me Mr. Mallory on this trip.
(voice rising)
You guys… you're acting strange.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(smiling thinly)
Mr. Mallory, you're clearly having the early signs of a psychological breakdown. After everything we've been through, it's understandable. As the great German psychiatrist Sigmund Freud once said...

QUINN
German? He was Austrian.

Quinn looks at them like they're strangers, the realization hitting hard.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(quiet)
You're not them.

Fascist Rembrandt reaches over and puts a hand on Quinn's shoulder in a familiar, brotherly gesture.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(soft, unsettling smile)
Who else would we be?

The hand feels alien -- too heavy, too cold, wrong. Quinn's skin crawls. He knocks the hand away sharply.

QUINN
(voice rising, horrified)
What the hell is going on here? Who are you people?

Sheriff Arturo nods quickly to Corporate Wade. She suddenly JABS Quinn in the neck with a hypodermic needle.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(eyes widening)
What the--?

Quinn gets woozy. He tries to stand but collapses to the floor, unconscious.

Logan steps into the room from the balcony, smirking.

LOGAN
That was easy.

INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM - UNKNOWN LOCATION - LATER

Quinn wakes, groggy, tied to a chair. Beside him are the real WADE, REMBRANDT, and ARTURO, also bound and looking battered.

QUINN
(weak)
What… happened?

REMBRANDT
(grim, sore)
A right hook to the jaw. Still ringing.

WADE
(tearful)
They replaced us.

QUINN
(processing)
Who?

ARTURO
An old foe and his companions.

The ANTI-SLIDERS step into the light -- SHERIFF ARTURO, CORPORATE WADE, FASCIST REMBRANDT, and LOGAN -- watching with cold satisfaction.

QUINN
(recognizing)
Another Professor.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(correcting, cold)
Wrong, Mr.Mallory.A Sheriff.
(MORE)

SHERIFF ARTURO (CONT'D)
I proudly served the crown and governed San Francisco for His Majesty.

REMBRANDT
Yeah, I remember that world. Ruled with an iron fist, had a TV show, propagandized everyone with that book…

SHERIFF ARTURO
…Everything I Say Is Right.

WADE
We brought democracy to those people.

SHERIFF ARTURO
Chaos, more like it. The revolution was subdued, but I was blamed. Spent time in prison until…
(gestures to Logan)
Ms. St. Claire discovered my wretched state and freed me.

QUINN
Should have let you rot.

SHERIFF ARTURO
I had a different destiny.
(cold, menacing)
The four of you have been our ruin for years -- toppling our worlds, disrupting our plans. Now, we end you.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
(furious)
Kill them! Let me gut them!

SHERIFF ARTURO
(calming him)
Patience, Rembrandt. I have something worse than death.

He motions to GUARDS, who drag the Sliders to an adjacent room.

INT. PARTITION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The Sliders are shoved into a containment area surrounded by PARTITION TECHNOLOGY -- Kromagg-inspired devices pulsing with ominous quantum energy.

Quinn and Arturo recognize the tech immediately, eyes widening in horror.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(smirking, holding their timer)
You've all been injected with Kromagg DNA -- quantum-encoded nanoparticles. You're not just sliding… you're being partitioned. To a fate worse than hell. With you gone, we'll conquer the human multiverse.

QUINN
(defiant)
We'll stop you. One way or another.

Sheriff Arturo motions to technicians at the controls. The partition technology lights up.

WADE
(afraid, psychic energy flaring)
I… I feel it. It's tearing us apart!

REMBRANDT
(trying to stay strong)
Be brave, girl.

ARTURO
(quiet resignation)
It appears we've met our end.
(to the others)
Goodbye, my friends. May whatever awaits us be better than this.

QUINN
At least we go out together.

Wade's hands glow with psychokinetic energy as she fights the tech.

WADE
(to Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt)
I love you all!

Sheriff Arturo smugly presses the final button.

A VORTEX ROARS open -- chaotic and unstable.

WADE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
NOOOOOOOOOO!

The four are violently sucked in with a blinding FLASH.

INT. VORTEX - POV SHOT

The Sliders tumble through the tunnel, viciously bounced around.

From WADE'S POV, the vortex SPLITS -- Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt are yanked into a branching path, their forms fading.

Wade's path continues. Psychic visions flash: her kiss with Quinn on Tartaria, her hyperspace rescue, and a glimpse of Season 5 Quinn's energy form being extracted.

BRIGHT FLASH.

EXT. UNKNOWN WORLD - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Wade crashes down into a suburban backyard, alone, no timer or tracker. The vortex snaps shut above her.

WADE
(quiet sob)
No.

Floodlights snap on. MAGGIE BECKETT and MALLORY step out.

Wade, tears streaming, collapses, stranded.

MAGGIE
(shocked)
Wade?

WADE
(sobbing, pleading)
Help me…

She crumples into Maggie's arms, crying, as Mallory looks on, stunned.

EXT. KROMAGG MULTIVERSE - RUINED CITY - DAY

Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt tumble from a vortex into a desolate, Kromagg-controlled world.

Twisted skyscrapers loom. Kromagg patrols roam the streets.

Before they can react, KROMAGG SOLDIERS surround them, weapons raised.

QUINN
(grim)
This is bad. Really bad.

The Kromaggs cuff them, dragging them away as the camera pulls back, revealing a sprawling, oppressive city.

FADE OUT.

SLIDERS: TOGETHER FOREVER

Alternative titles:
Episode 14 - "Together Forever Part I"
Episode 15 - "Together Forever Part II"

FADE IN

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - MIND-PROBE CHAMBER - DAY

QUINN MALLORY, PROFESSOR ARTURO, and REMBRANDT BROWN are strapped to cold metal tables in a grim, sterile chamber. Kromagg technicians hover over them with menacing medical instruments.

Rapid, disorienting cuts show mind-probes drilling into their skulls, their faces twisted in agony.

A Kromagg holds a glistening EYEBALL in a claw-like instrument, grinning with sadistic glee.

The probe RUSHES toward the camera -- a brutal JUMP SCARE accompanied by a piercing electronic screech.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE & MALLORY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WADE WELLES bolts upright on the couch, SCREAMING, her psychic vision shattering.

MAGGIE BECKETT rushes in from the hallway and pulls Wade into a tight hug as she sobs, trembling violently.

WADE
(gasping, desperate)
I know where they are… The Kromagg Multiverse. They're being tortured!

MAGGIE
(holding her steady, fierce)
It's okay, Wade. We'll get them back. Together.

BEGIN CREDITS.

INT. MAGGIE & MALLORY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wade sits on the couch, calmer but still haunted, with MAGGIE BECKETT and SEASON 5 QUINN MALLORY beside her.

WADE
(haunted)
We let our guard down on Spa World. One minute we were relaxing… the next, we were captured by the Professor's double -- the former Sheriff of San Francisco.

MALLORY
(confused)
He was a cop?

WADE
A royal administrator. We exposed his corruption years ago and brought him down. With help from my double, Logan, and a fascist version of Rembrandt, he put us in a partition chamber.

MAGGIE
(analytical)
Partition? Like the device we built to stop the Kromaggs?

WADE
(nods)
Exactly. Afterward, the Sheriff sent us through. I was separated from the others… scared out of my wits. Visions flashed in my mind -- one of them was the separation of my Quinn from yours.

MAGGIE
(putting it together)
Your fear and powers must have split the vortex. That vision drew you here like a magnet.

WADE
(desperate, voice cracking)
The guys are in the Kromagg Multiverse… but I don't know how to reach them.

MALLORY
(hopeful)
You were connected to a Kromagg ship's computer once -- you created a rift that helped Rembrandt find you.

WADE
(shaking her head)
I'm not going through that again.

MALLORY
You won't have to. We know someone who can help.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Wade, Maggie, and Mallory arrive at a modest, unassuming home.

CLAIRE LABEAU (Seer's daughter from Season 5, now in her 60s) opens the door. Her eyes are warm but carry a knowing depth.

CLAIRE
(smiling softly)
Maggie. Quinn.
(turning to Wade)
I knew you would come.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wade steps inside and immediately notices a striking PAINTING on the wall: herself standing before a glowing rift, arms outstretched, flanked by Maggie and Season 5 Quinn in military gear, an African American woman holding a tech device, and two operatives -- a fit woman resembling a younger Maggie and a muscular man who looks exactly like Jason Momoa.

Wade stares, recognizing the power of the image.

WADE
You're a clairvoyant?

CLAIRE
I inherited my father's gift. Prison gave me time to understand it.

WADE
Prison?

CLAIRE
(glancing at Maggie and Mallory)
For betraying your friends… and stranding them here.

Wade looks to Maggie and Mallory.

MAGGIE
(quiet)
Bad ending.

MALLORY
Not worth remembering.

Claire gestures to the painting.

CLAIRE
Serving time cleared my head. My gift showed me I should help instead of hurt others.

Wade admires the painting's vivid details.

WADE
It's wonderful. How did you do this?

CLAIRE
(gentle)
My paintings come from a process -- logic and emotion in balance. It's like scientific remote viewing mixed with the Law of Attraction. You focus on your goal, feel it's already done, and act toward it.

MALLORY
(grinning)
Like a quarterback in the zone, nailing every pass.

CLAIRE
(nodding, pointing to Wade in the painting)
Or an artist hitting a creative peak. Wade, your psychic powers and passion make you perfect for this.

Wade, inspired, nods -- her poetry and astrology background aligning with Claire's method.

WADE
(determined)
This is right up my alley.

Maggie and Mallory study the painting, focusing on the African American woman.

MAGGIE
(realizing)
Is that… Diana Davis?

INT. SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE - DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

DIANA DAVIS (early fifties, sharp and accomplished, former Slider and Dr. Oberon Geiger's protégé) sorts through files when Maggie and Mallory enter.

She lights up and pulls them both into warm hugs.

DIANA
(warm, delighted)
Maggie! Quinn! What's the crisis this time?

MAGGIE
(urgent)
Wade's friends are trapped in the Kromagg Multiverse. We need your tech to open a rift.

DIANA
(surprised)
Wade Welles? Wasn't she the one… the Kromagg ship? How did she get back?

MALLORY
Long story.

DIANA
(leaning in, intrigued)
Who are we saving?

MAGGIE
Quinn…

Diana glances at Mallory, puzzled.

MALLORY
(smirking)
The other one.

MAGGIE
(continuing)
Professor Arturo and Rembrandt.

DIANA
(attentive, softening)
Remmy?

MAGGIE
(nods)
Will you help us?

DIANA
Of course. Let me get some equipment.

Diana moves quickly, grabbing a QUANTUM DETECTOR and other tools, her expression shifting from surprise to focused determination.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wade and Claire sit cross-legged on the floor, meditating. Claire's voice is calm and guiding.

CLAIRE
Focus on Quinn, the Professor, and Rembrandt -- your logical mind. Now feel them with you… as if it's already happened.

Wade breathes deeply. Flashes of memory flood her: her love for Quinn, laughter with Arturo, Rembrandt's warm hugs.

Her POV shifts -- gliding like a disembodied spirit through a grim KROMAGG PRISON.

She sees Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt in cells, physically intact but weary. The horrifying eyeball probe scene flashes as a premonition, not yet real.

Reality RIPPLES around Wade and Claire. Lights flicker.

Outside, Maggie, Mallory, and Diana pull up in a car.

Diana's QUANTUM DETECTOR begins buzzing loudly.

DIANA
Massive anomaly… inside the house.

The windows GLOW with flickering energy. A visible ripple in reality makes the air around the house shimmer.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - CELL - SAME TIME

A ghostly, ethereal form materializes in the cell.

Rembrandt jumps back, panicked.

REMBRANDT
What the hell is that?!

Quinn, sensing her presence, smiles faintly.

QUINN
(soft, hopeful)
She's coming.

The form -- Wade's projection -- whispers:

WADE'S PROJECTION
(ethereal)
I'm coming…

It fades. Arturo blinks, stunned.

ARTURO
(awed)
What the devil was that?

QUINN
(certain)
Not the devil. Wade.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The ripple collapses. Wade gasps, breathing hard. Claire steadies her.
Maggie, Mallory, and Diana burst through the front door.

Diana scans the room with her detector.

DIANA
There was definitely a rift here.
It's gone now.

WADE
(urgent, determined)
They're alive… but not for long. We need to move fast.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt are in their cell. The prison is dimly lit.

QUINN
(quiet, urgent)
We can't wait. We have to move.
Access their sliding equipment.

ARTURO
(nods)
Agreed. But any slide we make will only take us deeper into their multiverse.

REMBRANDT
(grim)
Better than waiting for the eyeball treatment.

Quinn works on the cell lock with a sharpened piece of metal from his restraint.

QUINN
(to Arturo, Rembrandt)
Make some noise.

Arturo and Rembrandt create a distraction by banging on bars and shouting.

A snarling Kromagg guard approaches.

Quinn springs, subduing him quietly. They take his keycard and sidearm.

CUT TO:

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The trio moves cautiously. They reach a SLIDING LAB -- Kromagg technicians working on vortex generators.

They ambush the technicians.

Rembrandt knocks one out. Quinn and Arturo secure the room.

QUINN
I can open a vortex, but it'll only connect to other Kromagg worlds.

He adjusts some circuits and wires.

QUINN (CONT'D)
If I modify the controls we can make a short distance jump to another part of this complex.

ARTURO
Then we use it to create chaos. Draw their forces away -- buy time for Ms. Welles.

REMBRANDT
Let's make some racket.

They rig the equipment to overload multiple vortex points. ALARMS blare.

A vortex opens. They leap through --

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - ANOTHER WING - CONTINUOUS

They tumble out into a different section.

Chaos erupts as Kromagg forces scramble.

They fight forward -- improvised weapons, stolen rifles, narrow escapes -- until they reach a defensible position in an open yard area.

QUINN
Hold position until Wade gets here.

REMBRANDT
(breathing hard)
We're still in their backyard.

Kromagg reinforcements flood in from multiple directions.

The team fights valiantly, but they are outnumbered and overwhelmed.

Heavy stun weapons fire. Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt are hit and collapse.

KROMAGG VOICE
(O.S.)
Take them to interrogation.

The Sliders are dragged away, unconscious.

INT. SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE - LAB - DAY

Wade, Claire, Maggie, Mallory, and Diana gather in a high-tech lab filled with humming equipment and glowing monitors.

DIANA
Everyone, I'd like you to meet Jana and Koa.

JANA, a fit ex-special forces woman, stands proud and alert.

KOA, a muscular, Jason Momoa-like operative, nods confidently. Both match their depiction in Claire's painting.

DIANA (CONT'D)
(to the team)
Jana and Koa fought the Kromaggs here years ago, before the Seer's prophecies drove them out.
(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)
They're our muscle.

KOA
(grinning)
Another shot to blast some Mags? Hell yeah, I'm in.

JANA
(nodding firmly)
Let's pay them back good.

Wade steps forward, channeling a commanding presence.

WADE
(serious, steady)
If we're doing this, we can't afford gung-ho bravado or personal vendettas. This is a rescue mission. We go in, get my friends, and get out. Is that clear?

KOA
Perfectly.

Wade glances at Jana.

JANA
Understood.

Maggie leans toward Mallory.

MAGGIE
(low)
She's commanding officer material.

MALLORY
(low, smiling)
Probably channeled one of her doubles.

Wade, bolstered, turns to Diana's equipment, preparing for the rift-opening ritual. Diana's tech will amplify her powers.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOMS - DAY

Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt are strapped to chairs on high platforms in separate interrogation rooms, reminiscent of Season 2's "Invasion."

A disembodied KROMAGG VOICE interrogates them as we cut rapidly between the three.

KROMAGG VOICE (O.S.)
Turn over the partition technology and this will go easier.

QUINN
(defiant)
You'll never get it. You've ruined so many lives across worlds.

KROMAGG VOICE (O.S.)
As have you.

CUT TO:

Arturo in his chair, straining against the restraints.

ARTURO
We helped people fix their worlds. Gave them a chance to survive.

KROMAGG VOICE (O.S.)
At what benefit to you?

CUT TO:

Rembrandt in his chair, sweating.

REMBRANDT
Our soul. What kind of people would we be if we stood by and did nothing?

A new voice, eerily similar to Rembrandt's, speaks from the darkness.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
The kind who commits murder.

A hallucination of FASCIST REMBRANDT steps into the light.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
You're like me -- you love killing Kromaggs. It's what you are.

REMBRANDT
(angry, breaking)
NO!

CUT TO:

Quinn in his chair.

QUINN
It was self-defense.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
And yet you changed so many lives with your interference.

A hallucination of LOGAN steps into the light.

LOGAN
That experiment in your basement ruined the lives of your friends. Changed their fates forever.

QUINN
(voice cracking)
It was an accident. I live with it every day.

CUT TO:

Arturo in his chair.

VOICE #3 (O.S.)
All in the name of science.

A menacing hallucination of SHERIFF ARTURO appears.

SHERIFF ARTURO
You were so busy chasing equations, your wife died without you saying goodbye.

A haunting vision appears: Arturo's wife in a hospital bed, in agony, reaching out desperately.

ARTURO'S WIFE
(weak, pleading)
Max… Max… Where are you?

ARTURO
(furious, tears forming)
How dare you!

CUT TO:

Fascist Rembrandt circling Rembrandt.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
Why not? Personal pain makes us who we are.

REMBRANDT
(seething)
You twisted it into hate, genocide, mass murder. I've dealt with my sins. Learned to live with them and hope God forgives me.

CUT TO:

Logan circling Quinn.

LOGAN
He won't. Especially for those you abandoned.

Out of the shadows steps COLIN MALLORY.

COLIN
Why did you forget me, brother?

Tears flood Quinn's eyes.

QUINN
(breaking)
There was no way I could find you. You had no tracker.
(voice cracking)
I'm sorry, Colin. I'm so sorry. Forgive me.

CUT TO:

Arturo breaking down as the hallucination of his wife dies -- heart monitor flatlining.

CUT TO:

Piles of dead Kromaggs appear before Rembrandt as Fascist Rembrandt grins in satisfaction.

A vision of Rembrandt from the end of "The Seer" -- injecting himself with the virus before a Kromagg vortex.

HALLUCINATED REMBRANDT
Here I come. Typhoid Remmy.

The hallucinated Rembrandt jumps into the vortex.

Rembrandt breaks down completely.

INT. SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE - LAB - NIGHT

The lab buzzes with focused energy as the team makes final preparations for the rift.

Wade sits in the center, performing last-minute meditation. Her slow, deep breaths steady her psychic powers.

Maggie and Mallory, in tactical gear, check firearms -- loading clips into pistols and mags into M4-style rifles with practiced precision.

Diana approaches, shows the team a new device--small, handheld, digital with a crystal looking antenna nubs on the front end.

MAGGIE
What's that?

DIANA
This is a Quantum Entanglement Communicator. It's designed for speaking across multiverses.

MALLORY
Cool. Does it work all the time?

DIANA
For now it only works when the rift is open. Hopefully I'll perfect it someday using micro wormholes. When you use it, make it count.

MAGGIE
Got it.

Koa and Jana pack claymores and rapid-deploy tripods into a bag, hanging grenades on their vests for quick access.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(smirking)
Walking armories. Reminds me of my time in the Marines.

KOA
The Mags won't know what hit 'em.

JANA
Semper Fi.

MAGGIE
Ooh-Rah.

Diana calibrates her quantum detector, its hum syncing with the lab's tech.

DIANA
(focused)
Stabilizing the rift's frequency. Wade, you're the key.

A vision FLASHES in Wade's mind:

Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt -- haggard and broken -- are dragged from their interrogation rooms.

KROMAGG VOICE
(O.S., chilling)
Take them to the final area.

Wade's eyes snap open, urgency gripping her.

WADE
(to the group)
We have to go. Now.

Diana nods, moving to the rift's focal point, detector in hand.

DIANA
(calm)
Anytime you're ready, Wade.

Wade steps to the center of the room, exactly as in Claire's painting -- arms outstretched, palms up. She closes her eyes, concentrating. Her psychic energy pulses.

The air SHIMMERS, reality warping.

Diana adjusts her device, stabilizing the forming rift.

Maggie, Mallory, Koa, and Jana stand ready, weapons primed.

Claire watches from a distance, her expression serene, seeing the moment unfold exactly as her prophecy depicted.

The RIFT CRACKLES open -- a swirling blue-white portal. Wade's eyes glow faintly, her psychic resolve unwavering.

WADE
(firm)
Let's bring them home.

Maggie, Mallory, Koa, and Jana step through, followed by Wade.

Diana stays behind to monitor the rift, ensuring stability.

The portal SNAPS shut behind them, the lab falling silent.

Claire, now alone, walks to a table and pulls out a painting board, portable stand, and supplies.

She sets up in front of a chair, her brush touching the canvas, beginning a new painting -- its subject unseen but heavy with destiny.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - YARD - DAY

A RIFT CRACKLES open in the prison yard. Alarms blare -- just like Season 2's "Invasion."

WADE, MAGGIE, MALLORY, KOA, and JANA sprint out, diving behind a low wall as Kromagg laser fire rains down.

Maggie and Mallory return fire with M4 rifles, dropping several Kromaggs.

Koa and Jana blast back with anti-Kromagg weapons, clearing a path.

Wade closes her eyes, her psychic senses searching.

MAGGIE
(shouting over the chaos)
Which way, Wade?!

WADE
(focused)
Left! Up those stairs -- second level, 100 yards!

Jana lobs a grenade at Kromaggs descending the stairs.

BOOM! The explosion clears the way.

The team dashes forward, dodging laser blasts, and ducks behind a stairwell wall, creeping upward.

A Kromagg rounds the corner at the top. Maggie nails a headshot, dropping it.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The team rounds a corner -- Maggie and Koa on point, Mallory and Jana covering the rear.

Kromaggs burst from a side room, firing.

Maggie and Koa duck, narrowly avoiding hits.

Wade raises her hands -- her PSYCHOKINESIS slams the Kromaggs against the walls, knocking them out.

They reach a junction with three stairwells: forward, left, right.

KOA
(urgent)
Where now?!

WADE
(certain)
Right!

As they head right, Kromaggs charge up the left stairwell.

Koa pulls a claymore with a short-delay timer, tosses it down the left stairwell, and dives down the right, landing hard on a mid-level platform.

BOOM! The Kromaggs disappear in the blast.

Grunting in pain, Koa rises, grinning at Jana.

KOA
(wry)
Just like old times.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - FINAL AREA - SAME TIME

Quinn, Arturo, and Rembrandt are strapped to cold metal tables in a sterile "Final Area." Kromagg technicians prep horrific procedures.

A MIND-PROBE DRILL hovers over Arturo's head.

The Kromagg from Wade's premonition wields an EYE EXTRACTOR, slowly lowering it toward Rembrandt's face.

A LASER INCISOR aims at Quinn's chest.

Rembrandt struggles violently, screaming as the extractor closes in.

Suddenly -- the DOOR EXPLODES inward in a shower of sparks.

KOA drops the Kromagg with a precise pistol headshot -- the extractor clatters to the floor.

MAGGIE shoots the mind-probe, shattering it.

MALLORY smashes the laser incisor with his rifle butt.

Wade rushes to Quinn, pulling him into a desperate hug as Mallory frees him.

Koa and Maggie unstrap Rembrandt.

Jana frees Arturo.

REMBRANDT
(grinning through pain)
Wade! I knew you were real!

QUINN
(urgent, grabbing a weapon)
Reunion later -- time to go!

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The team sprints down a long corridor toward a less-guarded section, Koa and Maggie on point.

A Kromagg ambushes from a corner, firing a laser blast into Jana's back.

Mallory bursts it down with precise fire.

Koa drops to his knees beside Jana, checking her pulse -- nothing. Eyes closed in grief, he gently takes her dog tags and passes her rifle to Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
(somber)
My killing days are done, man.

Quinn takes the rifle instead, nodding respectfully to Koa.

Koa pulls Jana's body aside into cover.

The team presses on, heavier now.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They burst into a large storage room.

Koa quickly deploys a tripod, mounting a claymore facing the hallway, then slams the heavy door shut.

Mallory helps Koa deploy a perimeter of claymores facing the door side of the room.

Distant Kromagg footsteps echo, closing in fast.

QUINN
(tense)
How do we get out?

MAGGIE
(confident)
Watch.

Wade steps forward, hands outstretched, attempting to open a rift.

Her energy falters -- the rift flickers weakly. She's drained from the first crossing.

Maggie pulls out the Quantum Entanglement Communicator, keys the transmit button.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(into comms, urgent)
Diana, what's happening?

DIANA
(voice crackling over comms)
The first rift took too much out of Wade.
She needs a stronger emotion. Plus, extra people might collapse it. I'm stabilizing with the detector.

INT. SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE - LAB - SAME TIME

Claire Labeau, sensing Wade's struggle, closes her eyes and whispers softly, as if sending a telepathic message:

CLAIRE
(quiet, focused)
Focus… and feel.

Her latest painting, half-finished on the easel, depicts Wade in a hospital bed, Quinn holding a small dark box, and the team smiling with relief.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wade's vision locks onto Claire's painting. Her love for Quinn and faith in their future surges through her.

The RIFT IGNITES -- stronger and more stable now.

Kromaggs pound violently on the door.

An EXPLOSION rocks the hallway as they trigger a stray claymore.

REMBRANDT
(urgent)
We're outta time!

QUINN
(shouting)
Go!

Koa activates the time-delay detonators on the claymore perimeter via remote control.

The team -- Maggie, Mallory, Koa, Quinn, Arturo, Rembrandt, and Wade -- dive through the rift as laser blasts batter the door.

INT. KROMAGG PRISON - STORAGE ROOM - SECONDS LATER

The door collapses.

Hundreds of Kromaggs pour into the room.

The claymores detonate in a massive, fiery chain reaction, obliterating everything in a blinding blast.

INT. SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE - LAB - NIGHT

The rift opens. The team tumbles through -- Maggie, Season 5 Quinn, Koa, Arturo, Rembrandt, and finally Wade, who collapses, breathless.

QUINN rushes to her, checking her pulse -- nothing.

QUINN
(panicked)
No! No! Wade!

He performs CPR, tears streaming down his face, for a tense, agonizing minute.

Quinn shakes her. No use.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(eyeswelling, voice cracking, soft)
Wade.

Maggie, Diana, Arturo, and Rembrandt watch, sobbing, their faces etched with grief. Mallory embraces Maggie.

Claire stands calm, watching expectantly, trusting her vision.

Wade's eyes suddenly WIDEN. She GASPS sharply, drawing in a desperate breath, shocking everyone.

Quinn scoops her up, voice breaking with relief.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(urgent)
To the hospital -- now!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Wade lies in a hospital bed, awake but weak. She gently strokes Quinn's hair as he sleeps, head resting on her bedside after an all-night vigil. She smiles softly.

WADE
(gentle)
Hi.

Quinn wakes, eyes flooding with relief. He strokes her cheek, then calls out:

QUINN
(voice thick with emotion)
Nurse! Get the doctor!

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME

Arturo, Rembrandt, Maggie, Mallory, Diana, Koa, and Claire chat, tension easing.

DIANA
(to Arturo)
Think we'll rebuild sliding tech?

ARTURO
(optimistic)
With Quinn, you, and me? Undoubtedly.

Claire smiles subtly, her prophetic insight unspoken.

The DOCTOR enters, beaming.

DOCTOR
(cheerful)
Wade's awake and stable. She'll be fine.

The group erupts in cheers, laughter, and hugs -- relief washing over them.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The team crowds around Wade's bed.

Rembrandt, playful, wags a finger, grinning.

REMBRANDT
(teasing)
Girl, don't you ever scare us like that again!

Wade laughs, hugging him as he kisses her forehead.

Arturo, fatherly, embraces her. Wade kisses his cheek.

WADE
(grateful)
Thank you all… for being here.

QUINN
(earnest)
No, Wade -- thank you. You saved us. I almost lost you, and I'm not letting you go.

Quinn pulls a small dark box from his pocket -- Claire's painting coming to life.

Arturo and Rembrandt beam.

Maggie and Diana gasp, teary.

Koa and Mallory smile broadly.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I've had this for a few slides.
(nervous)
Wade, will you--

WADE
(cutting in, teary)
Yes!

Quinn slides an engagement ring onto her finger.

Rembrandt, the Cryin' Man, wipes happy tears.

Wade wraps her arms around Quinn. They kiss, sealing their Tartaria-forged love.

The team surrounds them -- a family united.

EXT. ANTI-SLIDERS' BASE - UNKNOWN WORLD - NIGHT

In a shadowy command center, Sheriff Maximilian Arturo, Logan St. Claire, Corporate Wade, and Fascist Rembrandt watch a monitor replaying the Kromagg prison's destruction.

Sheriff Arturo's face is icy but calculated.

SHERIFF ARTURO
(cold)
Their escape changes nothing. Our operatives are embedded. Worlds will bend to us -- silently.

Logan, her faulty timer sparking, smirks and activates a holographic map of targeted worlds.

LOGAN
All ours for the taking.

CORPORATE WADE
And take we will.

FASCIST REMBRANDT
To dominate everything.

A Kromagg Multiversal Disruptor hums ominously in the background.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (POST-RESCUE)

The scene transitions to Wade, recovering in her hospital bed, accepting Quinn's proposal.

The team -- Professor Arturo, Rembrandt, Maggie, Mallory, Diana, Koa, and Claire -- beams with joy.

An uplifting music MONTAGE BEGINS.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

In a radiant wedding chapel, Claire Labeau, an ordained minister, stands at the altar, officiating with serene grace.

Quinn, dashing in a tuxedo, waits nervously.

Rembrandt, as best man, grins beside him.

Mallory, as ring bearer, holds a velvet pillow.

Maggie and Diana, elegant as bridesmaids, stand to the side.

Koa, in a suit, sits proudly in the front row.

Arturo, beaming like a father, walks down the aisle arm-in-arm with Wade, radiant in a wedding dress.

He gives her away, kissing her cheek, as she joins Quinn at the altar.

Quinn and Wade exchange heartfelt vows, their voices trembling with love.

QUINN
Wade, you've been my anchor across worlds. I promise to love you, no matter where we slide.

WADE
Quinn, you're my home. Forever, in every universe.

Mallory presents the rings.

Claire pronounces them man and wife.

CLAIRE
(smiling)
You may kiss the bride.

Before they kiss, Claire turns to the guests.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But first… a few words from those who know them best.

Arturo steps forward, voice warm and slightly emotional, like a proud father.

ARTURO
In all our travels across the multiverse, I have never seen two souls more perfectly matched. You have faced impossible odds and chosen each other every time. Today, you remind us all what hope truly looks like.

Rembrandt steps up next, grinning through happy tears, his voice soulful.

REMBRANDT
Q-Ball… Wade… y'all turned sliding from a nightmare into the best family I've ever known. This right here? This is the real miracle. Cryin' Man is proud… and he's never gonna stop singing for you two.

The chapel fills with warm applause and sniffles. Quinn and Wade, deeply moved, share a kiss as the guests cheer.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

The montage shifts to a vibrant reception hall.

Quinn and Wade slice their wedding cake, laughing as they smear frosting on each other's faces.

Guests clap, the mood jubilant.

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Guests, including the Sliders and allies, sit at tables savoring cake.

A stage at the front holds musical instruments. Band members tune up.

Rembrandt strides to the microphone, charisma radiating.

REMBRANDT
(grinning)
Thank y'all for bein' here to celebrate love! Q-Ball, Wade -- you're on!

A spotlight hits Quinn and Wade. They wipe cake from their lips with napkins, laughing, and step onto the dance floor.

The band starts a love ballad.

Rembrandt hums and "oohs" soulfully, his voice rich and tender.

Quinn and Wade, eyes locked, dance, lost in their love, the world fading away.

The ballad's tempo picks up after two verses. Rembrandt motions to the guests.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(calling)
C'mon, y'all -- join 'em!

Maggie and Mallory step onto the floor, swaying together.

Arturo offers his hand to Diana, who accepts with a smile, twirling elegantly.

Koa glances at Claire, who nods, and they join -- her grace complementing his strength.

Rembrandt, "in the zone," delivers the best performance of his life, his voice soaring, channeling every trial into pure joy.

The dance floor fills. Guests celebrate life and love.

The camera pulls back, revealing a large painting on the right wall -- one of Claire's prophetic works.

It depicts Quinn, Wade, Arturo, Rembrandt, Diana, Maggie, Mallory, Koa, and Claire in a conference room of a government building.

Quinn holds a sleek new timer -- resembling a modern smartphone with a touch screen and sliding app icons -- facing forward.

Behind them, a U.S. Government seal reads "DEPARTMENT OF SLIDING INTEGRITY," hinting at a federal agency regulating multiversal travel.

The music swells. The painting's promise lingers -- a new mission, a new era.

FADE OUT